THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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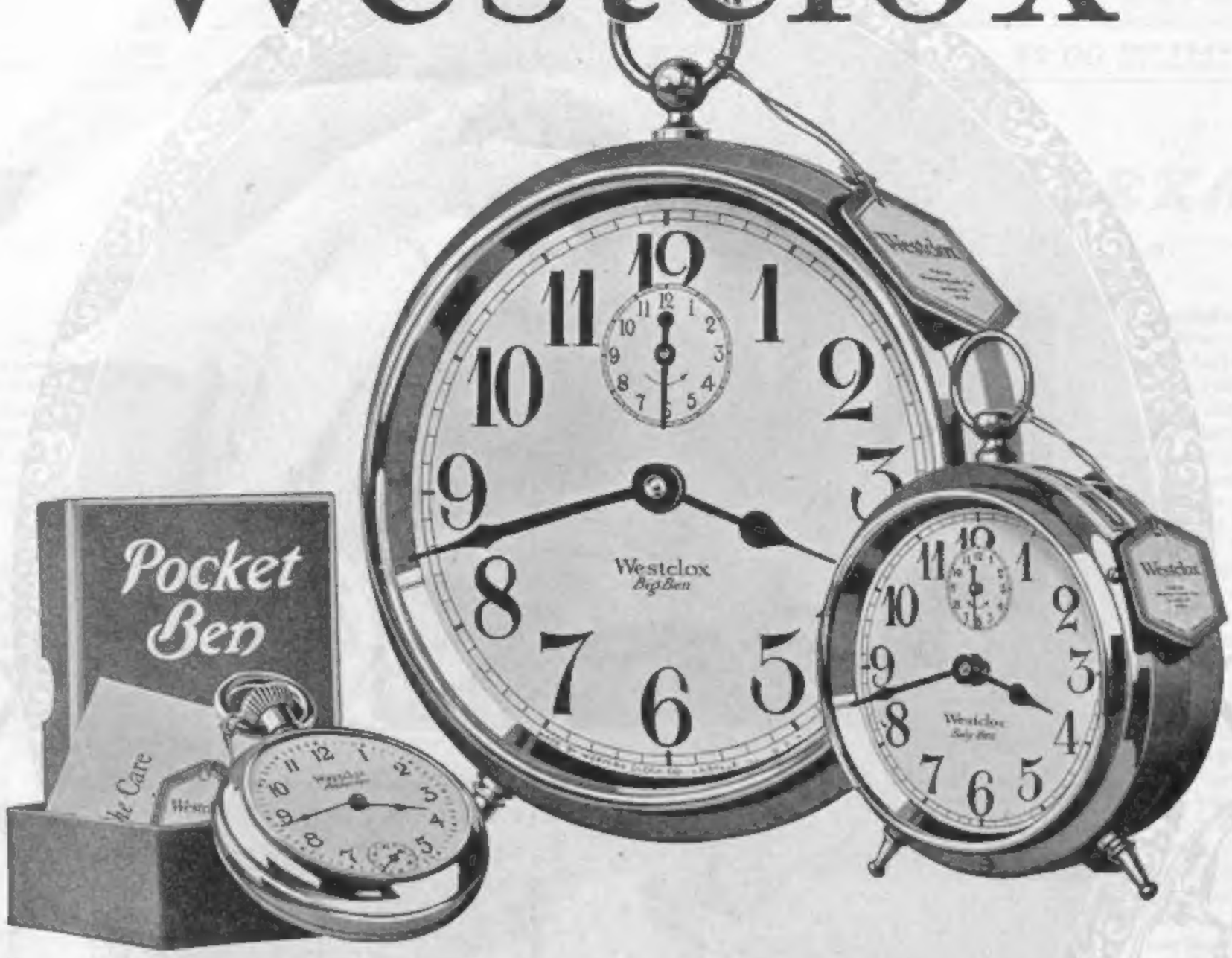

Long evenings ahead

SEPTEMBER is the month of promise. With school, long evenings and cooler days just ahead, we pledge ourselves to accomplishment, a course of reading or study, regular hours and exercises, all based on being up on time each morning.

The thought that naturally follows our promise to rise punctually is of Westclox.

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"Never mind—no one ever sees them—"

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"Foolish!"

"Well, I AM *foolish over my lovely new* COMMUNITY PLATE."

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ADAM DESIGN

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RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

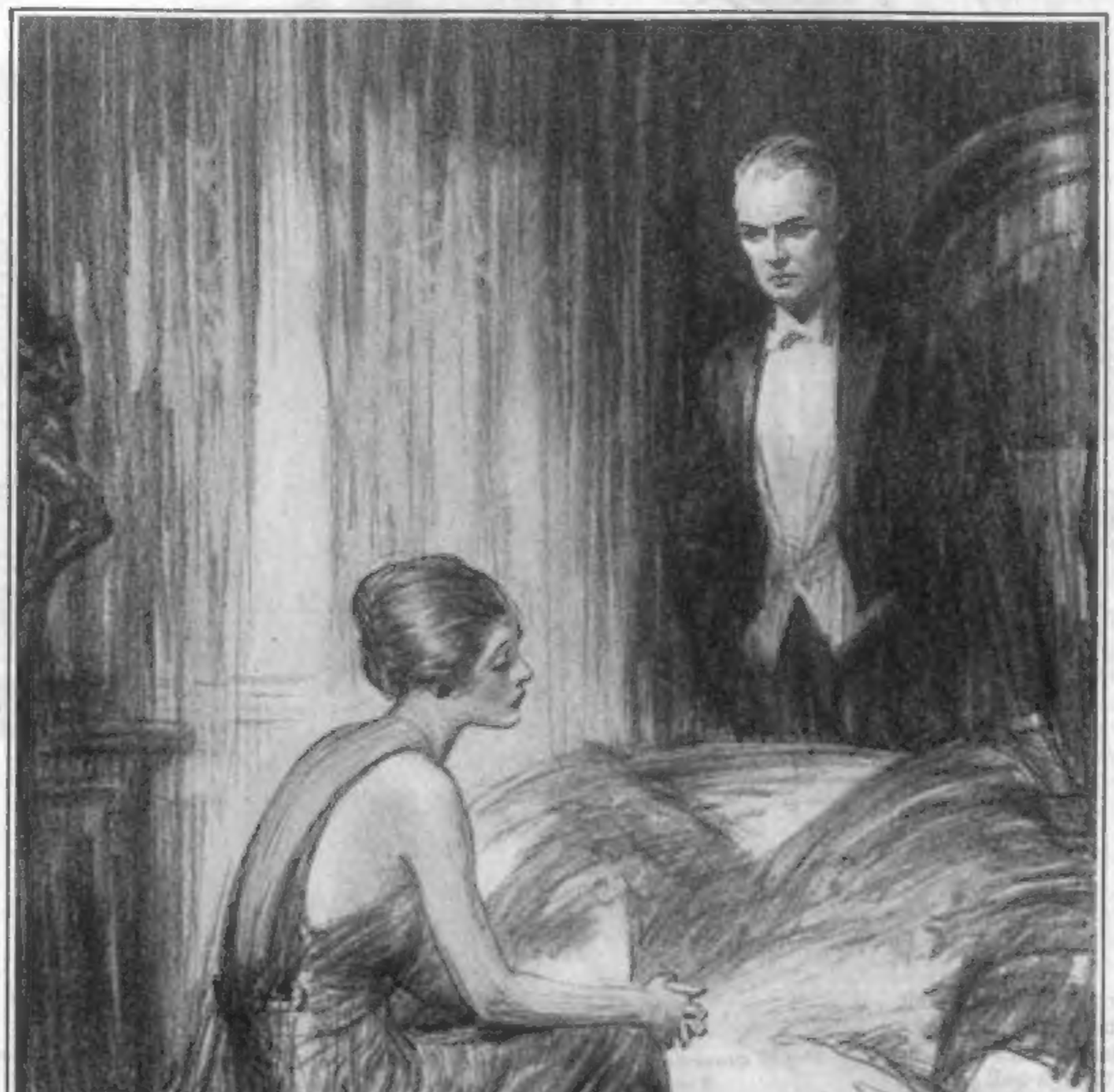
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MIDLAND—which is not its real name of course—is one of the most pleasant and comfortable minor cities of the United States. It has the natural advantages of a wide river, hills and fine old trees; and the acquired advantage of many rich and pleasure-loving citizens.

There are solid comfort, even luxury, in Midland; stately houses and great estates. There are clubs and concerts and a museum; churches, charities, flower gardens and a park; artists to be patronized, historic sights to see; golf, tennis, bridge, dancing, skating, flirting, riding; motorboats in summer, and the Hundred Neediest Cases at Christmastime.

Yet with all of these blessings, Gwynne Sheldon was terribly dissatisfied. She had been given too much—Gwynne. Everything that other women want—beauty, plenty of money all her own, marriage at twenty; pearl necklace—gift of the groom; honeymoon in Italy, in the spring; home again; old friends, established customs, adoring husband, comfort, security, peace.

For one year Gwynne amused herself with remodeling and redecorating Oliver's house, which had suited him perfectly just as it was. She turned it into a medieval monastery—because someone had told her that she looked like a medieval saint—with long refectory tables and hard benches and stone floors and iron candlesticks and not one comfortable chair. Her portrait, done by a local artist, blond hair parted and drawn down tight over her ears; a round-necked, long-sleeved black velvet dress; plump, long-fingered, white hands clasped at her breast; large, solemn and pure eyes staring, greenish blue as sea water, not a bubble of Gwynne's impish laughter rising up in them—this presentment of Saint Gwynne, antique-framed, was hung in a niche with tall candles before it. And Oliver, at least, bowed down and worshiped. The servants left in droves because Gwynne wanted them to wear violet robes and sandals.



Gwynne Sheldon Was Terribly Dissatisfied. She Had Been Given Too Much

The next year Gwynne joined and resigned from, in quick succession, the Garden Club, the City Beautiful Association, the Woman's League, Pen and Ink, the Friends of Music, Paint Pot and Palette, the Little Mothers of the Poor, the Batik Workers and Ye Handy Crafte Shoppe, until at last she felt sure that she had found herself in the Quest-of-Beauty Club.

This was not, as its name might indicate, a hairdresser's establishment, but a club where one's artistic yearnings, of whatever sort, might find outlet. Indeed, at a later and more flippant period, Gwynne habitually spoke of the club's members as the yearners. But at first she was tremendously impressed. The yearners did things—plays by the members, and moonlight garden fêtes where poems were read—poems by the members—and *bals masqués*—solo dances by the members—and the Greek drama, where the audience was chiefly interested in discovering how few of the members had really Greek legs. There was a remarkable amount of blank verse and grease paint and Japanese lanterns and scenery made out of unbleached muslin. But the very best thing about the club was the unlimited opportunity it afforded its members to wear costumes. To those who have too many inhibitions, and to those who have not enough, costumes are a boon.

Gwynne appeared in medieval dress, with her wonderful hair down; in a chiffon veil, with her wonderful hair down; as a Pierrette, with her wonderful hair up—but it was to tumble down later as a mermaid, needless to say, with wonderful golden locks; as a houri; as Monna Vanna, but completely dressed under the cloak—Oliver had insisted on that; as Iseult le Blonde; as Melisande—all with her hair down. And then one day Gwynne became violently bored with the club, her own famous tresses and the audiences of friends who came because they had to and went out in the intermission to drink enough to give them courage for the next four acts.

The following year Gwynne amused herself by quarreling with Oliver. Now an occasional quarrel is the very salt of love, but too much salt is worse than too much sugar. So Oliver went away on business for three months and thought that things would be better when he came back. But they were not. Gwynne had transferred her angry boredom from him to the whole town of Midland, it is true; but that did not make her any kinder. She had moved all her belongings over to the east wing and had given herself some very comfortable chairs; but Oliver soon understood that he was not invited to sit in them. And the pout, which Oliver had thought adorable when it appeared occasionally on Gwynne's fresh rosy mouth, was becoming permanent; and all the laughter with which her eyes used to fill, as a spring bubbles up perpetually with clear water, was gone. And this was a pity, for Gwynne was only twenty-three—the most perfect age for a woman. At that time a pretty woman is like a little greenish blond apple just reddening in the sun. But Gwynne drooped like a little apple that won't ripen; and Oliver, who loved her even more than he wanted her love, became willing to do anything to make Gwynne not his but herself again.

Then one horrible February afternoon, when the whole outdoors was muddy slush and everybody indoors was having influenza, Gwynne seemed to come back to herself with a bound. At least, Aunt Fannie thought so when she saw Gwynne rush into her boudoir, all rosy and sparkling-eyed again, bringing in cold, clean air on her fur coat and on the chilly lips which kissed Aunt Fannie.

Gwynne had walked all the way across town to Aunt Fannie's house, which was a smoke-discolored ancestral mansion in the oldest part of the city. Business houses were going up all around it; and even the iron-fenced grass plot was sooty. But Aunt Fannie wouldn't move. She kept her blinds drawn against both dirt and curiosity, and held her head very high as she stepped out to her old-fashioned carriage, stared at by the invaders.

"Midland has too little atmosphere as it is," she would say. "I shall not be the first to destroy any part of it."

The downstairs rooms were gloomy; but Aunt Fannie received her intimates in her second-floor sitting room, which she alone in Midland had the courage to call a boudoir. She had had the courage, too, to decorate it just as she chose—with lemon yellow and mauve-striped taffeta hangings and a chaise longue covered in mauve taffeta, lavishly frilled with lace and heaped with dainty and frivolous cushions. And Aunt Fannie would lie upon this chaise longue—which seemed to those of her generation entirely unsuited to a respectable maiden lady of advanced years—and display her pretty little foot and ankle. With a face like the good Queen Victoria's, Aunt Fannie had the coquettish figure of a little French marquise, and the dainty arching foot and plump leg of Marie Antoinette. Her hair was gray. Aunt Fannie had long ago relinquished romance, but she still insisted on the charms that were rightfully hers.

Gwynne's appearance—or rather the admiration it excited—was a perpetual and fascinating puzzle to Aunt Fannie. She lay back on the chaise longue and stared at her niece, who was getting herself out of her wraps in much the same fashion that a careless puppy shakes his wet coat. Certainly Gwynne seemed pretty, but just what was it that made her so? Tall child, she had no figure! Aunt Fannie, who possessed a definitely defined feminine form, could not admit that Gwynne had a figure. In her outdoor clothes she looked boyish; and her rosy face, under a round felt hat, was little-boyish. Her hands and feet, though well shaped, were much larger than Aunt Fannie's; and though she might be considered graceful—in the modern manner, as if one had no spine—she could never, for all her height, be considered stately. No woman, thought Aunt Fannie with quiet satisfaction, can be really stately who has not a truly womanly figure. Aunt Fannie was only five feet two, but she knew that she had presence.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried as Gwynne bent double to unstrap her galoshes. "Those dreadful, dreadful things! How can you wear them?"

"I walked—across the park. It's rivers of melting snow, Aunt Fannie," explained Gwynne, coming up more flushed and bright-eyed than ever.

"In my time," said Aunt Fannie solemnly, "a girl would rather have died—yes, died—than make her feet look so big and hideous—so ungainly!"

Her own feet, small as they were, were always squeezed into satin slippers a size smaller, with stockings thin as breath. To suffer colds and torture seemed to Aunt Fannie the normal lot of women.

"Well, you people were lots crazier about men than we are," replied Gwynne impudently. That was why Aunt Fannie loved her—she never paid the proper respect to age.

"There is a great deal more scandal now," observed Aunt Fannie. "How do you account for that?"

"That's just the reason," replied Gwynne, lying back in a huge easy-chair and reaching for the chocolates, which were always to be found conveniently placed in that boudoir.

"Please explain yourself," said Aunt Fannie, settling down for a good chat, and hoping for something sensational.

She Glared at Eva Resentfully, This Thin Girl, and in a Tone of Sharp Annoyance Exclaimed, "Well, Miss Grahame! So I've Found You—at Last!"

"Men make all the scandals. I mean, they do all the howling about them. If you pretend you're just crazy about a man, he doesn't much care what you do. That's where you people were slick—pretending! Or maybe you could love then. I don't know."

"Do you mean to say that it's impossible for the modern woman to love?" cried Aunt Fannie, stimulated.

"I've never been in love."

"But—Oliver ——"

"Oh, well, I must have thought so; and then everybody was marrying that year. There's nothing really wrong. Oliver's been a perfect peach. But I came over to tell you, Aunt Fannie, I'm leaving him this afternoon."

"What?"

"On the four-o'clock train. I'm taking Delia."

"Taking Delia and leaving Oliver?"

"Surely, Aunt Fannie, you don't expect Oliver to hook me up? Only I haven't any hooks now. They slip on over my head."

"I suppose you are joking, Gwynne."

"You know I simply loathe humor."

"But ——"

"Please don't exclaim. It's such a bore. Just sit quietly and I'll tell you. Don't think you've got to interrupt and say the proper thing."

"Really, Gwynne, you are very rude."

"Yes, I know, Aunt Fannie. But let's take all my faults for granted; then we can get on faster. I needn't have walked over at all, you know—I could have written."

"Where are you going?"

"That's more sensible—New York."

"Oh, then that's all right," said Aunt Fannie, with a sigh of relief. "People will only think you have gone for your spring clothes."

"Not when I stay."

"You aren't going to live in New York!"

"Aunt Fannie, you'd better sit up and hold on to something. I have bad news for you. Shall I break it gently or just tell you straight out?"

"You're eloping with somebody!" cried Aunt Fannie, turning pale with pleasure.

"What an old-fashioned idea!" replied Gwynne, annoyed. "It's just like you."

"Well, I am extremely glad that I was wrong," asserted Aunt Fannie virtuously.

"Oh, no, you won't be—when you hear. I'm committing social suicide in another way—I'm going on the stage."

Very unexpectedly Aunt Fannie burst out laughing.

"Oh, I thought you'd had enough of that nonsense in that club of yours with the ridiculous name."

"All right," said Gwynne, getting up. "I know I've made a perfect idiot of myself in this town. That's one reason I want to go away."

"Why don't you run down to Palm Beach for a few weeks?"

"I'd just as soon bathe in soup. I hate warm weather."

"Then go to Canada for the winter sports."

"Can't you see that I'm sick of amusing myself?"

Aunt Fannie looked intensely weary.

"Of all the tiresome poses, the most tiresome is for a spoiled girl to pretend that she wants to work! I have no patience with anyone's working who doesn't have to; and neither have working people, I've noticed."

"I'm going on the stage."

Aunt Fannie laughed again.

"Oh, very well, Gwynne. I'm not worried."

"Why? I look all right, don't I?"

"Quite above the average. But there are simply millions of pretty girls in New York trying to get parts, I'm told. Besides, one has to be born on the stage."

"What nonsense, Aunt Fannie! Look at Mrs. Patrick Campbell. And Mrs. Leslie Carter. Belasco just jumped at the chance to get some really nice people."

"And then you are continually being insulted," Aunt Fannie went on, just as if she had not heard.

"Oh, fudge! The managers haven't got time to insult everybody."

"Well, at any rate, you must know how to look out for yourself," said Aunt Fannie, "for there's never been a word of scandal about you here."

"Oh, I'm disgustingly moral. Perhaps if I hadn't been, Oliver and I should have got on better."

"My dear, I'm sure Oliver isn't immoral!"

"That's just it. Neither of us could get any kick out of flirting with other people's husbands and wives, and that's the only amusement in Midland."

"Tell me, Gwynne, just what is the trouble between you."

"Oh, I don't know. The nearest I can get to it is that Oliver is serious about serious things, and I'm serious about things that aren't."

"Surely that isn't cause for divorce!"

"Why should we bother? I'm just going my way and he his."

"Then he's agreed to let you go—for good?"

"For better or for worse. No, only for six months. Then we can decide what to do. Of course I shall never marry again; but Oliver might want to, although he very politely says now that he can never love another woman."

"Don't you think you are being rather cruel, Gwynne? Oliver worships you."

"I don't want to be worshiped."

"He's loved you ever since you were a little girl."

"That isn't my fault."

"Gwynne, some day you will be sorry that you have been so hard."

"All right, I'm willing. I like to suffer too. But it's awful not to be either glad or sorry—like I am now."

"Well, Oliver is rather a bore sometimes," said Aunt Fannie kindly. "I'm not the least bit interested in axes myself."

"Axes are all right in their own way," replied Gwynne, trying to be fair. "But why should anyone take them seriously? It's not as if Oliver needed the money, but he's down at the factory every day. He's trying to invent something."

"Oh, good heavens!" cried Aunt Fannie, thoroughly alarmed. "Don't let him talk to me about it, whatever it is! Nothing is more boring than inventions."

"He probably won't come to see you at all after I've gone."

"Oh, but he must, or people will talk. And I must ask you not to tell anyone else what you are trying to do."

"Trying to do?" echoed Gwynne indignantly.

"There really must be something wicked in our blood," said Aunt Fannie complacently. "There's been a wild strain all through the family, and now it's coming out again in you. You may remember your Great-aunt Jerusha ——"

"Oh, spare me the family history!" said Gwynne rudely. "I don't care a damn about Great-aunt Jerusha."

"It broke your poor dear great-grandfather's heart," reproved Aunt Fannie gently, enjoying sorrow.

"Have I got to worry about that after all these years?"

"I am glad that he cannot know what you are contemplating now, at any rate," said Aunt Fannie.

Gwynne walked across the room and made a charming, laughing face at the miniature of her great-grandfather above the mantelpiece.

"Hello, granddad! Handsome old thing," she said affectionately. "I'm taking the four-o'clock express to New York this afternoon, and tomorrow morning I shall go straight—on—to—the—stage; the wicked, wicked—oh, I do hope it is wicked!—stage."

II

BEING a woman of her word, Gwynne went straight from the train to the Ritz, bathed and changed, and at once took a taxi to the Burrage Theater.

"Where can I find Mr. Burrage?" she asked the man in the box office.

"Mr. Burrage's offices are upstairs," he replied noncommittally.

Gwynne went through the door he indicated, and up several flights of stairs, until she came to a little swinging gate at the head of them. Through an open door she saw a row of people sitting inside an office, in front of a railing. With her customary assurance, Gwynne walked past the waiting row, and leaning over the railing said to the girl at the desk, "Is Mr. Burrage in?"

"Mr. Oliphant is in," replied the girl calmly, without looking up from her work.

This foolishly indirect answer annoyed Gwynne and she spoke a trifle sharply.

"I'd like to see Mr. Burrage, please."

The girl looked up, still calm, and seemingly not at all impressed by Gwynne's appearance.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Burrage?" she asked.

"No; I'd like to make one—that is, if he can't see me at once."

Something like a suppressed giggle behind her caused Gwynne to turn her head quickly. But only a row of serious faces met her eyes.

"Well?" demanded Gwynne of the girl.

"Mr. Oliphant might see you," she replied.

Really, that annoying habit of hers! Gwynne, losing patience, was about to say that she neither knew Mr. Oliphant nor desired to, when a door back of the girl opened and a large gray-haired gentleman came rolling out.

At the sight of Gwynne he smiled, held out his hand, and exclaimed paternally, "Well, well, good morning, dear. Miss Grahame, isn't it?"

Too surprised to protest, Gwynne mechanically held out her hand and their fingers met.

"How well you are looking, dear," he said, giving her arm a little fatherly pat.

Then, seeing the other people who were waiting, he nodded to them over Gwynne's shoulder and dropped her hand.

"Sorry. Nothing today," he said kindly, addressing the room at large. "Come back next month."

At this announcement most of the spectators got up quietly and walked out; but a girl with a desperately strained, wild face under a shabby hat clutched the railing with both hands and cried:

"Oh, Mr. Oliphant, you always say that! Honestly, haven't you anything for me yet? Just the tiniest bit. Anything! Anything! If it isn't to speak a word! Let me be part of the scenery."

The Desmond Girl and Her Kind Could Laugh and Sparkle, Flash Big Eyes at Anyone, Indulge in Easy Repartee

Gwynne drew back from the girl and stared at her in perfect amazement. How could anyone hope to get an engagement in such a ridiculous hat?

But Mr. Oliphant patted the shabby girl's shoulder just as paternally as he had patted Gwynne's, and said in his very kind voice, "We are not casting, dear. Come in next month."

"You always say that!"

"We are not casting anything at present, dear," he repeated patiently.

"Someone told me you were going to put on a revival of ——"

"No, dear; not at present. Come in again. There may be something next month."

The girl turned away sharply and hurried out.

"Poor kid. Probably hasn't had any breakfast," murmured a voice at Gwynne's side.

Turning her head, she gazed directly into the large, soft, brown eyes of a Broadway actor, who looked like nothing in all the world so much as—a Broadway actor. He smiled and held out his hand with an extravagant gesture of delight.

"So it is Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed in his best English voice. "I wasn't quite sure when you first came in. You looked a littler taller ——"

"Taller?" asked Gwynne blankly, quite stupefied at being repeatedly called Miss Grahame.

And for one moment she wondered if that could possibly be the latest Broadway slang for amateur.

"Taller than when I saw you last," her new friend explained. "Perhaps it's the new skirts. I love 'em myself. Always did say there was no mystery—ah—enchantment about those short ones, you know."

He laughed, looking as if he expected Gwynne to laugh also; then made a sudden dart in front of her, murmuring, "Pardon. . . . Oh, Mr. Oliphant, may I ——"

Mr. Oliphant, who was ponderously turning about to go back into his office, looked over his shoulder.

"Sorry. Nothing today. Come back again next month," he repeated automatically, and went into his office.

"Now he's gone," exclaimed Gwynne, vexed at the persons who had interrupted an interview which had begun so promisingly. "Call him out again," she ordered the girl at the desk.

"Mr. Oliphant has an appointment at 11:30," replied the girl, glancing at her wrist watch. "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Grahame?"

"Why do you call ——" Gwynne was beginning, when the actor interrupted her.

"I say, you know, now we've met again I hope you won't avoid me as you've done in the past," he murmured, bending over Gwynne and giving her a tender glance which she felt sure had been rehearsed before the mirror. "Suppose we toddle over to the Claridge and have a bite of brunch."

"I've only had breakfast an hour ago," Gwynne replied.

"Breakfast? Surely you don't breakfast!" he cried in horror. "I simply can't touch anything but a cup of tea brought to my bedside."

"Oh, I can't either if I've had too many cocktails the night before."

He gave her an offended stare.

"It is vulgar to eat breakfast," he stated coldly. "Especially the American breakfast. I only take a cup of tea in bed."

"Yes, you told me," Gwynne interrupted; but he went on with imperturbable enthusiasm:

"My man brings me a cup of tea in bed. Then I bathe and shave ——"

"Not really!"

"Put on my dressing gown ——"

"How nice of you to give me all these little intimate details!" exclaimed Gwynne with pretended enthusiasm. "This Miss Grahame must be a reporter," she said to herself. "I suppose he thinks I'm interviewing him."

"—— my dressing gown," he continued, seemingly oblivious that they were still standing in the middle of an office devoted to other purposes than conversation, "and read for an hour—the classics. Then we go for a walk—Bing and I."

"Your wife?" politely inquired Gwynne, wondering if she ought to have a pad and pencil.

"My dog. You remember Bing? Or, no, it was Bing's father."

(Continued on Page 173)

How Missionaries Help Foreign Trade—By Frederick Simpich

IN THESE windy days of official ballyhoo you hear a lot about how much Uncle Sam helps the Yankee merchant in foreign trade. He does, and he freely admits it. Every day, from the far-flung paths of commerce, his trained writers glean all that's odd, interesting or exciting, and feed it to you and me in the morning paper.

"Dried lizard livers as food for goldfish," the Department of Commerce may say, "is the theme of a special cable report from our trade commissioner out in Swat. Copy on request."

Then, as commerce stops for breath or to shake the water from its trusty trombone, the dignified Department of State takes up the challenge. The voice of its press agent may be somewhat softer, his diction more elegant and his claims a bit more modest. But his appeal to the business world, the hint to Congress to come across at appropriation time are none the less earnest.

"Through the commendable and painstaking efforts of our alert consul at Porto de Dead Rato," we may read, "over 100,000 American baby buggies were sold up Monkey River Valley during the fiscal year ended June thirtieth. Formerly the British monopolized this trade. But their buggies were too wide; the wheels caught in the weeds beside the jungle paths and shook snakes down on baby. Happily, however, our American manufacturers—anxious always to meet the wishes of foreign customers—built a special buggy, a stout, stylish vehicle of narrow tread that fits easily into the grassy paths of Bananaland. 'And now,' adds the consul, 'even the childless use our baby buggies—to haul yams and turtle eggs.'"

PHOTO FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A Missionary Explaining Modern Farming Methods to a Group of Hindus in India

The Prince of Adventurers

SO IT goes, early and late, this tromboning for Army and Navy, for consuls, ministers and commercial attachés. Departments trombone for more appropriations, the rank and file for more pay, for transfers, promotions and publicity.

But there's another Yankee working overseas, teaching our methods, introducing our wares, and often telling Uncle Sam where needed raw materials can be found, whose ballyhoo is not so snappy, so nicely rehearsed. You hear of him, all right, but not always through pæans of praise. He outnumbers our consuls maybe one hundred to one, and he has a wary habit of poking about in odd nooks and crannies of the world where potential markets are waiting to be tapped. Into such virgin fields he precedes the consul and trader, who venture in when he has set the savage stage so Christianity, politics and commerce will safely mix. For he's the prince of adventurers, this unofficial, unpaid and unsung trade scout of Uncle Sam—and his name is American missionary. The very flag itself has often followed him, just as trade is said to follow the flag.

His whole soul is in his gospel work, of course; in trade, as such, he may often take only a casual interest—as a phase of civilization incidental to the spread of Christianity.

Yet to this adventurous patriotic missionary our commerce owes an old and increasing debt; owes it, but doesn't worry about it. On the contrary, since the days of Clive and Warren Hastings, white planters and traders in India, Africa and China have often been up in arms against the missionary. To this day, from Tokio to Tanganyika, there are still many whose favorite verbal relaxation in leisure hours is the systematic panning and pummeling of the missionaries.

Even here at home, when the hat is passed for the heathen, many a business man is apt to feel a bit dubious—to squirm about and squint to see how much, if any, Bill Jones in the neighboring pew is dropping in. For his local church he will give cheerfully enough, even if panting vestrymen do sometimes have to chase him about the golf links on Sunday morning or tree him at the Elks Club to shake him down for his regular dues. But when you mention a special fund for the poor benighted heathen the long distance to these pagan lands seems to lend a vagueness to the proposition.

"Who gets that money? How much of it gets to the heathen?" he argues. "And these missionaries away over there in the bush—I hear they're an odd bunch of birds."

Our pet notions die hard. The up-to-date, liberal-minded American clings no tighter to early impressions, traditions, the prejudices of his youth than he clings to his own good right eye. All French, for example, are frivolous, fond of light wines and dancing. All Mexicans play the guitar and say *caramba*. Chinese eat rats and Fijis eat missionaries. Everybody knows that! And all missionaries go garbed in black. They wear top hats, green goggles and carry big umbrellas; pale, pious and pulmonary, they wander around the equator, singing psalms through their noses to save the hellward heathen.

PHOTO BY CHARLES MARTIN

A Filipino Girl Using a Yankee Sewing Machine

Old Stuff

NOT so long ago even decent papers printed that tottering joke about wool sweaters for the shivering South Sea Islanders. And there are people living yet—and not even bedridden—who remember that comic drawing which showed a cannibal chief dancing on a sandy beach, wearing the late gospel man's battered tile, while from the simmering tribal pot a pair of bare feet stuck up.

It was night on the Pacific. The smoking room was crowded. Homeward bound we were, from the China coast.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," muttered a poker-playing hardware salesman, back from hustling the East. "And nothing like a bunch of missionaries to put the jinx on Sunday poker. With all these joss-house boys on board, the skipper wouldn't dare let us play. They'd kick, and he has to humor them."

"Don't cry so," joked the purser. "Luck's with us this time. It happens we cross the meridian tomorrow; then Sunday morning oozes into Monday afternoon. Gimme three cards!"

"Well, anyway," argued the hardware man, "I got no sympathy for these proselyters—living on the fat of the land, trying to choke these Chinks on a religion they don't want. . . . I raise you five."

He's a familiar type, this hardware man. His argument is old stuff to all of you who've sailed the China Seas, or gossiped in the clubs of Yokohama, Hong-Kong, Bombay—and sometimes Minneapolis and St. Paul. He knows hardware, and he knows the big Chinese firms of the coastal cities, whose fat orders he goes battling for; also, he may know the race tracks, singsong joints and bright lights of Shanghai and Singapore. But what he's apt to overlook is this: Away back in the hinterland, where the white man who speaks no Chinese is seldom seen, there are millions of native customers who buy American goods from these big coast-town importers. If they ever heard of America at all they may believe it merely a part of Shanghai or a vassal island of outer barbarians somewhere off the China coast. Yet in literally thousands of cases dwellers in these remote inland regions of China, India and Africa first got interested in American goods because they saw the American missionaries using them.

To be fair to the hardware man, you must admit that he is honest in his belief that a missionary is apt to stir up the natives and

make it hard for American traders to sell goods. If you told him that, as a matter of fact, these same missionaries, directly or indirectly, have actually put more American hardware through the interior of China than all Yankee traveling salesmen lumped together, it wouldn't upset him at all. That is, it wouldn't seem to, for the modern round-the-world Yankee salesman has a well-oiled mind, agile in argument, trained to meet emergency. He would simply be gentle and patient with you; he'd slip out to cable your family, and then sit up with you nights, telling you funny stories and keeping you amused till your folks back home wired him what to do.

But away with piffle! Let's examine the hair on the coconut. How do missions help trade? Or do they?

Touching this very point, the influence of missions on commerce, let me quote the words of Mr. Chester Holcombe, who served for thirty years in our diplomatic service in China:

"Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience and value of the thousand and one articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest, which in turn develops the desire to possess. . . . An overwhelming array of facts and figures could be set forth to prove the inestimable though unrecognized value of the missionary as an agent for the development of American commerce in every part of the globe.

"The manufacturing and commercial interests in the United States, even though indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the cost of American missionary work in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort."

Sir William Hunter, India's famous historian, wrote:

"As a business man, I am prepared to say that the work of the missionary in India exceeds in importance all that has been done by the British Government since its commencement. . . . And I believe that any falling off in England's missionary efforts will be a sure sign of swiftly coming national decay."

Wherever the Bible goes there also the missionary carries with him the illustrated catalogues of American mail-order and manufacturing firms.

Foreign Mail Orders

"WE ALWAYS buy directly from the States," said a missionary's wife in North China when I remarked on the quite American furnishings in her home. "Our furniture, stoves, piano—all came from home. We even buy most of our groceries by mail; and all our mule harness, saddles, even the wheels for our rickshа, were bought in America. Thousands of other missionaries and their converts are doing the same. Our trade must be a big item back home."

It is. The president of the largest mail-order house in the world told me something about it.

"We have been outfitting missionaries as they started abroad, and supplying them at their foreign stations with most of the things they need for nearly half a century," said he when I asked him how Yankee missions help our foreign trade.

"We send pianos to Africa, church bells to India, bicycles to China. First the missionary is our customer, and then his convert, his school pupils, and then other natives who see the things from America, and want some like them.

"Just recently we sold a complete heating and light plant, a water-supply outfit and a sewage-disposal system to a mission hospital in Korea. Another mission in the Belgian Congo lately sent us one order which included over 1200 items—stuff for equipping the whole station. To reach its destination, this shipment had to be carried for hundreds of miles through the African jungle on the backs of native packers. It was necessary then to limit the weight of each package to 125 pounds. With such a load, the missionaries say, the Congo packers can walk four or five hours at a stretch."

From This Navel Orange Tree, Imported From Brazil, 9,000,000 Trees Have Been Propagated

Korean at an Adding Machine

I was shown some sample orders, selected at random from incoming mail. The natives of Asia, Africa and the Indies call for just about the same goods as the man in Kansas or California. A Hindu orders sixteen tons of bond paper and ten tons of cover paper, his name to be printed in fancy letters on every package. From the jungles of Honduras comes a call for ladies' waists, Cluny lace, monogrammed bath towels and stockings. A Chinaman in Formosa wants a typewriter, a ready-made suit and a steel safe, while stone crushers and hydraulic pumps go to the West Indies.

Odd and unusual orders also come in. One Chinese hair-net factory bought forty barrels of peroxide. An African jungle chief wrote for a clock that would run 400 days. From Japan came an order for a ready-cut five-room house, and a man in India requested an apparatus for electrocuting elephants.

Indirectly, all these orders were traceable to the missions that made the Yankee mail-order catalogue a popular book in these far-away places.

One old missionary from India, home on leave, came in personally and bought several high-power rifles, with ammunition.

"Just before I left Bengal," he explained, "a tiger jumped over my compound wall and killed my best mule; now I've got to move up into Southern Tibet, and I hear the tigers are even worse up there."

From the missionary, incidentally, the American exporter often gets valuable hints on how to pack for export. In their long experience as consignees they have learned how goods should best be packed, and have told the shippers what lumber, iron bands, burlap, tin or oilcloth should be used. Here, for example, is the itinerary for one $1400 order of shoes, hardware and foodstuffs destined for a town far down in Africa: From Chicago to New York by rail, thence by steamer to Alexandria on the coast of Egypt; thence by Egyptian railway to Khartum, where Chinese Gordon fell and Kitchener gained his famous victory; then for 1200 miles by camel caravan over the desert to a point on the Upper Nile, where the goods were again put on a boat for a river trip; lastly, 400 miles on the backs of natives to the mission station. And the merchandise got there in good condition. One packer, at least, had mastered his art.

"Missionaries are an important factor in the development of our foreign business," the export manager of a well-known typewriter manufacturing company told me. "This is particularly true of the export of typewriters. An outstanding example is our typewriter trade with Siam. American-made typewriters are used in all Siamese government offices and throughout commercial centers; but this result was obtained only because a noted American missionary, with an intimate knowledge of the Siamese language, applied himself to the development of a special machine for writing Siamese. His invention is of lasting benefit to the Siamese race.

"By reason of their position as teachers missionaries are under constant observation, and unconsciously they distribute knowledge concerning modern ways of satisfying old wants. I am told that many a boy in India has been fired with the ambition to become a typist through observing an American missionary use his machine. China, where the written character is so revered that no old newspaper is ever used for wrapping purposes, contains more missionaries—and more American portable typewriters—than any other Oriental field."

Forty-five Weeks From Broadway

UNCLE SAM once sent me to be his consul at Bagdad. A long walk from Broadway; and when you get there, just a foul, turbulent Arab town of muscle dancers, camel thieves and cholera. But from thereabouts we buy many rugs, much gum arabic, wool, and tons of licorice root to put pep in our chewing tobacco. As the official guardian, then, of this commerce, I must perforce have speech with those turbaned traders who called at the Sign of the Eagle and Arrows. French I knew, and some German; but of Arabic and Turkish, current languages of the bazaar, not enough to curse my table boy when he walked gravely in with my toast wrapped cozily in his flowing zibbon—that baggy he Mother Hubbard of Moslem lands—all because he'd heard somewhere that Americans want their bread hot.

"From this inarticulate predicament only the missionaries can save you," suggested my British colleague. "Ask the mission school at Bombay to send you a good clerk."

I did. He came—a Chaldean, fluent in more tongues than bothered Babel. His English had lumps in it sometimes, but it was always effective. And into him the missionaries had certainly pounded the principle of honesty in business.

(Continued on Page 111)

The Motorcycle is an Important Adjunct to Missionary Work in India

PHOTO. BY CHARLES MARTIN

A Priest Dictating to a Filipino Boy Who is Learning to Operate a Typewriter

GIRLS NEVER KNOW

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

TO UNDERSTAND Ethel Turner, you will have to know something of her father, the Rev. Ephraim Turner; and to understand that really great character—tragic, austere and altogether untouched by humor in his later years—you must know something of his son David.

When David was a baby he was taken ill with bronchitis, coughing like a young grampus and soon beyond all help from such old-fashioned remedies as goose grease and camphorated oil. Doctor Baldwin was called in, but on the third day he said as he was leaving, "Dominie, we've done about all we can, and seems to me now I ought to tell you that you'd better prepare yourself for 'most anything that might happen."

The minister listened—a stern, tall man, already drawn thin by his fight with the enemy—and when the doctor had gone he turned to his wife, stared at her for a few moments with a brooding glance that she hardly recognized and said, "The skill of man having failed us, we will turn to God."

They both knelt and the minister prayed; prayed as he had probably never prayed before; prayed until his voice broke and the sweat stood on his forehead. When he was through he arose, and if you had been there you would have seen a strange light in his eyes.

"I never felt this way in my life before," he said to his wife, unconsciously whispering and trembling a little. "I feel that my prayer has been heard—aye, heard and answered."

He went for his Bible, and opening it at random he picked out a text—a custom which still obtains here and there in our part of the country. "Now," said he, "let us see what the answer is."

He lowered his eyes to the printed page and slowly, slowly read, "'And he gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul.'"

II

THE child became better—everybody said it was a miracle—and grew up into a handsome youth, one of those reckless young ones who ought to have been born at a time when sparks like him were known as dashing young blades and played guitars and fought duels and lived for love and died. His earlier escapades might have been amusing to some folks, but not to his father—tragic, austere and already becoming untouched by humor.

"I don't know who he takes after," he said to his wife one day. "Nobody in our family."

His mother didn't disown him, though.

"He'll be all right later," she said. "If I were you I wouldn't whip him so much. I think it hardens him."

Of course, she was referred to Solomon almost before she had finished speaking; and yet so far as David Turner was concerned, the rod certainly seemed to have no beneficial effect.

They Reached a Hurdle and Went Over it Like a Sea Over a Reef

With every passing year the boy grew wilder—wilder and handsomer and more adventurous. He could fight like a bearcat, went to dances at a time when dances were still anathema to those who remembered the daughter of Herodias; and, most delicious of all in the mouth of gossip, he went buggy riding with girls, and not always with the steadiest of girls, either.

Of course, you could never have got his mother to believe these things. On a pleasant afternoon he sometimes took her riding too; and she would try to give him good advice, and he would try to stop her by making the horse go fast. One afternoon, indeed, at such a time he started racing with Gene Appleby, who was sprinting his chestnut mare along the State Road. David won, but it was an expensive victory, for just as he reached Benham's corner, a good hundred yards in the lead, one of the new trolleys came thundering across the road. It caught the buggy squarely on the side, and although everything possible was done, before the week was over the minister had no son to plague him and his wife was to walk lame for the rest of her life.

Straining Her Eyes, Ethel Could Just Make Out a Red Cap Bobbing Up and Down

At the funeral service he opened his Bible to read Saint Paul's famous passage, but found himself thinking instead of that other time when he had opened the Book only to see the words, "And he gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul."

Slowly, almost fearfully, he closed the book.

"Thy will, O Lord," said he, "not mine, be done."

Which, after all, perhaps, is the beginning of human wisdom.

III

THAT was the background in which Ethel Turner was born. She was a quiet child—she had little chance to be anything else—one of those children who learn to play by themselves all day long and never seem to grow tired of their own company.

Next to the minister's was a field in which Ed Thornton, the iceman, kept an old horse out to pasture and, bit by bit, this horse and Ethel became great friends. It began with mutual glances, and then, coached one day by her mother, Ethel pushed some green corn husks through the fence. The horse ate these as though they were ice cream, meanwhile keeping enraptured eyes upon his young benefactress. As you may guess, it wasn't long after this before Prince came running to the fence every time he saw her; and when he bent his head down to eat the delicacies which she had provided, she learned how to pat his neck or even draw a caressing palm along the length of his ear.

After that, as Ethel grew older, it might be said that she adopted horses as her own particular pets, smiling at them whenever they looked at her, or shyly patting them when they stood hitched against the curb. She only did this, though, when she thought no one was looking; being the type of child, blessed by the fairies, who seems to have a dread of showing off—a quality which it might be well to remember later in her favor when you hear what really dreadful things she did in other ways.

As she grew still older, she spent her summer vacations at Uncle Orlan's farm. Uncle Orlan had three horses—a team with backs as fat as circus horses and a rangy, long-legged creature with a wicked eye, named Dan. They all told Ethel to look out for Dan.

"Why?" she asked.

"He's tricky," said Uncle Orlan. "Squeezes you up against the side of his stall, tries to step on your foot when you're leading him, swishes his tail in your face and p'tends he don't know you're there. Full of tricks. Bobs his head when you're putting his bridle on him and tries to knock your chin off. Jumps for the stable door when you're putting the harness on him. Now you remember and stay away from Master Dan'l, or he'd just as lief lay right down and roll over on you."

Of course, the next time Ethel saw this remarkable steed she stood still and had a good look at him; and Master Dan'l looked back at her with a knowing look as though he were saying, "You been hearing tales about me?"

"Yes, I have," said Ethel. "I'm s'prised at you." And she fed him a handful of clover she had picked specially for him from the side of the road. He watched her as he ate this, and then he seemed to say, "Look!" The next moment he was leaping off in a circle, throwing his heels up with a curious double motion as though he were connecting twice with each kick. "There!" he seemed to say as he trotted back to the fence. "That's the kind of a horse I am! Ain't you scared of me?"

Ethel gave him another handful of clover, and rubbed his nose as he ate it.

"I like you," she said. "You're—funny." Which, when you think it over, is a deep remark.

Ethel used to go down and watch her uncle cultivate the corn; and after riding one of the fat horses back to the stable a time or two, he let her ride all one morning between the rows, guiding the horse to the right or the left when the planting was crooked and turning him around at the end of each row.

"As good a man on a horse as any I know," said Uncle Orlan to Aunt Flo when he went up for his dinner. "Took to it like a regular little jockey."

Aunt Flo found Ethel a pair of little trousers to fit under her gingham, and after that the young visitor had a steady job whenever the corn was being cultivated.

"Funny she takes to horses so," whispered Aunt Flo to Uncle Orlan one night. "Wasn't her brother that way too?"

"Funny?" said Uncle Orlan. "Oh, I don't know. Prob'ly in the breed somewhere. I've heard my grandfather say that the Turners used to raise the best pacers that ever came out of Rhode Island—the old Narraganset stock that went all over the world."

However that might be, one morning when the team had gone to the village for a load of grain, Uncle Orlan said he'd have to do the cultivating alone that day.

"Why?" asked Ethel, who had her little trousers on, ready.

"Going to work Master Dan'l this morning."

"I can ride him!"

"No, no, no! No, sir-ree! He's too tricky."

"Well, let me try just once. Ple-e-e-ease, Uncle Orlan! And if he cuts up I'll get right off."

It took a lot of coaxing, but Uncle Orlan finally gave in, never having raised a little girl himself and not knowing how to steel himself against them. They walked down to the field together, the three of them, Master Dan'l in the middle, and Ethel taking long strides and patting him as high as she could reach. At the beginning of the first furrow the horse was hitched to the cultivator, and then, with many an avuncular misgiving, Ethel was lifted on his back.

"Pw-r-r-r-r!" exclaimed Master Dan'l, feeling ballast.

"Look out!" cried Uncle Orlan, keeping hold of her, ready to swing her off. "He's up to his tricks!"

"No, he isn't! Wait a minute! Give me the reins."

At the sound of her voice Dan looked at her over his shoulder.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he seemed to say. "Look who's here!"

"Good old Dan!" said Ethel, her voice shaking a little "See, Uncle? He's looking! He won't hurt me now!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" Dan seemed to say again. "I've been hearing something about this from those two big lummoxes in the stable, but I didn't believe half of it. And here she is—on me! Well, now, I guess it's up to me to show her how a real gentleman carries a lady. I guess it's up to me to show her how to do it right."

Whereupon he arched his tail and arched his neck and started out with such dainty little steps that Uncle Orlan was moved to wonder, stepping along behind the cultivator and watching the horse and the corn both as well as he could. After a few minutes of this foolishness Dan settled down to work; but did he act tricky with Ethel on his back once all that morning? He did not. Among horses he was a model of deportment, a perfect Mr. Turveydrop; but you ought to have seen him at noon when, Ethel safely on the ground, Uncle Orlan presumed upon Master Dan'l's new spirit of righteousness and let go of the bridle while he unfastened the stable door. Dan had his hind legs up in a jiffy, delicately fanning Uncle Orlan's ears with his heels. Then charging like a war horse he ripped up the road, snorting, and didn't come back till nearly suppertime, and probably wouldn't have gone into the stable even then if Ethel hadn't opened the door for him and said "Poor old Dan!" He went in, almost tearful, and sighed to himself as he started on his hay and held his head down when Uncle Orlan said to Ethel "I always told you he was tricky," and perhaps felt better when Ethel answered "That's all right, too, Uncle Orlan; but he wasn't a bit tricky with me."

Children have great times on their vacations.

When Ethel returned home and went back to school that fall you would little think that this was the girl who had ridden the fiery steed of Tassel Top Farm with a little pair of trousers on. She looked so calm and gentle and quiet. It is small wonder that Miss Youngblood placed her near to Stacey Erwin, one of the most model of scholars, always with a freshly starched shirt waist in the morning, and always with a beautiful parting in his hair. And between these two incorruptibles she seated Lew Harris, dark-haired and sporty, who was generally either getting up a circus or selling tickets on a turkey raffle or performing along similar lines. For the next seven years Ethel and Stacey and Lew went up the grades together; and once when Buck Powers was seen writing "Stacey Erwin is Ethel Turner's fellow" on the wall at the back of the schoolhouse, Lew Harris jumped on the young publicist and had his face in the dirt with such suddenness that Buck must have thought an avalanche had struck him.

"Needn't get so fresh," he grumbled, picking himself up as soon as he felt it safe to do so. "Anybody'd think you was mad because you wasn't her fellow yourself."

And down went his face in the dirt again, harder than before.

The year that Ethel left high school, her mother's lameness took such a turn that for a number of years she seldom left her room. As you will know, Ethel had her work cut out for her; but through it all she remained quiet, gentle and altogether unchanged—dreaming her dreams and thoroughly in love with life—a girl with fine eyes that were touched with mysticism and lips that were straight above but shaped like a bow beneath. Fortunately for them both, she and her mother had always been good friends. Ethel used to read to her. When her father was around she confined herself to useful reading, but as soon as he was out of the house Ethel would produce a newspaper printed in the great city thirty miles away, and then they would have some fun.

One day, turning the paper over, Ethel found herself looking at a horse's picture on the sporting page.

"'Belladonna,'" she read. "'Favorite in Today's Handicap.'"

"Yes," she thought, looking at the picture as a woman will, first near at hand and then at arm's length; "he looks as if he could win."

It was chance, of course; but when she looked at the sporting page the next morning she saw that Belladonna had won.

"I thought he would," she comfortably told herself.

(Continued on Page 56)

"I'll Never Try to Pick a Winner Again as Long as I Live!"

Pinching Productive Industry

Curing a Concrete Road by Edging It With Dikes of Earth and Flooding the Surface With Water

These Travelers Approve Unconditionally of the Excellent Roads Near Rockwall, Texas

By FORREST CRISSEY

PRODUCTIVE industry is everywhere feeling the pinch of labor shortage, of high wages which are climbing still higher, and of prices for materials which closely parallel labor costs. In many sections of the country the men who manage productive industries are painfully conscious that the trap which has them in its grip is a double-jawed affair which delivers a twin squeeze of almost faultless execution; they are finding it almost as difficult and costly to secure capital with which to carry on their expensive operations as to get the labor and the materials necessary for production. This money squeeze is not yet so universal as the difficulties with respect to labor and materials, but time is bound to broaden its scope. In many localities it is already acute while in others its pressure is more moderate but still sufficient to keep the men who must dig up the money quite regular and enthusiastic in their attendance at the discount windows of the banks.

At any rate, it is safe to say that capital is generally just a bit coy to the advances of industry, and demands to be wooed with the lure of an attractive per cent and substantial security. Certainly capital is not doing the courting as in the good old days when a Federal income tax was a theory and not a stony-hearted fact.

Incidentally, too, the lamentations of the renter and the recriminations of the landlord are still heard in the land—a vigorous and insistent vocal hangover from war days. If there is a city of first, second or even third class in the country which has a really adequate supply of apartments, houses and cottages I have missed it in an industrious search—and so have those who are looking for shelter that affords any degree of family privacy at a price which has the general appearance of reasonableness. And it is interesting to note that this housing shortage is not by any means confined to the larger centers of population. It extends to the villages—even to those rather remote from cities.

The Boosters

THERE was never a better time than right now to raise the question of the relationship of these facts to another fact—the vast volume of public improvements now on foot and ready to be turned loose on the public. But before putting this problem under the glass I rise to a point of personal privilege and request that the record contain the statement that I have no sympathy with the traditional community crab whose favorite sport is to fight public improvements and who belongs, by temperament, to the era of public cowpaths and board sidewalks.

These survivals of the horse age have only one redeeming trait—they do not kid themselves into the belief that public improvements will not cost them coin out of hand; that the money to pay for them will be drawn from the air like "free" nitrogen. They are temperamentally unable to see the value of well-considered public improvements as reflected in higher property values of the village, the city, the county or the state—but they do not shut their eyes to the fact that somehow and sometime they're going to pay their share of every such expenditure.

It is scarcely too sweeping a statement to say that most public improvements which are honestly and efficiently financed and constructed ultimately pay for themselves in reflected property values. Again, the spirit of aggressive public improvement is in keeping with the American tradition of progressiveness—of energy, of vision and of courage. But the problem of when to make public improvements and when to hold back on all of them which can be postponed without inflicting undue hardship upon the public appears to be about as generously misunderstood by those who must pay the bills as is the theory of relativity.

This seems to be especially true of the men who plan these public enterprises and those who, as official representatives of the people, enact them as going enterprises for the town, the city, the county, the state and the nation. But these boosters have generous moral support from the thousands of workers who are potential employes on public-work jobs. That public work, or at least a large part of it, could be so timed and handled as to act as a powerful stabilizer of employment and of prices for all basic necessities—food, shelter and raiment—does not appear to have occurred to the promoters of these public projects, the men who give them life by legislative enactment, or to the workers whose hands will or may help to build them.

Public Work as a Stabilizer

THE booster spirit is characteristic of America—but it often displays more pep than discrimination. Certainly it is easily capable of being overworked in the matter of pushing public improvements at a time when productive industry is finding it difficult to get enough man power to do its work at a cost which is not virtually prohibitive, when materials are apparently trying to establish new altitude records, and when the people of cities, towns and even villages are suffering from a severe housing shortage.

Perhaps this pinch is felt in other states quite as acutely as in Illinois, but the situation in this great Mid-West commonwealth is at least representative. The situation of productive industry in Illinois with relation to the pressure of public improvements will certainly serve as an illuminating example of the disadvantages of using public-work expenditures as a disturber of prices for labor, materials and commodities, instead of an equalizer.

As a commonwealth Illinois has quite a busy little program laid out for herself for 1923. The legislature has passed Governor Small's measure for a $100,000,000 bond issue for more good roads. The justification urged for it is that the legislature of Illinois meets only once in two years and that before another session present funds for road building will have been exhausted. As this bond issue must be submitted to a direct vote of the citizens of Illinois before it may become operative, this huge expenditure for public work does not enter into the present situation except as to its moral influence on wages and prices. That influence is quite substantial.

A Road-Builders' Camp in the Woods

Now for the public-improvement expenditures already provided for and therefore a part of the definite and tangible program. The following statement is furnished by Hon. Louis L. Emmerson, Secretary of State for Illinois

The amount of expenditures for public improvements on behalf of the state in 1924, according to present estimates and schedules, are:

Nine hundred miles of road pavement at $20,000 a mile	$23,400,000
New buildings at the University of Illinois to be erected during the coming biennium	2,[illegible]
To be expended on the Illinois Waterway during 1925	3,000,000
For the erection of new buildings at the Illinois State Fair	450,000

"In addition to these there will be a number of other minor improvements and extensions, probably amounting to $3,000,000."

This accounts for a total of more than $32,000,000 already definitely on the state schedule of immediate improvements. Thirty-two millions is quite a substantial sum of spending money—rather a heavy draft on the pockets of the taxpayers of even a rich state like Illinois!

Whether these expenditures for public improvements are justified is not the question in point so far as this inquiry is concerned. For the sake of the argument it may be assumed that they will all be justified in the long run and prove themselves good investments from the viewpoint of public policy and the progress of the state as a commonwealth. It is certain that a very considerable portion of them is justified on the basis of good business outlay and would have been made by any able board of directors operating the state as a private business corporation for profit. And it is not questioned that some of these programs provide for public improvements which cannot be put off to a more convenient season without inflicting too substantial a sacrifice of advantage to the state as a going business institution.

Bonds

BUT first take a look at the size of the public-improvement burden which Illinois already has on its back. According to State Treasurer Oscar Nelson, here is the showing of outstanding and authorized state bonds:

State Highway Bonds—$30,000,000 issued to date out of a total authorization of $60,000,000, the remaining $30,000,000 to be issued at some time in the near future.

Waterway Bonds—$3,000,000 out of an authorized total of $20,000,000 retired, but none outstanding.

Soldiers' Bonus Bonds—$10,000,000 issued out of an authorized total of $55,000,000, all to be issued in 1923 and 1924.

Here seems to be a total of $115,000,000 of issued and authorized obligations which draw interest while the taxpayers sleep. Assume that they are all justified—nevertheless they are drawing interest at the same rate and with the same regularity and precision that would be involved if their justification were open to question. And by the same token, they will have to be paid in due time if Illinois is to keep its credit good. The annual interest on this $115,000,000 of state obligations is not far from $4,500,000. Quite a bit of coin to hand in at the discount window every year! All these bonds are to be retired within the period of twenty years from date of issue. It is safe to say all will be issued in 1923, 1924 and 1925.

Though these figures on Illinois as an investor in public improvements are unquestionably correct as far as they go, they are admittedly incomplete. The chances are that they fall short of the grand total by several million dollars. Therefore it is good sense to approach the standing of the state on this score from an outside viewpoint.

Fox River Trail, Near Dundee, Illinois

A Paver at Work Flanked by a Temporary Narrow-Gauge Track for Transporting Materials

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

More Apprentice Schools in the Building Trades are Recommended to Meet the Housing Shortage—a Group of Student Plumbers

According to a statistical report which appears to be the outstanding authority regarding public improvements, the showing for Illinois on contemplated projects as reported for the first quarter of 1923 and for April and May is as follows:

	PROJECTS	COST
Educational	139	$20,878,[illegible]
Hospital and institutions	33	3,762,000
Military and naval	5	140,000
Public buildings	[illegible]	[illegible]
Public works and utilities	752	[illegible]
Total		$77,[illegible]

For 1922 the showing by this statistical authority on public-works contracts actually awarded in Illinois follows:

	PROJECTS	COST
Educational	[illegible]	$[illegible]
Hospital and institutions	44	[illegible]
Military and naval	4	[illegible]
Public buildings	[illegible]	[illegible]
Public works and utilities	907	[illegible]
Total		$[illegible]

These figures cover municipal and Federal improvements as well as state projects. According to this authority: "Federal, state and municipal construction throughout the entire country for the past four years has amounted to 24 per cent of the total volume of construction."

What effect has this had upon productive industry and upon the equally vital matter of furnishing shelter for the people of the state?

It is asserted by the best available authority that Chicago has now actively in hand building work amounting to a total of $150,000,000. As in most other large centers of population there was very little building done in Chicago in the war years and little in the two years immediately following the war. The housing shortage amounted to a famine.

That shortage has been somewhat alleviated, but it has not yet been overtaken and met. The housing gap is still a long way from being filled—in spite of the fact that occasional landlords make loud complaint that they have empty apartments.

Building at Peak Prices

THIS statement of the situation will, I think, be substantiated by those who are best qualified to judge it from an impartial viewpoint. Some landlords assert that they are unable to get tenants at prices which will pay them a fair and reasonable return on their investments. This may be true; probably it is true in a considerable number of cases. But this does not prove that the housing shortage in Chicago has been met. Probably it proves merely that the rents asked are abnormal and that there are now fewer persons willing to pay an extortionate price for shelter than during the war and the boom time immediately thereafter. Also it may indicate that adventurous landlords put more into their buildings—on the theory that no price was too high to find a taker—than even the extravagance of the times warranted; that apartments and houses built at peak prices could not be made to pay a return on the investment.

Those who would get a graphic demonstration of the fact that Chicago's housing shortage is still in force should

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THE PRINCE HAS THE MUMPS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

His Zabonian Serenity

YOUNG Prince Ernest was ill. He had, in fact, the mumps. "Beastly nuisance," he remarked to his valet. He wanted very much indeed to say "damned inconvenience"; and, considering the circumstances, even this would not have been putting the case too strongly; but he did not say "damned inconvenience," because a prince must not set a bad example; and, mumps or no mumps, Ernest Cosmo Adelbert Oscar James never forgot that he was a prince.

"Every inch a prince," said the newspapers of his native land in referring to him, which they did in every edition from the first, or bulldog, to the last, or five-star extra-special sporting final.

That made sixty-six inches of prince, for Ernest was a rather pretty boy of medium stature, with a pink, almost waxen complexion, blond hair impeccably parted, and a brow as unruffled as a pan of skimmed milk. At the moment the symmetry of his features was somewhat marred by the presence of two mature mumps; and, noting this in the gold-rimmed mirror near his bed, Prince Ernest gently groaned.

Physiognomists might have argued from the serenity of his brow that the prince was not a thinker; but they would have been in error, for in his twenty-three years he had not infrequently thought. Happily his thoughts had not been disturbing ones. It had taken no soul-struggle to make him entirely content with his princely lot. Having been born a prince, nursed as a prince, breeched as a prince, taught as a prince, at twenty-three and a few days it seemed completely natural to Ernest to be a prince. It was quite impossible for him to imagine himself anything else.

Sometimes he thought: "Of course, I don't say I have a divine right to be a prince; nowadays that isn't considered in good taste. But, since I'm being perfectly frank with myself, I must admit that there is something—well, if not exactly sacred, at least sacerdotal about royalty. Being a prince isn't at all like filling a place in the cabinet or the civil service or the army, where almost any sort of fellow can get ahead if he has enough push. A prince has no use for push; he's a prince, and that's all there is to it."

And at other times he thought: "It's the fashion in these times to pretend that a prince is just like any other man in the country, and not a bit better. That's rot, of course, and no one knows it better than the people. If I am like all the rest of them, why do they stand in the rain for hours to see me whisk by in a limousine? Why do they crowd into some stuffy hall to hear me tell them I am glad to be there, gazing into their open, manly countenances?"

Or, on other occasions, he thought: "To hear some of these radical chaps talk one would think any fellow could be a prince. Really, you know, that's nothing more than twaddle. If they tried it they'd soon find that it takes generations of royal blood behind one to give one that well, that authority, that—so to speak—presence. I'd just like to see one of those long-haired johnnies try to lay a corner stone—with the proper dignity, I mean. Why, the people would laugh at him! They never laugh at me."

By nature a modest and candid young man, Prince Ernest had but one vanity. He was proud of the appearance he made at public functions. He loved to lay corner stones, to unveil monuments, to visit hospitals, to address meetings. On these occasions he invariably made a neat speech, and he had never, he was glad to say, in any of his speeches given offense to anybody. He accepted, with becoming graciousness, the tributes paid him by the crowds. It pleased him exceedingly to hear his subjects punctuate his speeches with their uncouth but sincere evidences of approbation. Often he read about it afterward in the press, and secretly glowed.

"Prince Ernest"—the front page of the Morning Stiletto is speaking—"was greeted with vociferous enthusiasm when he laid the corner stone of the new polo field being built by the Coal Mine Workers' Union for the use of its members. The prince shook hands with a number of the men and made one of his felicitous and witty speeches. In part His Highness said:

"'I am always glad to speak to miners. [Cheers.] I was once a minor myself. [Laughter.] Now, all joking aside, and speaking seriously, I am glad to be here and to look into so many open, manly countenances. [Violent cheering and cries of 'Every inch a prince!' and 'Long live Bonny Prince Ernie!'] Yours is a very important industry. [Cries of 'Hear, hear!'] I can't think what I should do in winter if it weren't for coal. [Cheers, and cries of 'God bless Your Highness,' and 'Spoken like a prince!'] I repeat, therefore, I am glad to be with you ——'"

Yes, there was no question about it, his subjects loved him.

But now he had the mumps. He was as puffy as if he had attempted to swallow a pair of inflated water wings, and when he drank a glass of water it was like swallowing a string of biggish beads. Moreover, he had a fever, and his royal knees felt decidedly gelatinous, and the doctor had said he must stay in bed. To get mumps at a time like this, he mused, was almost unprincely. His country needed him, and there he lay, ineffectual and mumpish. Indeed, mumps at a time like this was nothing short of a calamity, for on the morrow His Very Serene Highness the Emperor of Zabonia was to pay an official visit to the prince's country. Fifty million people held their breath and tremulously awaited the result. Would there be war? Everybody knew that the answer depended on the emperor's visit.

Relations between the prince's country and Zabonia were strained—dangerously strained. Why had that bellicose old fire eater, the Duke of Blennergasset, made that intemperate speech in which he referred to the Emperor of Zabonia as a "pompous elderly porpoise with the morals of a tumblebug"? Why had Count Malpizzi, the Zabonia Secretary for War, in heated rejoinder seen fit to declare that as for Prince Ernest's father, the king, he was no lily of the valley himself, and furthermore, Prince Ernest's countrymen were three degrees lower in the scale of existence than the guinea pig? A painful and acute situation had been created between the two countries; one puff of the air of animosity on those smoldering embers and the blood-red flame of war would break forth. This eventuality would be highly inopportune for Prince Ernest's country, for Zabonia had just perfected a cannon whose shell carried a hundred miles and then bounced back to be recharged. War must be averted. The Emperor of Zabonia must be received with every show of cordiality, must be accorded every honor, must be given not the slightest shadow of a pretext for taking umbrage. The emperor must carry away the impression that Prince Ernest's country loved Zabonia with a surpassing love; the emperor must be made to believe that the Duke of Blennergasset's reference to him as a pompous elderly porpoise was one of pure affection and esteem, and that a comparison of the morals of His Very Serene Highness to those of a tumblebug was an idiomatic expression, and highly complimentary, inasmuch as tumblebugs are popularly believed to lead lives of singular probity and chastity.

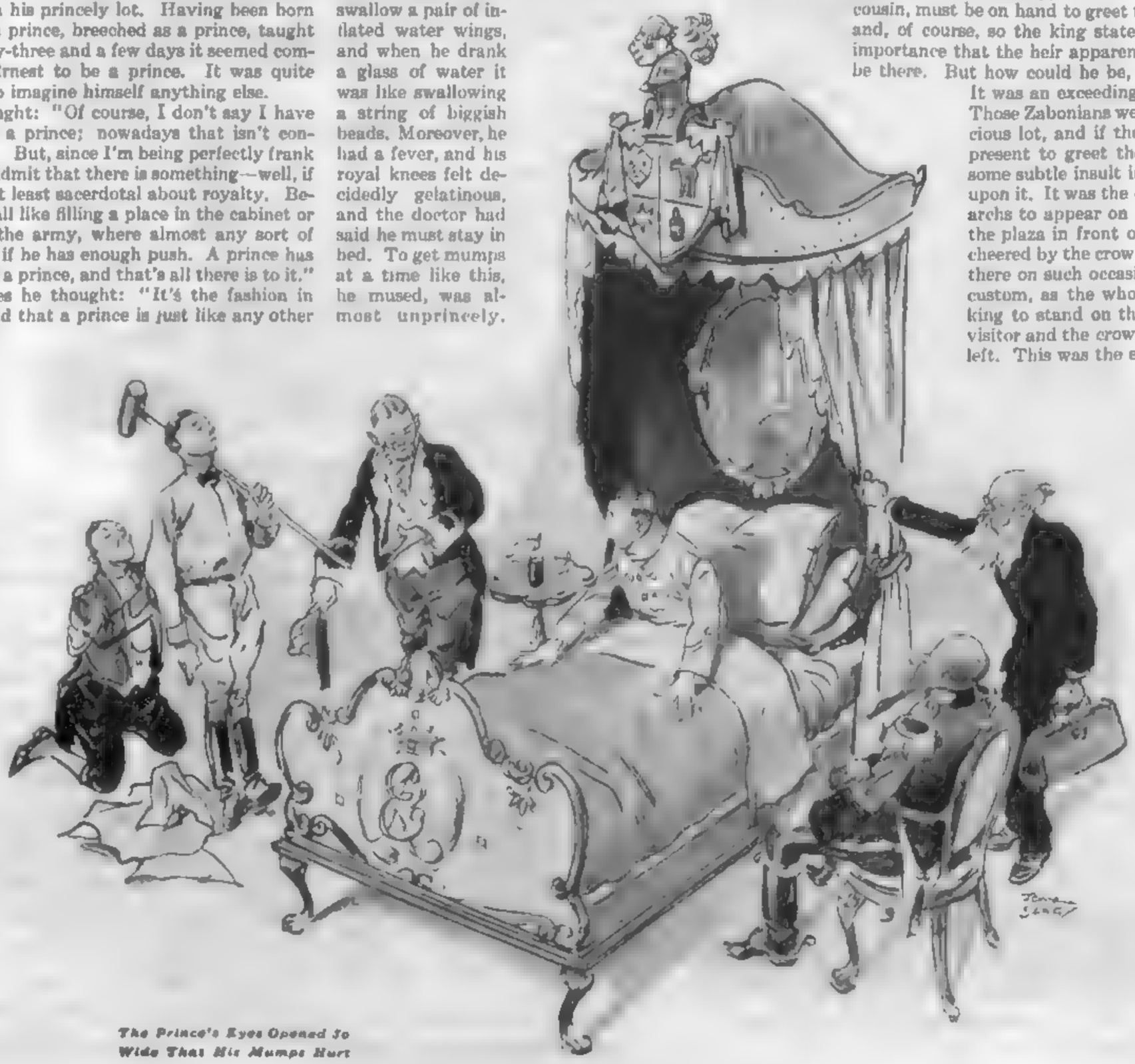
Prince Ernest's father, the king, had given orders that his entire royal family, down to the most remote ducal cousin, must be on hand to greet the Emperor of Zabonia; and, of course, so the king stated, it was of the highest importance that the heir apparent, Prince Ernest, should be there. But how could he be, for he had the mumps?

It was an exceedingly regrettable situation. Those Zabonians were a truculent and suspicious lot, and if the crown prince were not present to greet their emperor they'd read some subtle insult into it, you could depend upon it. It was the custom for visiting monarchs to appear on the balcony overlooking the plaza in front of the royal palace to be cheered by the crowd which always collected there on such occasions, and it was also the custom, as the whole world knows, for the king to stand on the right side of the royal visitor and the crown prince to stand on the left. This was the etiquette. From it there could be no deviation. If the crown prince did not stand at the emperor's left hand tomorrow it would be instantly apparent to the crowd that a slight was intended, and then no power could hold back the hungry hounds of war; and war, just now, with Zabonia would be extremely inconvenient.

The prince frowned at the obese pink cupids that adorned the ceiling of the royal bedchamber. He was too weak to do much else.

The doctor had just issued an ultimatum. The prince must not be moved; to do so, the doctor assured him, would be suicide. The king protested, even pleaded. But the doctor, who, like most savants, was stubborn, shook his white beard.

"But he must appear before the crowd,"



The Prince's Eyes Opened So Wide That His Mumps Hurt

Another Figure Had Appeared on the Balcony, a Very Erect, Dignified Figure in the Dashing Uniform of the Royal Purple Bombardiers

said the king, wringing his own whiskers, which were plentiful and auburn.

"It would kill him," said the doctor with finality.

"If I weren't an only son I'd risk it," said the prince weakly, from his bed.

"You can bet you would," said the king.

His Majesty paced the chamber.

"Mumps!" he ejaculated. "And at such a time! The crowd will never understand it!" He was patently worried.

Then it was that the Count of Duffus, who was gentleman in waiting in the royal bedchamber, had a tremendous idea. He reduced his brain wave to an excited whisper and poured it into the king's ear. The king beamed and nodded, at intervals saying, "Good!" "Yes, yes, yes!" "Excellent!" "Splendid!" "Ripping!" "By all means!" "Stout fellow!" "Good old Duffus!" "The very thing." "Quite so, quite so!" "Admirable!" "Of course!" "Perfect!" and other expressions of approbation. The Count of Duffus, damp with the gentle dew of success, made off; and the king turned to the prince, a twinkle in his eye.

"Invaluable chap, Duffus," said His Majesty. "Good idea of his. Should have thought of it myself, though. The old dummy dodge!"

"The dummy dodge, father?" The young prince raised un-understanding eyebrows.

"You'll see," promised the king, "when Duffus gets back."

It wasn't often that the king talked with the prince so familiarly. Usually there was an atmosphere of formality about their relations; it was more as if they were a friendly but not intimate king and prince than a father and son. Sometimes, the prince had noticed, the king was unusually aloof; there had been days when the king had not spoken to the prince at all; on other days His Majesty was more expansive; today the king was positively clubby.

Presently the Count of Duffus did come back, and with him a package so large that it took two able-bodied footmen to carry it. With an air of having accomplished something noteworthy, the Count of Duffus stood the package upright by the prince's bed and began most carefully to peel off the wrapping paper. He tore off the last piece of paper with a flourish, and the prince's eyes opened so wide that his mumps hurt.

It was the waxen figure of a fair-haired, smiling young man in polo costume.

"Why, it's I!" exclaimed the prince, who, mumps or no mumps, surprised or not, always expressed himself correctly.

"They do make those dummies more perfectly all the time," remarked the king, who was admiringly examining the figure. "That nose is exactly like Ernie's, now isn't it?"

The prince lay staring at his effigy.

"I don't see ——" he began as distinctly as the mumps would let him.

"Oh, you will," said the king. "Duffus, did Madame Hassler make much of a fuss?"

"Oh, naturally," replied the count. "She thought I was barmy in the crumpet, probably. She said it was the prize figure in the waxworks. Big drawing card and all that. I had to pay her a hundred and seventy goobecs before she'd part with it."

"That's a lot of money," said the king, a careful soul; "but it will be worth it tomorrow. I'll make you a duke for this, Duffus."

"Thanks awfully. Oh, look here, Your Majesty! You can move its arms!"

"Better and better!" exclaimed the king. "We can make it salute." The king turned to his son, who was still more than a little bewildered. "Ernie," said the king, "where do you keep your uniform as honorary colonel of the Royal Purple Bombardiers?"

"Whatever for, father?"

"For your understudy here, of course."

The king's expression just then indicated that he did not consider that his son was a lightning calculator.

"Don't you get the idea, Ernie?"

"I think I begin to," said the prince; "and, father, I don't like it."

The king shrugged well-nourished shoulders.

"It's the only way," he said. "We can't risk even the appearance of slighting that touchy old hippopotamus."

"Hippopotamus, father? I was not aware ——"

"Oh, I mean that venerable muffin, the Emperor of Zabonia," cut in the king with a trace of impatience.

"But, father," said the prince, and his eyes showed that he was shocked, "he is a king!"

The king was contrite.

"Sorry, son," he said. "I shouldn't speak like that of royalty, I know. But I have so much on my mind these days, with this tiresome visit and your mumps and the shadow of war and heaven knows what."

"But, father," said the prince, following up his advantage, "please don't ask me to permit this monstrous thing. It's not honorable. It's not princely."

The king patted his son's silk pajamaed shoulder.

"Pish-tush, Ernie!" he said playfully. "I wish you wouldn't always be so devilishly idealistic. You're so high-minded one needs to get on a stepladder to talk to you. Wake up, Ernie. You're old enough now not to believe in Santa Claus any longer."

The king's tone grew more serious.

"I've dreaded this day, Ernie," he said, "on your account. You're such a naive chap, you know. Still, the day was bound to come. It's like a fellow's first cigar sickens him at first, but it's the only way to learn to smoke."

"Father," said the prince, "I don't know what you're talking about. All I know is that it's not right to try to impersonate a prince in this way. That grinning dummy there isn't I. It can't be I. Nobody will be fooled. And furthermore, I don't want to fool my people."

"Roll over and go to sleep, Ernie," said the king. "There are times when you give me a sharp pain in the region of the waistcoat."

From his bed the prince could see it all, the whole damnable imposition. First he could see emerge the full outlines of His Serene Highness of Zabonia. The prince could see plainly the celebrated red nose of that monarch; rather like an electric-light bulb in the center of a round cheese, thought the prince, who had a gift for simile. He wondered why the Zabonian emperor insisted on wearing that ridiculous skin-tight pink hussar uniform. Then the prince saw his father step on the balcony, to cheers. His Majesty was in the cream-and-gold uniform of a field marshal of the King's Very Own Royal Indefatigables, and he took his place at the emperor's side, bowing. Then came the stunning blow to the mumps-stricken prince. Another figure had appeared on the balcony, a very erect, dignified figure in the dashing uniform of the Royal Purple Bombardiers. The prince in the bed perceived that the thing on the balcony was himself!

As, horrified, he watched, Prince Ernest saw the thing's hand go up in a precise military salute. The great throng of people went wild. Their cheers made the palace tremble.

"Viva our prince!" he heard distinctly. "Long live Prince Ernest!"

A lean man with a hungry face had eluded the police and eeled his way to the top of a lamp-post in the plaza.

"There he is!" called the man shrilly. "Every inch a prince! Who's every inch a prince?"

Their answer filled the air with sound "Prince Ernest! Prince Ernest! Prince Ernest!"

Lying there, Prince Ernest saw the dummy back majestically from the balcony.

"Long life to the prince!" screamed the man on the lamp-post. "He never turns his back on his people!"

The crowds took up the cry.

"Long life to Prince Ernest! He never turns his back on his people!"

"And jolly good reason," said the prince, "for they'd see the strings Duffus is pulling to make the thing salute."

The brow of the prince was no longer bland, no longer was it free from lines of disillusionment. He was thinking of what he had seen.

His voice was tragic, as he said, "So this is what it means to be a prince! A dummy

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"The Fellow Smelled Most Guilty of Shellfish, But He Looked Exactly Like Me"

TAX DODGING DE LUXE

By Edwin Lefèvre

THE next man I talked with in my quest for stories about tax dodging de luxe is the one stock operator living today who is fit to be mentioned with the Olympians of old—with the Keenes and the Woerishoffers. I told him I believed this practice to be more common than the country at large suspected. I did not refer to the falling off in collections due to the huge volume of investments in tax-exempt bonds, but to the nonpayment of the tax through methods made possible by the law itself.

He said:

"You can't expect anything different. The foolish desire to tax accretions of capital by classing them with legitimate incomes compelled Congress to exempt losses which are not, strictly speaking, losses of income. Only today I heard a story that is so typical of Wall Street that it ought to be written by itself, without dragging in any moral for it to point. I am no fiction expert, but it seems to me it has all the elements needed.

"Of course I'll give you all the details if you wish, but to do that we've got to go back about twenty years. Last night at dinner a friend and—well, yes, occasional accomplice—told me that the Jessup family had made several millions this year by first having the brains to lose them. They lost the money when they were flush and it didn't matter, and they made the millions this year, when anybody was glad to make anything. That, declared my friend, showed first-class business ability. Of course I asked for particulars and he confessed that it was via the income-tax route that the money had been made. It seems the Jessups sold a lot of stock on which they had large losses. These they deducted from their income-tax payments and then used the proceeds to buy another stock which now shows them a profit amounting to about 60 per cent of their original loss. In other words, they are doing better than breaking even in a deal into which they were forced, and Uncle Sam has been nice enough to be responsible. And yet they say the rich are not lucky."

A Trio of Plungers

"THIS is how they came to lose the millions: At the time of the big steel boom, twenty years ago, this town was suddenly filled with all sorts of Coal-Oil Johnnies. The most picturesque set were a trio of Western plungers who had not acquired a proper sense of values. They owned properties that were bought out by the trust at inflated prices. They got in cash more than five times as much as their plants had cost them, and in addition they got several hundred thousand shares of stock in the new consolidated company. Keene developed a market for the new stock and they cashed in while the cashing was good. That showed wisdom of a high order, but for all that they did not at once get used to their millions. So much money was too great a strain on their credulity. They simply couldn't think of their dozens of millions of cash in bank as real money—honest Injun! Try as they might, their fortune was all in stage money to them—unreal. Those were bookkeeping millions—drops of ink, visible scratches on a ledger. The money was in the bank all right enough, but it was not real because it had not been sweated for. Those chaps reminded you of boys who find a box of firecrackers on the road the evening of July third and suspect they are duds and try lighting a few to see if they really go off. Well, these men used to make out checks and wait to see if the bank would pay them. They bought yachts and mansions and necklaces and country places without haggling, and gave bits of paper in payment, and no policeman came to pinch. And as for the stock market—why, they simply turned on the faucet, buying or selling by the tens of thousands of shares. It did not make any difference on which side they played or whether they won or lost; though as a matter of fact they mostly won.

"They got tired of playing at being country esquires or vice commodores of yacht clubs to which they donated clubhouses, and stuck to the new form of poker they had discovered. The stock market became their best bet. They discovered very soon that it was not considered good form to treat the market as though it were a faro game. They decided to change labels and reform, but they had been used to plunging all their lives; they couldn't pike, not even to get into nice clubs. In their home cities where they had played poker or wheat or corn or roulette with about the same feelings, they could afford to trade as they wished without losing caste. But New York was different. It was in New York that J. P. Morgan refused to have John W. Gates as a director in the United States Steel Corporation, though Gates was the biggest man the steel trade could show after Carnegie and Frick.

"The plunging Westerners saw that they must acquire financial respectability. A reputation as investors was urgently needed to counteract the gambling legend. They studied the stock list pretty much as if it were the wine list on the back of the menu card. The choicest vintages were the highest priced. Well, they saw that Great Southern was selling above 200. It fluctuated majestically between 205 and 210, a fine old stock that had paid 2½ per cent quarterly dividends regularly for over five years, and every now and then an extra dividend, so that the shareholders never received less than 15 per cent per annum; and at that the surplus increased steadily."

Financial High Society

"GREAT SOUTHERN looked good to the plungers. At the same time it was like wholesome medicine—that is, it was not an agreeable stock to trade in because even in wild bull markets the sales of it seldom totaled more than one thousand shares a week. The market for it reminded you of what they used to say of Boston. Ferdinand Ward, of Grant & Ward fame, who, whatever his shortcomings might have been in certain lines, had a sense of humor, once went to Boston on business. He was gone a week and his fellow brokers in New York missed him. On his return they asked him where he had been.

"He replied, 'In Boston.'

"'What do you think of Boston?'

"'Well,' he said slowly, 'after watching the trading there two days I was almost tempted to precipitate a panic by selling ten shares at the market.'

"That was the market for Great Southern, only the other way—I mean as to the buying side. The specialists had G. T. C. buying orders that had been on their books for years.

"Imagine, then, my boy, what a no-limit order to buy five thousand shares would do to the market for Great Southern. And these Westerners were birds who thought that ten thousand shares was the trading unit and that odd lots meant odd thousands, like three thousand or seven thousand shares.

"They looked into the company's business, studied the annual reports, consulted some of their railroad friends and were satisfied with their plan, for, much as they wished to climb in financial society, there were limits. The moment they were convinced that Great Southern would meet all the requirements, social, financial and speculative, they gave one of their brokers an order to buy twenty thousand shares. He was not only competent but honest, and not only honest but kindly; and when on carefully executed purchases of less than three thousand shares he had put up the price of G. S. some five points he asked for a conference with the plungers. He explained the situation to them. He told them that if they insisted on his going ahead and buying G. S. at the market the price would go up to 250 and they might not be able to get the entire twenty thousand shares at that. Moreover, if the room traders tumbled to the order he had they'd do a little boosting themselves. The best way would be first of all to develop an active market, in which it would be possible to buy and sell thousands of shares without balloon ascensions or accurate guesses by the traders.

"The leader of the Westerners was a tall, distinguished-looking man—one of the handsomest chaps that ever studied the ticker tape. He had a mind that worked so quickly that he seemed to be omniscient. All he had to do to learn was to listen. He had imagination, vision, a sense of humor, and having been a poor boy on a farm and then a rich broker's customer in Wall Street, he knew his fellow men pretty well.

"He listened to the broker and then said, 'State the problem.'

"The broker began, but the leader cut him short: 'No! No! Just tell me what you wish might happen.'

"'That the holders of the stock might sell,' said the broker.

"'Might be made to sell,' corrected the Westerner. 'What sort of people are the holders?'

"'As you know, the biggest interest is held by the Jessups. I don't suppose they own the actual majority of the stock,

but everybody sends the proxies to them and the road is recognized as one of the Jessup group. That makes the holders think of it as an investment that need not be disturbed. If you can get these investors to sell, you might turn the trick.'

"'Everybody has a price at which he will sell,' said the leader.

"'But in a rising market the average man is kept from selling by the hope that it may go still higher,' objected the broker; 'and what you want is to get the stock itself and not merely jack up the market price.'

"'If they don't sell because they are satisfied with the Jessup control they'd sell if they thought the control had passed into other hands, and particularly if said hands were not too conservative. That's us. Whatever we may become in the future, models for other financiers or conservative old fogies, just now we are a wild and woolly bunch.'

"'I don't know about that,' disputed one of his colleagues.

"'Have you any illusions about ourselves? Well, I am betting others haven't. We'll get all the stock we want and we'll become so respectable that we'll yawn ourselves to death. Until we are ready to fling the bomb, we shall buy and sell Great Southern just to keep the Street from having a fit if more than ten whole shares are flung on the market in one block. We're on!' he said to the broker.

"Those men took to stock manipulation as ducks do to water. They had ample resources of mind and money, and a man can do a lot in the manipulating line if he has enough cash and the courage that enough cash gives, as well as the ingenuity and no illusions about himself. They now bought and sold G. S. on a scale that exceeded anything that had been seen in a generation. It was too valuable a stock and too closely held to permit really heavy accumulation, but they secured quite a block of it by the time the price got to 250."

A Wild West Show in Wall Street

"WHEN the price touched that figure you couldn't have bought four thousand shares without boosting the quotation to at least 300. So they began to fill the Street with rumors. The Westerners developed quite a knack for explanations calculated to help their cause. The hitherto placid holders of Great Southern shares heard that there was going to be an increase in the regular dividend rate to 20 per cent per annum. Of course this report was promptly and indignantly denied by the president of the company and by those philanthropic directors who always take the trouble to deny stock-jobbing rumors. Naturally, the only inference possible was that reckless traders had bought a lot of G. S. and in order to market their holdings were resorting to lies. Such being the case, the natural impulse was to sell G. S. stock at the inflated price, which as a matter of fact was the highest on record for all that there had not been any inside buying. On the contrary. Under the circumstances many holders let go stock that had reposed in their strong boxes a decade or more.

"The Westerners took it all. When the supply that had thus been induced to come into the market ceased, it became necessary to stimulate some more selling. The report was heard one night at the Waldorf that the control of Great Southern had passed into the hands of the Western plungers. Ominously enough, not one of them was to be seen in the Waldorf café that night, although that was their usual headquarters after six P.M. The reporters sought them, but all in vain. It began to look bad. A hundred traders talked about it in the café. Things began to look still worse.

"The next morning the stock opened down several points. If these reckless condottieri from the wild West had the control, good-by to conservative management, uninterrupted dividends and growing surplus!

"The Westerners bought all that the conservatives and the professionals sold. The decline was checked. Then the Westerners allowed themselves to be interviewed. They smilingly denied that they were buying for control. They said they wouldn't think of doing anything like that. The Street read the statement on the news tickers and immediately afterward read on the tape that somebody was buying Great Southern stock in large blocks. The price went to 260. Who the buyer was the tape didn't say, but from the big board room came assertions that the brokers were the same who were known to have bought thousands of shares in the past for the Westerners. What was the inference?

"Then there was more scattered selling and more buying by the Westerners. When long-held stock ceased to come out, the manipulators sent out to every stockholder of record a request for his proxy, signed by the two best known of the crowd. The reason given by them to justify their effrontery was that the company had not been disbursing its profits to the stockholders, but was accumulating a surplus which already was larger than ordinary safety demanded. Conservatism was all very well within certain limits, but at the same time that money belonged to the owners, the stockholders."

Worries of the Inside Crowd

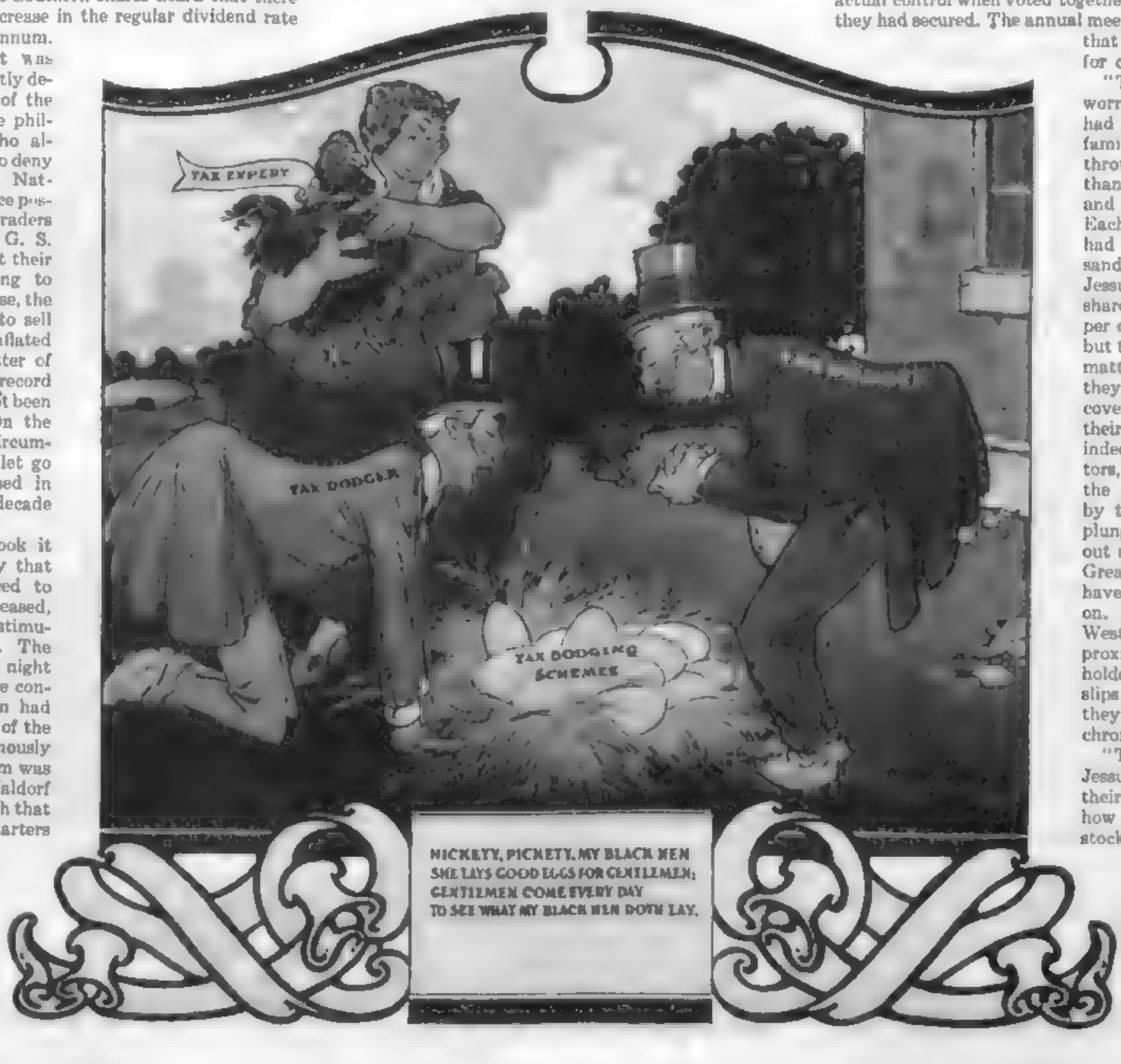
"IT WAS plain to the wise newspaper readers. A few gamblers had bought and bought, and now, when they came to unload, they found it necessary to resort to dubious methods. A grand old investment stock was in danger of becoming a speculative football. Couldn't something be done to curb these highbinders? If there was going to be a fight between the Westerners and the Jessups for the control of the property, a little fellow had no business to dream of buying Great Southern stock on margin—or go short either. It might go up fifty points or it might break one hundred—the moment one of the contestants admitted defeat and liquidated his useless minority holdings

"The stock stood the Westerners about two hundred and forty-five dollars a share. Each of the three thought that an investment of five thousand shares was enough to put them in the respectable-investor class That meant fifteen thousand shares in all. But they were carrying thirty thousand shares, or twice as much as was strictly necessary to certify to their eminent respectability. If they tried to sell the surplus in the open market, the price would break wide open. There was only one thing to do, and the first step in that direction was taken when a friendly newspaper man, originally from the West but at that time a financial reporter in Wall Street, published a story asserting that the wild and woolly Westerners had used a scanty dozen of their overnight millions to buy enough Great Southern in the open market to give them the actual control when voted together with the proxies which they had secured. The annual meeting was so close at hand that there was not much time for counter maneuvering.

"The inside crowd were worried by now. The control had been held by the Jessup family for a long time, less through actual ownership than by reason of tradition and the prestige of the name. Each of the three Jessup girls had inherited twenty thousand shares, and the two Jessup boys fifty thousand shares each. That wasn't 51 per cent of the capital stock, but they had always got, as a matter of course, the proxies they needed. They now discovered that a great many of their proxy-giving friends, and indeed several of the directors, had taken advantage of the sensational rise caused by the reckless Westerners' plunging purchases to sell out most of their holdings of Great Southern and so didn't have any stock to give proxies on. Beyond any question the Westerners had secured many proxies from careless stockholders who signed the little slips without thinking, what they were doing, and from chronic oppositionists.

"The chief anxiety of the Jessups, however, came from their not knowing exactly how much Great Southern stock the Westerners had actually acquired in their spectacular operations. The transfer books proved nothing. The shares, as usual, were in the names of

(Continued on Page 125)


TAX EXPERT
TAX DODGER
TAX DODGING SCHEMES
NICKETY, PICKETY, MY BLACK HEN
SHE LAYS GOOD EGGS FOR GENTLEMEN;
GENTLEMEN COME EVERY DAY
TO SEE WHAT MY BLACK HEN DOTH LAY.

SPRING FEVER

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WHY does a slasher, when it breaks, go through the roof? I mean, you'd think it might just as likely slam through the floor or the side wall, or flap across the mill taking off a few heads as it went; but it doesn't. It goes straight up. I don't know why; I never met a sawmill man who could explain it. Maybe it was fixed that way especially for H. W. Mayo.

Some natural law, you say—centrifugal force or something? Well, H. W. Mayo was something like a natural law *himself*. He weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty, he was the boss of a six-million-dollar lumber company, and he was Andy Mayo's father. It's the solemn truth: her father.

As a father he was all wrong. Andy Mayo's father ought to have been one of those keen, white-mustached, athletic-looking, beautifully necktied bankers you see in the cigarette advertisements; but H. W. Mayo was nothing like that. He chewed cigars. His offices in the Savannah Trust Building were furnished like a bank, all right; but he *himself* used a shabby old roll-top that must have been the first desk he ever owned. He wore the same baggy gray for city clothes, winter and summer—why do fat men wear gray? He kept the very manners he had learned in the woods. I firmly believe he slept with his hat on.

He came from somewhere out West to reorganize the South Atlantic when it went broke. Oh, he was a good sawmill man, I'll say that for him! He'd been an old-timer at the sawmill game before I was high enough to see over a roller bed. But somewhere, sometime, he had turned sour on Brown saws; I couldn't find out how.

"Mr. Mayo," I demanded once in desperation, "what have you got against Brown saws? Most of the South Atlantic mills used them before you took charge. Most of your men still ask for them. Be fair with me; why are we out?"

"For one thing, your price is high."

You notice how he said it. But it was the only definite objection I could get out of him.

"If our saws save you one shutdown," I said, "or boost your cut a fraction of one per cent, the difference in price is an actual profit to you. Isn't that right?"

"I reckon."

"Well, sir, here's what we'll do: Put a pair of Brown bands in any of your mills, for test under your own conditions, against any saw you like. If ours don't cut more lumber with less grief they don't cost you a cent. Fair enough?"

"Needn't do that. I know your saws."

"Ever have any trouble with 'em?"

"Not a bit. And don't aim to. Well, Mac, I got to see a feller. Come around whenever you're in town."

Right now I can shut my eyes and see him, bulky and dim against the window—he was one of those fellows who always put the light in your face—his hat square on his head, the tip of a motionless cigar breaking the motionless fat curve of his cheek; just sitting there, letting me waste my breath. I worked on him till I could see him in my sleep, and got about as far as a fox terrier trying to drag home an elephant.

But I was going to tell you about the slasher; the one in his Vale Royal mill, there in the outskirts of Savannah. He had mills all over that part of Georgia. The South Atlantic had nine mills to begin with, and after he got going he gathered in another every time he thought of it; and bang went another account off the books of the Brown Saw and Steel Company. It certainly cut a hole in my Georgia business. I knew that, without Uncle John Kelley getting on my neck.

But I was going to tell you about the Vale Royal slasher.

II

SAVANNAH was different in those days. Georgia was already officially dry; but then, as anybody would tell you, Savannah wasn't in Georgia, anyway; it was in Chatham County. If you wanted a drink they would point out all the churches in sight and then tell you those were the only places you couldn't get it. And what with sawmills and box factories and veneer plants scattered all around, it was a great gang of millmen you'd see drifting around Bull and Broughton Streets on Saturday night.

Myself, I was on the wagon at the time. You know how it goes. You mustn't get the reputation of being a teetotaler, because some of the fellows will get the idea that you're criticizing them; but you can look wistful and say you're on the wagon, and they'll think it's doctor's orders or something; and they'll feel sorry for you and drink your share, and it will be all right. When you're on the road twelve months in the year, you have to do it sometimes in self-defense.

Oh, my digestion was all right. It had to be, eating all the time in hotels and sawmill boarding houses. I hadn't been working any harder than usual. They say a saw plugger never works anyway; only drifts around from mill to mill, handing out cigars and telling funny stories. I had no family to worry about; not a thing on my mind but Brown saws—the best saws made, if I do say it.

Her Face Took on That Peaceful, Happy Look of Smiling Even When She Wasn't

Yet I had got so I hated saws and sawmills; simply had to kick myself out to work every morning. Kept thinking, "Oh, what's the use?"

I don't know what was the matter with me. Spring fever, I guess.

I rolled into Savannah one Saturday night and found the gang, as usual, milling around the old Geiger House on Broughton Street; and Al Forsyth, the saw filer at Vale Royal, told me the slasher had blown up again. They were always having trouble with that slasher. It was built wrong.

"Four new thirty-six-inch saws gone through the roof this time," Al told me. "Say, Mac, why can't you sell H. W. some real saws?"

"Search me," I admitted listlessly.

"I put in a requisition for a full set of six today; wrote 'Brown preferred' on it in box-car letters. You never can tell, Mac," he grinned, this two-fisted, hairy-chested, good-hearted Irishman; "you might catch H. W. asleep and get the order."

"Much obliged," I said, though I couldn't seem to care much if I never got another order. I don't know what was the matter with me.

"Wish you could get in with him some way," said Al. "You heard? He's fixin' to build a new mill down on the Ocmulgee. Double band, resaw and gang. Good mill. He promised me the filin' job, and I sure would like to get Brown saws, some way."

"Much obliged, Al. I'll see what I can do."

"You must be gettin' old," said Al. "Usually, wave an order under your nose and you perk up like a coon dawg on a hot trail. What ails you, Mac?"

"Oh, I don't know. Spring fever, I reckon."

Something was certainly wrong with me. A new mill of that size meant four or five thousand dollars' worth of saws, besides all the regular business H. W. Mayo had thrown away from me; but I couldn't get up enough interest to worry about it.

"You need to kick up your heels a little," said Al, "that's what. Me and Diamond Bill and Dad Hawkins is goin' down to Tybee tomorrow, and some fellers from Millhaven and Southern Box too. You better come along."

I couldn't get up any interest in it. You know how the day goes in places like Tybee Beach: swim, drink if you can get it, dance. The thought of it made me deadly tired. But, of course, I said I'd go. That's another thing they say about saw pluggers—that we get a lot of business on friendship. Well, why not? Filers and sawyers and mill foremen are human like anybody else, and they have a lot to say about the stuff they use; and when you come right down to it there's more than one good saw.

So I said I'd go. But that night I wrote to Uncle John Kelley—not my uncle, you understand; my boss, the general sales manager:

> I beg to report that the South Atlantic Lbr. Co. is going to build a new mill on the Ocmulgee River. Double band, resaw and sash gang. This concern is already the biggest single account in my territory. I have not been able to get a scratch from them since the reorganization, nearly a year ago, and see no prospect of landing this installation order.

A manly, dignified confession of failure, eh? Oh, I was very stiff and proud—like the fellow who took the message to the fish.

> This business is too important to lose. I feel that we should get a man on the job who can swing it. Please consider this my resignation, to take effect as soon as relieved.
>
> Yours, R. G. McCRAY.

There was a gloomy satisfaction in quitting, but after that I felt pretty blank. I was sort of used to selling Brown saws; I hadn't any notion what I wanted to change to. Uncle John had certainly been decent to me, and the Brown Saw and Steel Company was all the family I had.

Yes, that was one thing to be thankful for—I had no family to starve. But I don't remember being thankful. What do you call those cranks who still insist the world is flat? They couldn't have got any argument out of me. It certainly looked that way.

Sunday morning I told myself I'd stay in the hotel and sleep; only I didn't want to sleep. I got to the station fifteen minutes ahead of the others, and spent the time wishing I hadn't come. The train rolled out over those open savannas that give the town its name, wide views of waving grass and bright water shining in the sun; but all I could see was mud. We came to Tybee, a gay jumble of hotels and board walks; but all I could see was thousands of excursionists and acres of sand. There's a high white fence with Main Entrance to the Atlantic Ocean over the gate. The Atlantic was inside as advertised, curving down to the beach from a sky as wide and clean and blue as you could ask for; but the world looked very flat to me.

Lonesome, lonesome I felt; but that couldn't have been it, because I was with Al Forsyth and Diamond Bill Genevey and a whole crowd of millmen, all good fellows and friends of mine.

I don't know what was the matter with me. It even humiliated me to have to rent a bathing suit; and there was no sense to that, because a fellow who lives all over five states, mostly inland, couldn't be expected to carry a bathing suit.

That season they had a new plaything in the surf, a sort of iron drum anchored in five feet of water; the trick was to stay on it. Just as you got nicely balanced a wave tilted it or somebody else tried to climb on, and it shot from under you and left you eating sand on the bottom. But I couldn't get up any interest in it. I moped out and sat on the beach, wondering at the childishness of people who could get a laugh out of being ducked.

One girl I envied. She certainly could swim. She'd slip through the crowd to the float, give a lithe sort of kick and there she'd be, balanced in the middle of the tricky thing; then she'd pick an open spot and dive off. It was beautiful. She didn't seem to weigh anything. Went up in the air, doubled, changed ends and slipped into the water, her slim legs twinkling in behind her with hardly a splash. Her white arms would break into the sunlight a long way off, and she'd come racing back, foaming along like a torpedo. Is there anything prettier to watch than a woman swimmer?

Her bathing suit was black, with yellow slashes down the sides, and her cap had yellow wings on it. Somehow they looked vigorous and merry, those yellow wings. I almost forgot my spring fever, watching them.

Al Forsyth noticed her too. Began grabbing at her, pulling her off when she climbed on the float. I don't know why it made me sore; he didn't mean a bit of harm; just felt hilarious. She laughed and slipped away from him and dived and climbed on the other side. He let her get all set to dive off, and then gave the drum a spin. It shot from under her and the iron edge of it took her under the ear as she went down. And the yellow wings didn't come up; nowhere in the crowd, nowhere beyond. Nobody seemed to notice, though five feet of water is plenty to drown even a good swimmer who has been hit that way.

I fought my way to the place, grabbed a lungful of air and put my head under. The sun was bright. There was a whole forest of dim legs in the roiled water, but nothing yellow. Yes no—yes, a skirt with yellow slashes. I stood up and saw her calmly putting on the cap with yellow wings.

"Lost something?" she asked me.

"Gloof!" I said, my breath all going at once

"What is it? I'm pretty good at finding things in the water"

You could tell she would be good at anything. Her eyes were brown and lively, and her wet face had the happy look of confidence that goes with muscular fitness; not dimples, but the look of smiling even when she wasn't.

"No, ma'am," I grinned. "I—I thought you were knocked out, that's all. Saw you go under and didn't see your cap come up."

"I nearly lost it. Got my hair all wet, but who cares?"

They say traveling men have all sorts of nerve with women; but they don't know what they're talking about. Where would a saw plugger have a chance to get used to girls like that?

"Thank you, anyway," she laughed, "for saving my life if I had needed it."

And she threw out her arms behind her head and let a roller slide under her, her feet driving with a slow flirting motion like a mermaid's tail, still laughing back at me. I can't explain it; somehow the strong, slim grace of her made me feel more lonesome and useless than ever.

Al Forsyth saw her and threshed after her, bellowing, "Hi, Freckles!"

I remember thinking viciously that it ought to be against the law for a man with a stiff red mustache to wear a bathing suit. Al certainly did look ridiculous. She rolled over and went away from him as if he were tied to a stake. She could swim, that girl! She was a quarter of a mile down the beach when I lost the yellow wings. But I could still see her brown eyes laughing, her wet face with the look of smiling even when she wasn't; and I felt too glum and listless for any use. I don't know what was the matter with me. Spring fever, I guess.

III

I TOLD myself I needed a good stiff drink to put some life into me; but Diamond Bill produced a flask while we were dressing, and I refused it after all. Didn't want my breath smelling. And that was funny when you come to think of it, because as long as the business came in from my territory there wasn't a soul on earth who cared how my breath smelled. There wasn't a chance in a thousand; these people came from all over Georgia, and trains left every hour. I wasn't even sure I'd know her if I saw her without the yellow wings.

But I did. No use telling you what she wore; it won't sound like it looked. A light-tan dress, with shoes and stockings to match, and a parasol with a green stripe around the edge. I remember her face in the cool sweet shade of it, and her brown eyes looking at me, and me without the presence of mind to lift my hat.

Oh, I have scraped acquaintance with girls, what's the use of denying it? A fellow who lives all over five states gets lonesome sometimes, and there are girls who like to see how close they can skate to trouble. This girl was different. Her eyes looked at you without a bit of pretense, and there was something in them that was like a clear candle burning in the cool stillness of a church. Even Al Forsyth would have felt the difference if he hadn't had a drink or two.

She went along the side of the dancing pavilion to the seaward end, and sat with a middle-aged woman who was knitting or embroidering or something.

The older woman acted like her mother, but didn't look it. A sort of gently faded blonde, blue-eyed, with yellow hair just gray enough to be the color of pale taffy; while the girl was serene and rather dark. Serene, that was the word. She sat looking out to sea, her hands folded on her parasol, her slim round body relaxed, her face tilted to the breeze. Have I said it was a wonderful day? The sun was bright; little reflections danced on the breathing water, and whitecaps broke and slid and vanished like something happy, playing. The sea arched off into the sky in a way that showed you the world was very wide, promising things for tomorrow and tomorrow.

"Hi, Freckles! Come on and dance!"

It was Al Forsyth—this red, broad-handed filer of saws, his mustache pointing every way, grinning as amiably as you please. He didn't mean a bit of harm. But she wasn't freckled, you know, only on her shoulders. You couldn't see them now, and it didn't seem decent to speak of them. I had to jam my hands in my pockets.

I don't know how I happened to be there anyway. I hadn't meant to follow her.

"Hey, Freckles! Ain't this our dance?"

She had to look at him then. She wasn't scared; she only smiled a little and shook her head and looked away again. But the older woman was frightened; I could see that.

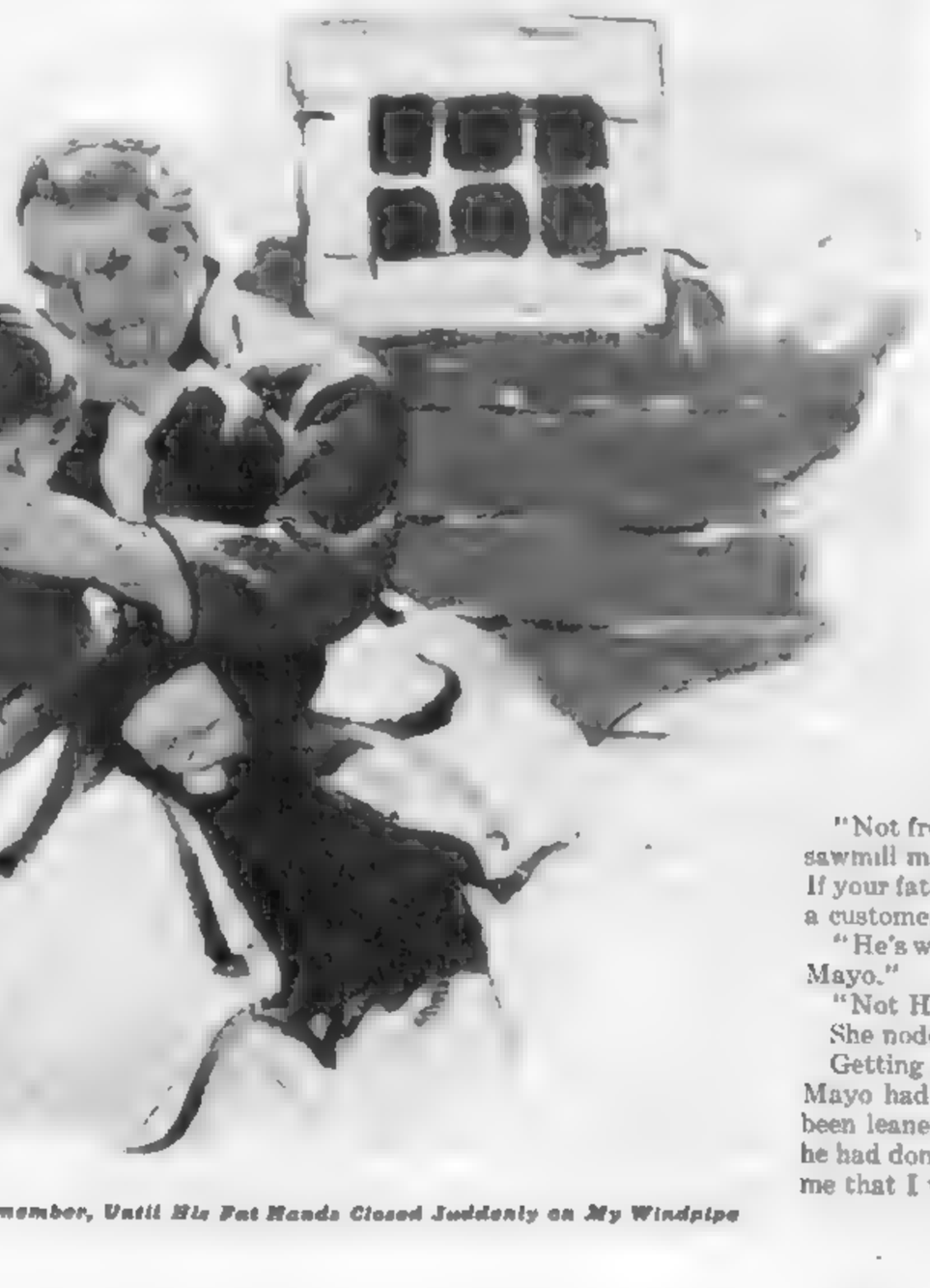
"Aw, come on now, Freckles! Be a good sport!"

"I'm sorry; you'll have to excuse me."

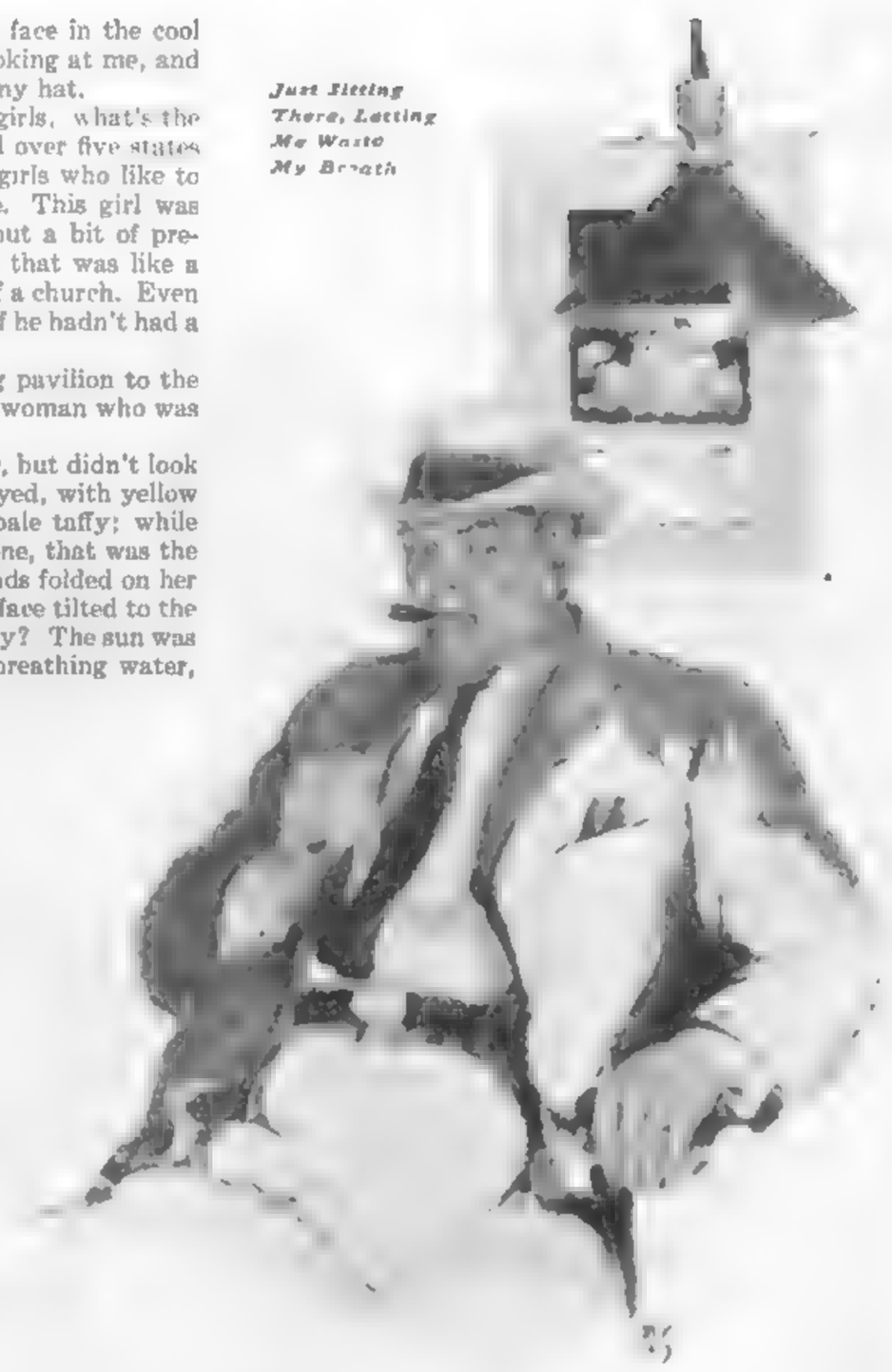
"Aw!" he argued, hauling genially at her arm.

So I had to step up and snatch his hand away.

"Algernon," I snapped, "you're standing on your foot. You're blocking the view. Retreat! Amble along! See you later."



I Didn't Want to Hurt Him. I Was Half Laughing, I Remember, Until His Fat Hands Closed Suddenly on My Windpipe



Just Sitting There, Letting Me Waste My Breath

He turned three shades redder and gave me a hunted look.

"This," I said brightly to the girl, "is Mr. Algernon ——"

"Aw!" said Algernon, writhing.

"—— Percival Clarence," I said, doing a good job while I was at it, "Egbert Montmorency ——"

I was rapidly running out of fancy names to pin on him; but the girl's lips twitched and Algernon was ruined.

"Fix you for this, young feller!" he growled, and scrubbed my hair the wrong way and bolted, bumping dancers right and left.

"Oh, thank you!" breathed the older woman, fluttering. "But I'm afraid—won't he make trouble for you? He looks awfully rough!"

"Who, Al? No, ma'am. It was a dirty advantage I took of him, betraying a sacred confidence that way; but he'll forget all about it in five minutes. He's a good friend of mine."

There went my standing as a hero. Now she was scared of me, judging me, no doubt, by my rough friends; but the girl chuckled. There's no other way to describe the sudden little sound she made, as if she hadn't meant to.

"You're not going to tell me his name really is ——"

"Algernon. Yes'm. His mother couldn't have known he was going to be a sawmill man."

"Careful! My father is a sawmill man."

The breeze was gay; the water dimpled; I heard the trombone laughing in the band.

"Not from me," I declared, "shall you hear any slurs on sawmill men! I'm a poor but honest saw plugger myself. If your father does business in this territory very likely he's a customer of mine."

"He's with the South Atlantic in Savannah. His name's Mayo."

"Not H. W. Mayo!"

She nodded.

Getting over the first shock of it, I realized that H. W. Mayo had many admirable qualities. He ought to have been leaner, keener, more aristocratic looking but at least he had done nobly in the matter of daughters. It came to me that I was quite fond of him.

(Continued on Page 142)

OUR FOREIGN CITIES

The Second Generation—By Elizabeth Frazer

UNLIKE peoples reacting on each other in unlike ways prepare for conflict." And the real impressive barrage in that conflict begins when the second generation—the children of our foreign-born immigrant peasants of Central and Southeastern Europe—start to go over the top. That's the zero hour. It's the zero hour for several interesting little propositions. But chief among them, it is the zero hour for the big offensive as to whether the ideals, institutions and body of democratic values upon which this great Western republic rests shall prevail over here on this side the Atlantic, or the modes of life, habits and psychoses of Central and Southeastern Europe, whence the vast bulk of the parents of these embattled youngsters are derived.

It is a profoundly significant line-up of forces; not the less dangerous or real because the details of the struggle are masked on one side beneath a veneer of so-called Americanism thin as a coat of whitewash, and on the other by an ignorance, indifference, sentimentalism or callous self-interest which refuses to face the issue squarely or even to admit that there are any values involved.

■ Produce Market on Wheels in a Congested Section of Philadelphia
Above—A Push-Cart Department Store in One of New York's Foreign Quarters

A Thorny Situation

BUT the stupendous industrial expansion of our country inside the last thirty years; the vast influx of cheap labor which has flowed in from the bottom levels of Europe to supply this need in the mining and industrial establishments, so that the population of the United States sprang up during the decade of 1910–20 from about 92,000,000 to over 105,000,000, an increase of over 13,000,000, the strongest foreign infusion being the landless peasants from Southern and Eastern Europe; the fact that there is in America today no town or city of industrial importance which does not contain its foreign immigrant colony; that these colonies exhibit to a very small degree any tendency toward assimilating American standards of living or of work, but on the contrary cling closely to their Old World régime; that they are not highly individualized peoples, being mainly groups of a lower cultural status than our own; that, in addition, some of the groups possess a very strong repugnance to any kind of cooperation with government, bringing over with them complexes and psychoses acquired under conditions where violence and direct action were the only means of participation, while still others among them "do not only not regard this as their country, but do not regard it as a country at all, do not recognize that we have a body of values and the right to preserve these values"—all these factors, here only shadowily sketched, serve to show up the magnitude of the contending forces now in dynamic action throughout the length and breadth of the land.

And if we pause over this particular phase of the subject—that of the second generation of aliens growing up within our midst—it is in no spirit of lurid melodrama or smug hypocritical complacency, nor yet excited partisanship over the so-called superior and inferior races—all that is far too problematic at present to be of much real value—but rather to analyze and expose to public view some of the salient points of a situation, complex in the extreme, a very wild thistle of a situation, bristling with thorns, with all kinds of race animosities, with nationalistic and religious and political prejudices; but which nevertheless must be grasped firmly and examined fairly and squarely, if we are going to bring this second generation of alien peoples into line with the best American ideals and standards and make them real participating citizens within our democracy.

For if our experiments in self-government have taught us anything, they have taught us that the success of a democracy rests back solidly upon the intelligence, education, stamina and one-mindedness of its people and their common agreement to submit to the restraints of self-imposed laws; and if we maintain in the midst of our national life a large—and constantly increasing—group of nonparticipating foreigners and their children who are not merely alien in tongue but profoundly alien in modes of thought, aspirations and ideals what is going to happen? This is a bomb with a delayed time fuse. The necessity, in such circumstances, for a clear, dispassionate examination of the facts must be patent to all. Allons! En route! Vorwärts! Avanti! Giddap!

Consider the child of the peasant immigrants consolidated in the foreign colonies of our great industrial centers, and in the poorest, most overcrowded sections thereof. His primer is the life of the streets. There he learns his first lessons often vicious, ineradicable lessons stamped deep on the impressionable page of his heart. Over his head may be the rush and roar of the elevated or the mighty stone span of some magnificent far-flung bridge, his tenement home crouching at its feet. At the end of his street, dropping steeply down to river or water front, he may catch far glimpses of a shining strip of water cut off sharply on either side, as if by a pair of scissors, by ramshackle buildings and docks; and on that narrow, shining strip he sees big ships and little tugs like bugs, or a long towline of coal barges appear, march slowly past and vanish as if upon a stage.

Some First Lessons

THE street itself is his own little river of life on which he makes his first perilous voyage forth into the magic of the unknown. Papa is away. Mamma is busy with sweatshop pants, artificial flowers, or cooking or marketing for the ubiquitous boarders who swarm about the flat. Big brothers and sisters are off to school or on the job. Baby sleeps in his crib, flies tickling his sticky little rosebud lips. The coast is absolutely clear. The child stumbles down the dark stairs, a penny with which to buy lady fingers or an ice-cream cone squeezed tightly in his sweaty fist or resting securely under his tongue.

Out upon the sidewalk he pauses, looks around. His big inscrutable black eyes, shaded by the long curly lashes of babyhood, take in every detail of the great varied moving picture which unreels itself before his gaze—a moving picture without subtitles or explanation, which perforce he dopes out for himself.

Everybody talks his own language; everybody looks more or less like papa and mamma and boarders, and so he is not afraid. A crowd on the street corner rivets his roving eye. Squeezing and squirming, dodging under elbows and between men's legs, he gains the innermost ring of the circle. What is it that stolid black-eyed baby gaze takes in? Two drunken women in a brawl, clawing and screaming, kicking and fighting, faces bloody, clothes askew. He gapes, fascinated, entranced. A shrill whistle. Hst! Beat it! The bulls! A big blue official shoulder, ramming its way through the crowd, brutally cuts short the reel.

Or he may be trudging wearily behind mamma, fiery pains shooting up his aching arms, which are clasped

(Continued on Page 74)

The Fight of the Black Shirts

An Armored Car of the Type Used to Dissuade the Communists from Communing

Fascisti Illuminating the Streets of Rome With Objectionable Socialist Newspapers

Benito Mussolini at the Anniversary of Fascismo, 1923. Above, at Left—Cesare Rossi, Who Captured Ancona, a City of 65,000 People, With Thirty-Two Men. At Right—Italo Balbo, a Young Military Genius Who Helped to Organize the Fascisti Machine

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ONE of the most distressing sensations in the world is the sensation of helplessness which is experienced by the person who has dined injudiciously and as a result is afflicted by a bad dream in which it becomes necessary for him to flee from a crowded ballroom in his undergarments, or to escape from a wild-eyed ogre by an unusual burst of speed.

In such circumstances nothing functions properly. The limbs are leaden and refuse to move. The mind becomes jellylike and worthless. The tongue swells to the general size and shape of a bath sponge. One exists in an atmosphere of impotency and terror, surrounded by the gigantic and distorted faces of those who revel in one's underclothed shame, or tottering weakly ahead of the onrushing ogre whose uplifted club momentarily threatens to splatter one all over the gloomy dream landscape.

Italy's Bad Dream

FROM the end of the war in 1918 until the middle of 1922, Italy lived in a bad dream. She had eaten injudiciously of socialism and government ownership and government-assisted coöperatives, and she was constantly surrounded by the leering and jeering faces of the mob that reveled in her weakness and shame, and ever threatened by the pursuing ogre, communism.

The industrial centers of Northern Italy have long been well peppered with socialists, communists, anarchists, syndicalists and the rest of the mentally warped crew who believe that the well-being of the world can be furthered by robbing property owners of their property and handing it over to the people who have never had any experience in administering anything more intricate or important than a vermuth bill for $2.80.

In Milan, for example, there have been socialist outbreaks and uprisings and riots ever since socialism was invented; and over thirty years ago the Italian Army had to get out its artillery and shoot into the socialist mobs of Milan in order to calm their angry passions. Turin was almost as bad, and Genoa and Bologna and the rest of the industrial centers. The government, however, was strong, and the outbreaks consequently made little headway.

With the end of the war, the socialistic and communistic laborers of the North of Italy were assisted by large sums of money from the soviet government, and the gospel of communism was spread far and wide. Socialist agitators made all sorts of glowing promises to the trade unions and the coöperatives as to the amount of money that would be turned over to them from the public treasury when they were properly represented in parliament; and the result was a parliament in which there were so many socialists that no business could be transacted unless the socialists approved.

Since a European prime minister and his cabinet can remain in office only so long as they are supported by parliament, the government dared to take no steps that would offend the socialists; for as soon as the prime minister sanctioned any such steps, the socialists would join with other discontented parliamentary blocs and vote him out of business with cries of enthusiasm.

The Red Flag

ALL this resulted in a very weak government, which permitted the socialists to do as they pleased; and as is always the case when the socialists have a free hand, they promptly pleased to make everything as unpleasant as possible for everyone.

The red flag of communism was flown everywhere through the North of Italy. On walls and fences all over the country were chalked the slogans of communism—"Hurrah for Lenine!" "Hurrah for Soviet Russia!" Communist agitators, or propagandisti, supplied with free passes on the government railways, traveled the length and breadth of the nation, urging the workers to class hatred, to mob violence and to the seizure of private property. The communist press aided in the good work by preaching contempt for the king, contempt for the army, contempt for

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THE YUCCA BIRD

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Stand it as Long as You Can, Buddy. Think of Something Else. Think of Mother. When We Were Walking They Hit the Back of My Head; Now They're Bumping My Face"

ONE of the blind men could see, being a woman; and one of them, being young, believed he could see; but the third man knew he was blind.

"Giddap," said Peter Corson.

Peter, being young, believed he could see with great clearness. He could see the tufts of stunted grama and fescue as they passed under his wheels, the clusters of greasewood and artemisia and cholla cactus on either side, the detested hideondo studding the dunes beyond. He could see the purplish outlines of St. Bernard Baldpate sixty miles to the southeast. He could see from the back of his head fragments of barren mountains almost as far to the northeast. And now and then he could see something of the eighty-mile desert basin in front, though not so plainly.

"Giddap," he repeated to the steering wheel as his Camelfoot came to a sudden stop and began to throw gravel.

The Camelfoot was wearing a sand tread he had devised, and whenever a front wheel met an obstruction the driver would dig in and heel the car over it, or try to do so. The present obstruction consisted of a sand hillock the size of a pillow, protected by roots. The car ahook with hesitations; but after a moment it lifted its left front wheel gingerly upon the hillock and slapped it down beyond; then its left driver; after which it proceeded serenely upon its way, threading in and out among the dunes, or overtaking some bush mesquite or tree yucca as if it were mere street traffic.

Peter undoubtedly saw what he wished to see with great clearness.

"What you don't know won't keep you awake," Jim Sears had said meaningly. "You're here because you're next to this desert. The manager was hired separate."

Peter, being young, had agreed with the older man. The Camelfoot was a car under a cloud; but, as far as he knew, it was a milk wagon. He did not see why he should go out of his way to learn facts that were none of his business anyhow. He was paid good wages to drive a car; why he drove it he had not been told, and therefore he did not know. Any man is likely to fall into such casuistries.

He practiced other self-deception under the eye of Jim Sears. As a consequence, on the present ovenlike morning he not only saw with great clearness, meaning dunes and such, but he was beginning to see doubly clear, and his speech was beginning to thicken.

"Take it, son," Jim had whispered, slipping him the half-emptied flask. "What's good for a man at night can't hurt him at all next day. Tomorrow will be something fierce."

Peter had accepted, partly because he had already been drinking, partly because he wished to seem sophisticated.

"You're my friend," he said.

That had been the evening before. Since then most of the bounty had gone into circulation. When the footing became smoother, the rest followed.

"Tha's all liquor you c'n drink today," he told himself.

Meanwhile he was approaching a low butte that jutted upward like a tooth through the desert floor. This he intended to turn, to avoid a long detour.

But the flask had not gone empty quite soon enough, and he approached the butte carelessly. He did not perceive the two men until they stepped out from behind a bow-legged yucca into his path. When he jammed down his brake he was upon them.

"Just a minute, brother!" one of them cried.

As soon as Peter became able to see with angular clearness, instead of double, he saw a huge, big-fisted, broad-shouldered miner standing at the left front wheel. Yet that which impressed him chiefly was not his size, but his complexion, which had turned bright crimson, like his dyed handkerchief.

"Your face—face is burned," he ventured carefully, expressing this thought.

The second man, who stood apart, also wore miner's clothes; but his figure was more supple and slender. He was marked by a heavy bandage, cut from a laundered towel, that concealed eyes, nose and forehead until at first glance he might have been mistaken for a masked bandit.

Peter turned toward him, saw the bandage pretty clearly, and began moving his right hand toward his coat pocket, until the big miner brought him up sharply.

"None of that, brother! Lay off on the gat play!"

"What d'you want?" he asked truculently.

"This is Mr. Brennan," he heard, "from Hurfurt's mine back here. He had an explosion. We want to get him to town."

"Tha's good name."

Peter's mind leaped inaccurately backward. His sister, he thought, was engaged to a man named Brennan. Or was it married? If not to Brennan, then to somebody else. He had not been living at home lately—out of touch with things. No matter. He glanced more sharply at the man in the bandage. An impulse came upon him to explain his presence; but before he could begin, it died. He was not ashamed of the Camelfoot; besides, it would serve his sister right if Brennan told her. Trying to make a s h ol-teacher out of a good driver like him!

Then his mind leaped inaccurately forward. Brennan or whoever it was, could not tell her, for he did not know. Peter had heard Brennan's name, but he had not given Brennan his own name in return. Brennan could not make trouble.

"'S long 's he's blind—folded," he said aloud. Then: "He can't go, but it's good name."

"I'm telling you the straight. If I wasn't, we wouldn't be monkey-fooling this way, would we, this time of morning? Mr. Brennan here had an explosion. He's hurt bad."

"Can't he op'n—op'n his eyes at all?"

"Not even to tell daylight."

"Can he—can he tell night?"

"He's blinded, brother!"

"I don' know anything about anything."

"Just a lift into town for us," persisted the speaker.

"What town?"

"Any town. All we need is to catch a train to the city where he can have his eyes treated."

"Tha's off t' one side my des-dest'nation. Take the stage."

"What stage?"

"'S too heavy f'r my load. He c'n go in a—in a truck."

"Yes, yes. Whose truck?"

"He c'n go in a—in a—aer'plane."

"Now listen! We can climb in behind, one of us, and in front, one of us, and nothing will happen. We don't know nothing about your load, see? You don't have to drive through no town. Just set us down outside where we can walk."

"'S too heavy," repeated Peter, fumbling for his controls. "You c'n ride if you want, but not the—the blind man."

The miner laid his great hand upon Peter's left forearm

"Drop it, brother! Ride us in or it's the wipe-up squad for you. I know you yucca birds like gold knows quartz I know your nest."

"Tha's what you say "

"And I know them double-deck milk cans. You loaded them cans at the old Romanero cow ranch."

"Giddap," said Peter; but he did not start the car.

"Not a cow on the place, and not six blades of grass. That milk is city milk, dolled up with preservative. No roads at all this side of you, and just far enough from Desert station on the A. P. to hide you from the agent there. 'Cow ranch' is right. That lets you ship in all the corn you need, and gas for pumping water for the alfalfa you don't grow, and grub for your bootlegging punchers. Supplies come in the front door, product slips out the back, through this desert. That's how I know you're going to take us with you."

The miner's argument was sound, except that he did not know about Peter's clear conscience.

"You ask—ask the boss. Giddap."

It was Brennan, the injured man, who persuaded Peter to be reasonable. He had stood aloof, listening. Now he began speaking in even tones.

"The driver's right, Larry. He can't take both of us. He has to pick his way across this basin among all kinds of things. A breakdown off here in the desert might be serious."

"But you can't see."

"He'll get me to the railroad. Somebody will help me on and off the train. Don't worry about me "

Peter understood himself to promise, since he made no further objections. He saw Brennan, led by the big miner, feel his way to the car, open the right-hand door, sink into the front seat. The door snapped shut; the engine began singing; there was a descent in the scale, an almost imperceptible clash, a change in the quality of the note as the clutch took hold. Peter's speech had been slightly thick, but his hand remained steady.

Then once more the Camelfoot, headed west, began threading in and out among the obstructions of the desert.

■■

AFTER that Peter had little to say. The heat increased momentarily, until the desert floor became overlaid with puddles of simmering air like the top of a cookstove. And not only the gray crust; the sun searched out every twig, leaf, exposed rootlet, however small, every cactus spine, every patch of weathered bark, as if to reduce it instantly to charcoal, like that which already strewed the sand. Even the shadows cast by the yuccas looked burned and black and hot

Peter's silence was not caused by the heat, sharp as that had become. He was merely preoccupied with dodging yuccas during a headache. The headache was a hang-over from the night before. For a while he may have seen too many yuccas; bottle glass does not sharpen the sight; but the desert had soon cooked out that alcohol. The headache was unpleasant. Later the glare of the sun began paining his eyes.

"This is some hot," he observed suddenly. "This dry climate cottons up your mouth something fierce. Some desert! Makes your eyes burn."

Reaching behind the seat, he fished forth a flannel-wrapped canteen of water. Had he not forgotten to wet the flannel, the water would have remained cool through evaporation.

"You must be thirsty yourself," he went on. "That bandage must be the limit. Still, I don't know. We had an old turkey gobbler at home used to get sunstruck every Saturday afternoon until sis made him a hood. Have some Volstead before it all boils away."

"Thanks," replied Brennan, accepting the tender.

Peter also drank deeply of the water; then he dampened the flannel and replaced the bottle behind the seat. The draught was warm, but it eased his thirst.

"Where was this?" asked Brennan.

"Where was what? Oh, the gobbler! Middle West. You wouldn't think, seeing me here, that I was born on a farm."

"So was I," remarked Brennan.

"I went to school, too; but I couldn't learn."

"Wouldn't study?"

"I studied hard, but I hadn't no head for books; no head at all. I couldn't remember none of the grammar rules they taught us—geography, either. History went better, but it had hard words in it like 'rampant' and 'quartered.' So they let me quit."

"One of my teachers started to give me an inferiority complex like that."

Peter did not understand the reference, but guessed it was in his support. Brennan seemed like a regular guy. Whether because he liked Brennan, or because Brennan could not identify him later, or for some less simple reason, after a while he began talking again about his head for books

Peter's teacher, Brennan inferred, had been both self-taught and a fool. Not that he had not studied he had worked hard. He merely refused to distinguish between authorities. To a fool, a book is a book. When Peter knew him, he had read more about the peregrine, the merlin and the hobby than he had about robins and meadow larks, and less about wireless than about bends, fesses, gules, annulets and orles. He could explain Melsanby's sable two gemels and a chief silver, where he could not the county system of government. His knowledge of chemistry embraced phlogiston; of biology, the phoenix born of fire.

The pupil could make nothing of the stuff, whereupon his teacher held him up as the school dunce.

"No head at all," repeated Peter, accepting the verdict. "You were different—you had a head. You went on and studied and amounted to something. That's why I'm out here driving this desert."

"I'm blind," said Brennan.

"You knew what to do. Now me—I'd have gone straight up in the air. When anything happens like that I just plain get the rattles."

Brennan did not contradict him. For a while Peter stopped talking; the Camelfoot required his attention and his headache seemed to be growing worse. Yuccas continued to rise in his path, each from its pool of ink. Dunes had to be skirted. Progress was slow, but he managed to keep in motion. Then came a stretch of smoother going and he again reached for the canteen.

"Thirsty?" he asked.

"Thanks," said Brennan again, from the desert of his own thoughts.

Both drank. The flannel was once more saturated, the canteen replaced in its damp nest

"How near were you?" asked Peter, referring to the eyes.

"About five feet."

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Peter Began Moving His Right Hand Toward His Coat Pocket, Until the Big Miner Brought Him Up Sharply. "None of That, Brother! Lay Off on the Cat Play!"

A MATTER OF HANDICAP

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

He Had Not Made a Hole in Less Than Seven Since 1902

"GOLF," said Mr. McWhinney, "if you use it as a pastime or a disease or an exercise for a rotten temper, is all right; but when a man uses it as a side issue to earning a living, then it calls for a yelp of protest."

"Side issue!" snarled Mr. Weevil, the smallest man in the Appletree Golf Club and the owner of the most expansive pair of knickerbockers among the membership. "Side issue! If he makes as much out of his business as he does his golf, then I'll kiss a pig! And he doesn't pay any income tax on it either."

"Well," demanded Mr. Wills, who was six feet four and whose shanks had once moved a disgruntled caddie to climb a fence at safe distance and call him Spider-Legs, "what are you going to do about it? Write a letter to St. Andrews?"

"Quit playing with him," said Mr. McWhinney.

"Try it!" retorted Mr. Weevil succinctly.

"Playing with Atterbury Goodhue is like scratching a mosquito bite. You don't want to do it, but you can't stop."

"He sure is one insidious bird," agreed Mr. McWhinney.

"Sick the handicap committee on him," suggested Mr Wills.

"Fine chance! Handicap! Got the Caulkins handicapping system, haven't we? Mathematically exact. Absolutely fair. Treats all players alike. Gives everybody a square deal. I'm chairman of the handicap committee, and I'd love to take a hack at Goodhue; but what can I do? We bring all handicaps up to date every Friday night. He gets exactly what his three low scores entitle him to; and believe me, he watches the handicap book like a hawk. If we cut him a point lower than the figures show he'd go to war."

"Let him bring on his battle," said Weevil.

"You're not chairman of the committee," said Mr. McWhinney in the tone of voice reserved for chairmen of greens, house and handicapping committees.

"You know he's jobbing us all. If that lad doesn't shoot to an eight handicap, then I'm British open champion—and what has he got? Eighteen! Count'm—eighteen!"

"His scores entitle him to it," said Mr. McWhinney patiently.

"Sure! Because he shoots that kind of a score. If he sees he's lost a hole, what does he do?"

"Takes four extra strokes," said the two others in chorus.

"Shoots a string of holes in par, and then rolls himself up an eight. If you ever get that bird to turn in a score under ninety I'll give you that brassy you've been trying to steal for a year."

"Ain't there no way," demanded Mr. Weevil, "that we can do him dirt?"

"There ain't," said Mr. Wills; "because when it comes to doing dirt he's got years of experience and speaks the same language."

"The Saturday he doesn't take home to his family fifty plunkers of our hard-earned money," said Mr. McWhinney, "I'll bet his wife beats him."

"We've the joy of knowing we're sending his daughter to college, anyhow."

"He told me so," said Mr. Wills vindictively.

"And he's got us in bad with the whole club. What do they call us, eh?"

"I know," said Mr. Weevil; "but did you hear the new one young Wadley pinned on us yesterday?"

"No; what?"

"He christened us the Verdun Foursome, and said he was going to have a banner embroidered for us, with 'They shall not pass' in yellow letters."

"All Goodhue's fault. With him out of the foursome and a human being in it, we play this course in two hours or two and a half; with him, it takes us four hours."

"Did you hear Bangs yell to his caddie to fetch a pup tent and a cooking outfit when he saw we were ahead of him last Saturday?" demanded McWhinney.

"He wins more holes with his head than he does with his clubs," said Wills sourly. "Gets everybody sore on the first tee, and then psychoanalyzes you out of half the rest. You've got to hand it to him that he can concentrate. Nothing throws him off. He'll stand up to his ball, fix his beady eyes on it, whale it a mile; and then come over to you, purring like an Angora, and get you into an argument about prohibition. By the time he walks you to your own lie you don't know whether you're trying to hit a ball or the Anti-Saloon League."

"Three practice swings before every shot!"

"We were exactly seven minutes on the fourth green Saturday. He used up six and a half of it lining up his putts and putting down the score and calculating on the back of an envelope just how he stood on each of his bets."

McWhinney was growing purple and more purple, which is

It Was Impossible to Play Off Such a Lie Onto the Green. Well, Here's

a noteworthy feat in as slender not to say emaciated an individual as he. Apoplexy is a pastime reserved for the fat.

"Let's make a solemn agreement," said Wills, "never to play with him again."

"And shake on it," said Weevil; "and agree that any one of us who violates the agreement will forfeit twenty-five dollars to the trophy fund."

"You're on," said McWhinney with an emphasis that indicated his deep feeling on the subject. He walked toward the washroom, but as he reached the door he turned. "Nevertheless," he said bitterly, "I'll bet any and all that he plays with us Saturday morning."

II

ON SATURDAY morning at nine o'clock sharp a foursome consisting of Messrs. McWhinney, Wills, Weevil—and Atterbury Goodhue prepared to drive off from the first tee!

"Don't hurry, boys," called a voice from among the waiting members. "Remember, it's Saturday, and we've got all day long."

Mr. Goodhue turned and beamed upon the assemblage as one who loves the world and all who inhabit it. Messrs. McWhinney, Wills and Weevil stood dour and silent, scowling at the sward.

"Hit it," Wills growled. "We're holding up the whole county."

"They're not out of the way yet," said Goodhue placidly; "and besides, we've not fixed up our little bets yet."

"I'm not going to gamble," said McWhinney.

"What? Not going to enjoy the exhilarating tingle of backing your own prowess with just enough to make it interesting? Oh, just a little Nassau, Mac—say a five-dollar Nassau."

"Aw, go ahead, Mac! Take him up or we'll never get to drive off."

"We'll play syndicates, of course," Goodhue said casually. "Fifty-cent syndicates—and birdies, just to add zest to the game."

"Or bulk to your bank account," said Weevil tartly.

Mr. Goodhue was not in the least irritated. He smiled jovially, not to say benignly.

"We can arrange side bets as we go along. For instance, I'll go you a dollar I get the longest drive here."

"Hit it!" snapped Mr. Wills.

Mr. Goodhue stood up to his ball. His stance was awkward, his form unspeakable, according to the stylists of the game; but his results were eminently practical. He took three practice swings; then, setting himself, became immobile in that remarkable concentration which marked his game, and pasted the ball. That is the word—"pasted" it. It bisected the course, arose in gradual parabola over the knoll and disappeared into those golden distances known only to gentlemen who can drive upwards of two hundred yards.

"You gentlemen," he said in his most affable tone, "may try that on your pipe organs—for one dollar a try."

McWhinney promptly sliced out of bounds.

"One dollar," sang Mr. Goodhue, lifting a finger like Monte Cristo checking off his enemies. Mr. Wills, gnawing his under lip, hooked viciously into the tennis courts.

"Two," recited Mr. Goodhue pleasantly.

Mr. Weevil fluttered his roomy knickerbockers up to the tee plates, took his usual stance, which was remindful of an anxious man reaching a stick over the edge of a wharf to rescue a drowning child, and smote with all that was in his five feet and four inches. The ball arose almost perpendicularly and dropped some sixty yards in front of the tee.

"And three dollars," intoned Mr Goodhue. "Well, it takes a couple of holes to get going, boys. Don't let the first drive upset you. And don't worry about medal scores. Bad idea."

Three gentlemen ground their teeth. McWhinney drew close to Wills.

"How did he rope you in?" he asked.

"Had his wife call me up. I couldn't strike a woman."

"Me too."

"When that dodge plays out," said Wills, "he'll have his rector make his dates. After that he'll likely go into court and force us to play by mandamus."

"Maybe," said Weevil ironically, "we could compromise. Suppose we offer him fifteen dollars a week to lay off of us."

Mr. Weevil played his second shot with his disposition, using his brassy only slightly. The result was a half-topped slice to a section of the rough affectionately known to the membership as the Cussers' Paradise. Here the grass grew not only long but impossibly tough, and there was a species of stealthy creeping vine lying close which not only formed a perfect hiding place for golf balls but made it practically impossible to get one of them out without the use of dynamite. Mr. Weevil located his ball finally, whaled at it twice with his niblick; and then, impressively silent, he stooped, gathered the little ball in his hands, threw it far over the fence out of bounds and walked down the fairway in a peculiarly dignified manner, his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Hard luck," said Mr. Goodhue sympathetically.

Mr. Weevil failed to respond, but he gripped the lining of his pockets with both fists to prevent them from issuing forth to commit manslaughter.

Mr. Goodhue chatted. He discussed events and things and possibilities and proprieties in his irritatingly ingratiating manner. He was the sort of person who never uses a short, intelligible word where a long, unintelligible one can be dragged out of its moth balls. And he was the soul of courtesy. He was, as Mr. McWhinney had once said, so darn polite that after you'd walked a hundred yards with him you felt as if you'd dived into a kettle of soft soap. Nobody, by any possible chance, was ever interested in any of the subjects Mr. Goodhue selected for his conversation. If there was a handicapping system for bores he would play at scratch. And, with all his studied courtesy and elaborate good manners, he was able to irritate with a skill only equaled by that lovely plant known as poison ivy.

But when he came within a dozen yards of his ball there was silence. His eyes became fixed. He pointed his ball like a bird dog, and became mentally rigid. There was something viselike in his concentration, something compelling in the fixity of it which demanded silence and immobility of his companion. Somehow nobody ever whispered when Goodhue was shooting, no caddie rattled a golf bag. Nobody ever dropped a club.

Now he took that awkward stance from which it seemed impossible to get any results whatever, wrapped his gaze around and around his ball and knotted it in place and stood for so long a time that one began to doubt if he was ever going to move again at all. Then he brought his club back with about the speed of the hour hand on a watch, paused at the top of his back swing and hit. The ball arose beautifully, a high, perfect mashie shot, dropped to the green with a back spin that made it try to twist a hole in the turf, and stopped some seven feet from the pin.

"That," said Mr. Goodhue admiringly, "might be clicked into a birdie—by anybody who was a really accomplished putter."

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"Try Anything Once. Saw a Professional Drive Balls Off the Crystal of His Watch If He Can Do That, I Ought to be Able to Pick This Off a Rock"

What Actually Happened, and is Subject to Verification

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

After Fourteen Years—By Norval Richardson

AS YOU have been fourteen years in the diplomatic service, you can surely give me some advice about my son. He attended Eton for two years; after that he returned home and graduated at Harvard; since then he has traveled about Europe extensively. He is now twenty-five and is looking about for something to do. He seems to think diplomacy would be exactly the thing for him; that it would give him a position in one of the European capitals, a pleasant occupation, not really much to do and a chance to make some delightful friends. Would you advise me to encourage him to take it up?"

This is the sort of question that should be answered by an emphatic no; and if one did not bother about being diplomatic, should be answered with the explanation that diplomacy is not the career for such a young man; or, better still, that such a young man is not suited to diplomacy. The question reflects the attitude in which, twenty years or more ago, most young men approached the diplomatic service; but recent years have shown that the foreign service is not the place for those who look upon it as a casual sort of profession which offers opportunities for having a good time; it now demands serious, hard work, and the more important and influential the United States becomes in international relations the more need there is going to be for our most brilliant, well-educated and serious men to act as our representatives among other nations.

A letter from the Middle West put forward a somewhat different problem:

"I have just graduated from high school, am eighteen, have no income and so have to make a living. I should like very much to go into the foreign service if there is a chance for me to be self-supporting in that work. Do you think it a good career for a young man to prepare for?"

Hard Questions

ANOTHER letter, from the South, asked:

"I have always wanted to go into the diplomatic service, but thought it was necessary to have an income—that the salary was not enough to live on. Do you think I could get along on the salary now being paid?"

And again:

"After graduating from college, what course do you think I should pursue in order to prepare for entering the diplomatic service?"

And still again:

"I am twenty-eight, rather nice looking, unmarried, well educated and a hard worker. I speak no foreign languages, but have always felt that I could learn French easily if I had the chance. Since one lady has already been accepted in the diplomatic service, I suppose the career will now be opened to others. Do you consider diplomacy a suitable career for a woman?"

There is so much to be taken into consideration when thinking of the diplomatic service as a career that I find it extremely difficult to answer such questions. It is a much more intellectual profession than most people seem to realize. A young man who is interested in world conditions—not only polit cal and economical but social as well—will find it the most stimulating and absorbing work that he can possibly take up; and, of course, it furnishes an extraordinary position for one who feels a deep, sincere pride in his country and wishes to go out among other nations as a representative of his own people. But admitting its wide interests and its advantages, one is also bound to acknowledge certain drawbacks. In many ways it is a lonely career. One lives continually among strangers; one makes friends and then they are suddenly shunted off to the other end of the world; one acquires considerable cosmopolitan culture, but never becomes an integral part of any group; in a way, one becomes the proverbial rolling stone, with all the polish and none of the moss.

Most young men—and I must admit that at the time I entered the service I was very much of their way of thinking—look upon diplomacy as a sort of romantic adventure in which the foreign setting is going to be the most attractive feature. Fourteen years have shown me that it is a much more serious affair than that. In some ways I have come to think of it as almost the most brilliant career open to young Americans. You have only to realize that when you go to a foreign country you go not only to carry on the work of the embassy or legation to which you are assigned but to take with you the message of America to the rest of the world. Your official position makes you a target for a criticism that is anxiously awaiting opportunities to pick flaws. What you say, what you do and the way you live are taken to be representative of every American. You have only to appreciate this to see that your mission has responsibilities that very few other careers embody. In a way, diplomacy might be called a sort of missionary work.

Tourists rush through countries—and undoubtedly leave impressions behind them—but a man who lives for several years in a community makes friends, consciously or unconsciously influences those about him, expresses opinions and tastes, is constantly thrown in contact with the natives, and therefore takes a much more important place in the mind of the foreigner. The foreigner feels that he has grown to know and understand you; those others passing through only furnished fleeting impressions which you either solidify or ameliorate. If every young man who contemplates going into the foreign service would consider himself in this light, weigh his capacity and his sincerity carefully, glance at his background and question his ability for such a career, he would see that it is much more than an opportunity to see the world under delightful circumstances.

A Diplomat's Wife Can Make or Ruin Her Husband's Career. By Being Herself Interesting and Attractive, She Can Draw People Who Will Be of Immense Help to Her Husband

Mr. Page's Letter to the Soldiers

ONE of the dangers of the foreign service is that, no matter where one goes, arriving in an official capacity gives one at once a place—it might be said that the place is already made and waiting—and that all one has to do is to step into it. It is all very well stepping into a place; filling it properly is quite another matter; and filling it in such a way as will reflect credit on one's country should be the inspiration of every aspirant.

During the war, when the American contingents first arrived in Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, then ambassador to Italy, wrote a short address to the soldiers and had it distributed among them. In it he told them that they had arrived in a country which was inclined to look upon them as the finest products of the modern world and that it was up to them to make good this belief; that everything they said and did was going to be accepted as representative of America; that they were being given an exceptional opportunity to show that they were what they had been called and that he hoped every soldier would feel he had arrived with a personal mission to fulfill.

It seems to me that this advice might be used to advantage by everyone who goes into the foreign service. And besides living up to what is expected of us, we have also the perhaps more difficult task of trying to live down some reputations that have already been made for us. We have had some representatives who, on account of their personal inclinations and their indifference to the effect they made, have done much to give us what might be called a black eye.

There is every reason to believe that the foreign service of the United States is receiving more serious consideration every year. The war had no little part in bringing it to the general attention of our people. Those who had heard vaguely of

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ISIDOR ISKOVITCH PRESENTS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Izzy, I Have to be Truthful With You. I Have to Tell You Something I'm Ashamed Of"

SHRIEKING and moaning, the wind swept in from the desert to take its eerie part in the life of Hollywood, to wield its mysterious influence on the fourth or fifth or whatever largest industry in the United States. It was one of those summer days rare to the Pacific Coast, but poignant, when through the yellow sunlight there sift vague phantom shapes of impalpable dust that bite the skin and smart the eyes, and are the prickling forerunners of a three-day withering heat from out the very heart of the vast shameless inferno up yonder in the waste places. It was such a day as lowers the vitality and depresses the spirits and sets the nerves on edge, and when vitality ebbs and depression reigns and nerves are aquiver, both men and women do things they might not otherwise have done; so no one knows what tremendous extent of folly and of tragedy may be chargeable to this same shrill, shrieking, moaning, sobbing wind from the deadly desert.

For instance, on any saner day it would not have occurred to Sam Black, founder and manager of the Earthwide Pictures Corporation, to invite his bank to sink its fangs in his goozle; nor to the conservative but daring officials of the Producers and Distributors Trust Company that they might even for an afternoon leave the bank in the spasmodic hands of the fifth vice president, young Tennyson Guldengeld; nor to wise old David Schusshel, president and founder of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, that he could successfully chew all he could cram into his capacious mouth; nor to Gail Pierce, highly emotional star of the Pinnacle Pictures Corporation, that she must and would treat her nerves to a spectacular explosion flaming around the fascinating personality of Henry Lord Candysh; nor to Henry Lord Candysh, entertainer in excelsis to such hypersusceptible ladies of the screen of vast salaries as might be susceptible to his entertaining qualities, that he could in safety encourage the attentions of Gail Pierce's deadliest rival, Carnation Royal, the highly emotional star of the Excelsior Pictures Corporation; nor to Prudence Joy, emotional star of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation and wife of Henry Lord Candysh, that she must go to her best friend, Isidor Iskovitch, and humble her pride and once more ask his help in the difficulties her marriage had brought her.

Yet all these things, and more, came about through the enervating and nerve-distressing wind, and many fortunes hung thereby, as Prue, gay make-up on her hollow cheeks and a blazing-red costume on her fragile figure, wended her way up from the back lot of the M. P. C. in the blistering heat to see the only person in all this chain of circumstances who was entirely unaware that there was a desert wind or that it was discomforting or enervating.

The weather makes no difference to a man who has had a wallop severe enough to be remembered daily for a year. One year ago, almost to the calendar leaf, young Isidor Iskovitch had been within an ace, or possibly only half an ace, of having his own good business for himself, of seeing his name on billboard and screen, in trade journal and public print, as ISIDOR ISKOVITCH PRESENTS, the thing for which he had spent eight hard-working years of passionate purpose; and at that crucial moment, shrewd little old David Schusshel, desiring not to lose a general manager so valuable, had produced the wallop hereinbefore mentioned, had manipulated a financial trick that had gobbled up Izzy's infant business while it was still in the egg, had jolted the boy back into the harness, and had laughed at him into the bargain; a friendly, kindly, affectionate laugh, to be sure; but still it was a laugh, based on the comparative sizes of the potential young magnate's hat and his head. Well, it had been good for Isidor's system, as the Old Man had chucklingly foretold; but—it had also centered the passionate purpose of Isidor on the hat of David Schusshel.

Every man has a weakness. David's was his ancient competitor and ever-present enemy, Sam Black. Tossing a jinx on Sam and his Earthwide was the one object in life which David would pursue with his eyes shut, and day by day, week by week and month by month in the past year he had been spurred on by Isidor Iskovitch to the great ambition of driving Black out of business. Three creases were now between Izzy's dark-brown eyes where one crease had been before, and the youthful curve of his lips had unbent into a straightness that could be grim; but for the rest, he was still a flat-stomached, gangle-shanked, long-necked youth, and particularly juvenile as he sat in his swivel chair behind his mahogany desk of state in his four-square office, grinning into the phone as if he loved it, while Sam Black's secretary, from an outside phone, reported the budget by which he eked out his meager salary.

Shrill whistled the wind across the sunlit lot, scorching was the breath it exhaled through the window screens, and a bunch of roses on the rusty old desk shriveled and dropped their petals; but Isidor Iskovitch, slamming up the phone with an exultant "Hot dog!" dashed off a telegram, popped from his chair as pepful as if this were zero weather, and bustled into the private office of the boss, where the little old man with the kindly yellow eye and the benevolent smile sat with a mind entirely free, and him glad of it, a cigar in his mouth and his pudgy fingers clasped across the comfortably rounded belt of his pongee suit. He scarcely more than moved eyes or mouth as he acknowledged the invasion of his valuable general manager, but he did succeed in wriggling a thumb in the direction of a chair.

"Well," exulted Izzy, "we put the skids under Sam Black again!"

"Attaboy!" And at the mention of that name David unclasped his fingers and removed his cigar and gathered his somnolent attention into a wakeful heap. "I always told Sam that some day he'd have plenty of room to stand around in my shadow, and I'm doing it to him."

"You bet you my life! Say, Mr. Schusshel, they'll have to hand it to you for being the smartest man in the motion-picture business, the way you put that sucker on the run."

"By golly, Izzy, you're feeding me that salve so regular that I'd think you were working me for a raise if I didn't know that you know you couldn't get it." He affected to treat Izzy's flattery thus flippantly, but he, nevertheless, expanded under it like yeast in a warm window. He set his head cockily, he stuck his thumbs in his belt and patted his roundness approvingly with his eight pudgy fingers, the wishbone button on his purple shirt strained at its leash and his usually benevolent smile became a simian grin. "What have I done to Sam Black this time?"

"His The Sinking Ship that we let him steal from us after we bid up the price to thirty-five thousand is a flop. And he hasn't paid the author yet, and the author is filing suit today. There's another delay on the Earthwide's new productions—and it's because Sam hasn't got the money."

"Attaboy! The day Sam Black went to the banks and let them get a finger on his business, like I was always too smart to do, was the day I knew I'd last the longest. They're squeezing down on him, dog-gone him."

"Oh, well, you gotta have the banks nowadays," Izzy was quick to assure him, as he did on every opportunity, for it was a link in his chain of consequence. "If you wantta make yourself the big figure you oughtta be in the business, you gotta let the banks carry the load, and a smart man can get away with it. You oughtn't to stop, Mr. Schusshel, until you're the most important man in the motion-picture industry. You can carry a lotta expansion the way we're going now."

A neat piece of work. Isidor's voice rang with enthusiasm and he was highly pleased with the sweep which the impulsion of his youth was putting on the Old Man; but the reaction was not exactly what had been expected, for the Old Man's eyes twinkled as he said:

"Yes, my boy, I guess I ought to feel like I could expand a little if I want to. It's only a year since I merged the George B. Luna Studios with close to a million mortgage on it, and when Meyer Guldengeld's due date comes, next month, I can pay him off; and I'm going to do it. You helped me do that, Izzy. You've been a great comfort to your papa in the business."

And now came the chuckle he always indulged when this deal was mentioned, the chuckle that touched the boy's passionate purpose on its aching boil every time, for it was the George B. Luna Studios which Isidor Iskovitch had been acquiring for his own when David Schusshel had slyly bought the majority stock in it and merged it with the M. P. C., with all Isidor's savings invested in it, and Isidor loaded with an enormous debt for the minority interest, and Isidor tied up with a five-year contract which passed to the M. P. C. with the merger.

The boy gulped and managed a grin, but it was so grim an imitation that it brought another chuckle.

"All right, papa, go on and rub it in. Just for that I oughtn't to tell you that Sam's going to lose Buddy Burns. Buddy's contract expires in about five months, and he won't renew."

"Attaboy! That makes five of his biggest money-making stars that Sam's lost this year, two of 'em to us. Can we get Buddy?"

"Well, no. I understand he has signed up with the People's Pictures Corporation for a five-thousand-dollar bonus on an optional contract."

"Why did you let him slip? Who is this People's Pictures Corporation anyhow?"

Never a flicker of an eyelash in Isidor Iskovitch.

"There's all sorts of reports about who the People's Pictures is, but nobody knows much. They're putting up real cash, though, for options on contracts for the best people in the business, and somebody is either going to open up with a fine company or is taking a big gamble."

"Well, you better get your eye on them a little," growled David, for he had lost Dixie Day, his best comedienne, to this same People's Pictures, and Ernest Sapp, his best director, both to go at the expiration of their present contracts.

"I got my eye on 'em already." To cover his grin Izzy added hastily, "Say, I just wired Andy to release The Wild Man of Borneo."

"Attaboy! Sam's Borneo picture has come in then."

"Last night. In thirty reels. It'll take two months to make it ready for release. By that time there won't be a nickel left for a Borneo picture."

The wind howled and burned and shook the shutters, then quit, discouraged, for these two were immune as they laughed and laughed. This one was pie! Sam Black was sending an expedition of thirty people around the world, at staggering expense, to get authentic educational folk dramas of the simple home lives of all strange peoples; and the M. P. C., taking that expedition's highly blazoned itinerary from the Earthwide's publicity, was making the same highly authentic educational pictures on its own back lot, with the aid of a bargain set of travelogues and a zoo, and putting much more gripping drama into the simple folk tales. It had the nifty appearance of a big profit and it could just about bust the Earthwide.

Leaving the gloating David to wipe the salt of mirth from his eyes, Izzy bustled back into his own office, highly satisfied; but at the threshold he stopped. On a chair near his desk sat Prue, mocked by her gaudy costume, with only her great round eyes and her shining hair of spun gold to mark her as the daintily beautiful Prudence Joy of but a year ago. The exhilaration died in Izzy immediately, for nine years of friendship had brought between them a sympathy that tugged particularly now.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Prue," he said, smiling encouragingly at her; then he hurried back into Schusshel's office and closed the door.

"Prudence Joy's in my office. Have you changed your mind about her yet?"

"No." The Old Man was distressed. "I can't renew her contract, Izzy. She's gone. Her last two pictures were flops, and we have it so plain from the exhibitors and the public that she's lost out that I can't afford to carry her any longer."

A moment of silence, in which both were most uncomfortable, for Prudence had come on the M. P. C. lot when Izzy had, and the three of them had been like members of a family—until Prue's unfortunate marriage.

"Maybe we could sign her up at a reduced salary and give her a trial for one year," urged Izzy. "She might come back."

"That's your sentiment talking, not your business head," returned David, and beamed on the boy approvingly; "but they don't come back when they're like she is. And a lower salary won't help. If it was just her salary, I could stand that, maybe, for the money she's made us in the past; but it's the money we'd lose on her pictures; and then, too, she's hurting the class of the M. P. C."

"She helped make it." But there was no recrimination in that. As a business man, he had to concede that the boss was right. "I wish you'd break the news to her, Mr. Schusshel."

"No, Izzy, that's the general manager's job," decided the Old Man hastily and, rising, reached for his hat. "Anyhow, I have an errand downtown."

It was with a troubled brow that the G. M. walked back into his office, and, seating himself at his desk, said, "Well, I guess you're pretty near through with the picture, Prue. The schedule says you're finishing today."

"We're on the clean-ups now." She folded her handkerchief quite small and creased it painstakingly, then shook out the creases, crumpled the handkerchief into a little ball and dropped it in her lap. "Izzy, I have to ask you for another advance on my salary. I made a mistake in my check stubs, and I had a notice this morning of an overdraft at my bank. I—I don't suppose I ever will learn to be accurate."

Her attempt at a smile was pitiful, especially in view of that last statement, for Prudence, in her years of hard work, had watched her bank account with fractional accuracy, and knew to the penny how much she was saving against the fallow years that must come to every woman whose income is derived from her youth and beauty; and now there were no savings.

Izzy, in the full knowledge of all this, found it more than difficult to say the thing he had to say, and shifted his papers, and looked blindly at unimportant memoranda as if they were of sudden interest; then he gripped the arms of his chair.

"I'm sorry, Prue," he said. "Your salary's drawn in advance up to the end of your contract."

He paused. He did not need go any further, for, after one swift glance at him, she knew the dreaded truth—knew that they would not renew. She folded her fragile hands on her lap—they were so thin and pale as to be almost transparent—and she sat perfectly motionless, while that gale from the desert shrieked and moaned and shrilled its mournful dirge outside, while the stinging heat that came with it seemed to dry up the very life in her. Just one year had wrought this change. Up to that period she had been steadily successful, one of the few serious workers in the profession who had risen year by year with apparently no end to her rise, until she had met and loved and married Henry Lord Candysh, who had destroyed her as utterly as if he had been poison. He had taken the heart out of her, the sanity and the ability. He had spent her savings, had been unfaithful to her in every possible manner, had openly flaunted his flirtations, had humiliated her in a thousand ways; and yet——

She Was Framing Sentences in Her Mind to Express the Stupendous Disturbance This Man Had Created in Her Sensitive Nature

"I hope this will be a great lesson to me," she said, with another attempt at brave cheerfulness. "It will teach me not to be so extravagant, if nothing else."

"Why don't you tell me the truth?" blurted her old friend. "You know that your husband overdrew your bank account to get money to spend on other women. You know he knew he was checking out more than was there, and you know he figured that you'd make good like you always did before; yet you haven't got the nerve to repudiate his signature at the bank. You've let him break you. He even made you mortgage your house for all it would bring and spent that. Why don't you leave him?"

She looked at him in such dumb misery that he was abject in his inward penitence for the rough things he had said. If she had only flared in defense of herself, or even Candysh, Izzy could have vented more of the anger that was in him. If she had only cried, if she had only done anything but sit looking at him in that apathetic misery which told him all too plainly that she was down and out, a dead one professionally! For the spirit which had made her work good was killed in her, and she knew it. Tears swam in her eyes, but that was all. She sat motionless, her hands crossed in her lap, listening to the mournful dirge of the wind.

"Why don't Candysh do something? Why don't he go to work?"

"You know his heart is bad, Izzy, and that silver plate in his skull is always dangerous. Any exertion might prove fatal to him. Only the other night he fainted when I had him roll up a rug for me."

"Roll up a rug! Have you given up your maid too?"

She nodded her head, and he forbore to pursue that subject any further.

"How much was your overdraft?"

"Never mind, Izzy. I'll raise the money to cover it. I had intended to, anyhow, and not say anything about it, because I didn't want to draw any more advance—only it's so hot, and I felt so depressed, and ——"

"I know. You couldn't get up nerve enough to go downtown and sell your pawn tickets," he snapped, taking a man's refuge in savageness against his other emotions. "I asked you how much was that overdraft."

"Two hundred and forty dollars," she told him, smiling at him fondly even in her misery; for Izzy was the one friend who had never failed her.

"All right; I'll loan you the money to cover it." And taking his private check book from a drawer, he thoughtfully wrote her a check, although every dollar represented on his accurately kept stubs meant that much of power for which he had passionately purposeful use. "You're supposed to do one more picture here, Prue; but Mr. Schusshel says you should use the time in looking around; and I'd say you get all the rest you can and doll yourself up. I'll do everything I can do to help you get another job."

Prudence Joy was to have been his leading star when he had his own producing company; but now he passed rapidly by the People's Pictures Corporation as his mind ran over the possibilities for her. The People's would not dare to take on any other than known moneymakers or highly promising futures. He handed her the check; and Prue, glancing at it, saw that it was for five hundred dollars. She tried to thank him, but her self-possession broke, and in another moment she was in his arms in a fit of apathetic weeping, while Izzy was soothing her with such tenderness as he had never felt for any other person. The time was when these two might have been a great deal more to each other than they were, but that time was past, and in its stead had come this firmest of all friendships.

It was like leaving home to walk out of that office. She was an outcast, and all the future she could see just now was this five-hundred-dollar check. As she hurried back across the lot to get permission from her director to run down to the bank, a group of sweltering actors in wigs and knickerbockers and clanking swords opened just ahead of her, and there came through an extremely natty, somewhat undersized man with a tiny mustache. He was in white flannels, white suède shoes, white felt hat, carried a white-enameled walking stick, and wore, as the only color note in his cool plumage, a flowing scarlet tie. This was Henry Lord Candysh, the husband of Prue; Prue, whom other women envied.

"Why, here you are, honey!" said Henry, advancing to her with the light of great happiness in his eye, as if beholding her alone were bliss enough, and he took her arm within his with a gesture that was like a caress. No matter what else he did to her, he was always like that. "I was down on the set, and Sapp told me you had come up front." He walked with her to the corner of the big main stage, and they turned into the narrow deserted avenue between the backs of the other stages. "The bank has been telephoning for you, dear, and I told them I'd get word to you. It's about that overdraft. Have you made arrangements to cover it?"

"Yes," she told him, and then she hesitated. "But I can't cover any more, Henry. I have already drawn advances to the end of my contract—and they are not going to renew."

Not the slightest trace of a frown marked on the brow of Henry Lord Candysh the force of this crushing blow. The thing for which he had married Prudence Joy was ended; but he was a man of courageous spirit.

"Splendid! It's all for the best, honey, because it brings me to a decision I have long been debating. I shall humble my pride. I shall go to my mother in England and beg her forgiveness, and present you to her, and I know that your goodness and sweetness will win her."

The confidence men have a slogan—"Once a sucker, always a sucker." Prue, in her eternity of one year's married life, had heard constantly of this haughty mother in England who had disowned her son for marrying a motion-picture actress, but she had never seen one substantial proof that he had a mother, in England or anywhere. His fabrications about that mother—and the vast family estates he had lost for love—had so overlapped each other and slipped their cogs that she had ample reason to believe him a liar in every syllable that he might utter; yet, still, as he told her this, holding her arm affectionately in his and leaning over her shoulder with an air such as had once put a garter on Sir Walter Raleigh, this was a fresh page, and tears moistened her eyes over the noble sacrifice Henry would make in humbling his pride for her.

"I shall make the arrangements at once," he briskly went on. "Are you finishing with the picture today?"

"Yes; there are only a couple of hours' work on it."

She was beginning to share the excitement in his tone.

"Very well. I shall go right down and wire for reservations on the steamer, and then I'll get transportation East on the first train that can give us a drawing-room. We'll leave tomorrow if possible."

"But how will we go? I haven't any more money."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" And there was a vibration of great triumph in Henry's voice. "I have just sold a scenario to Carnation Royal. I hadn't told you why I was cultivating her, because I wanted to keep it as a surprise. I'll have the check in the morning—five thousand dollars. Now you run right back and finish your scenes, honey, and

I'll take your check down to the bank, and send my wire and take up the reservation."

All this while he'd had his eye on that little green slip of paper she held folded in her fingers, but this was the first move he had made toward it. Now he lightly took it. Her fingers made an involuntary movement as if to snatch it back, for there had never been one financial transaction between them that had not been disastrous to her; but she had not the courage openly to take anything away from this man to whom she had given all; and when, still urging the speed of their preparation, he handed her a fountain pen and told her to indorse the check he held spread out on his little memorandum book, she did it, her mind in a whirl about the trip to England and the haughty mother and the phenomenal sale of a hitherto unmentioned scenario to the actress of whom she had been foolish enough to be jealous.

The check indorsed, Henry Lord Candysh lost no time in heading his wife for the back lot; then he stood in the narrow deserted passage between the towering stages and examined the check. He smiled and lifted his eyebrows as he saw the name of Isidor Iskovitch, not as general manager of the M. P. C., but as a private depositor. This check could be made worth much more than its face value. It was a pity he couldn't keep it for evidence, but he needed the money. Oh, well, he could show it around to identify it, and in the meantime he had a weighty problem to decide. Should he show that check first, with its promise of emancipation from the woman who had been a drag on his genius during the past year, to Gail Pierce or to Carnation Royal?

In her purple-and-black boudoir, Gail Pierce paced emotionally. She was a creature of tempestuous nature, was Gail, since she had acquired fame and a temperament; and she had experimented with her emotions so much that she could get a screaming hysteria out of a fly on her nose and a nervous dementia out of a flea on her Pekingese pup. Life was a drab and a dreary thing to Gail unless she could fashion a violent sensation out of each passing day, and she had fastened on Henry Lord Candysh as material for a soul struggle. In some way or other she meant to cluster a towering emotion around him, and at this very moment she was framing sentences in her mind—working titles, as it were—to express the stupendous disturbance this man had created in her sensitive nature. Where was Henry? Where?

At this very moment, too, Carnation Royal, in her dressing room at the Amalgamated Studios, was nibbling a box of chocolates presented by Henry Lord Candysh and reviewing with pleased reminiscence the manner in which he had put her cloak around her shoulders the night before, and held it there for the fraction of a second like a lingering caress. She was newer to Henry than Gail Pierce, and had jewels estimated at half a million. Henry was late! Where was he?

The wind whistled its shrillest between the backs of the towering stages on the M. P. C. lot, and told its whimpering tales of bleached bones on the burnished desert, of men lost there to famish, of deadly reptiles and of other eerie things; but if there was any vague, mysterious dole of dread in its voice, Henry Lord Candysh heard it not; but, smiling, decided on Carnation Royal —— And the voice of the wind rose in a crescendo which was like a mocking scream.

II

JUST ordinary heat made Sam Black irritable; but this dry suffocation, which made one gasp for breath and prickled the skin with its invisible bullets of alkaline dust, gave him the jumps, particularly since the jinx had moved into his white-and-gray office and sat with him constantly at his glass-topped desk. He was a small man, a man about the same height as David Schusshel, but half his thickness; and when he was out of sorts, as now, his nose turned a bluish-purple color as if it had been freshly tempered in the heat of his humor. The occasion of his present spleen was his secretary, a lean young man with a watery eye and a cornflower in his buttonhole, who, with his eight knuckles on the opposite edge of Sam's desk, said in his genteel voice:

"The M. P. C. has just released, under its proper title, the picture which was known in the making under the working title of A Hard Jolt—and the proper title is East Lynne."

Mr. Black, having waited for that last title with suspensive curiosity, jerked when he got it as if he had been shot; and, being a cursing man, delivered himself of a volley of his choicest expletives.

"And they called it A Hard Jolt!" he concluded. "Schusshel or Izzy Iskovitch named it that just to rub it in on me! They'll beat us on the market with our East Lynne by six weeks! How does it come I got nothing but boneheads around me?"

It was on the tip of the secretary's tongue to retort "Like master, like man," but he spoke with the middle of his tongue instead, for it was too hot to start any acrimonious repartee.

"I understand they kept it under cover by changing not only the working title but the names of all the characters and locations in the script, the actual facts being known only by people who don't blab. I understand Mr. Iskovitch's intimate staff is very splendidly paid." Heat or no heat, the meagerly salaried secretary could not resist this stab, for the Earthwide was notoriously close in its pay of people who had no publicity value.

"That will be about all!" snapped Black, glaring ferociously at the secretary. "You may get out unless you've got some more bad news."

Without a word the genteel young man laid before his employer a copy of the afternoon paper just off the press, and neatly folded so that one item on the motion-picture page came uppermost; then moved genteelly to the door, where he paused for a moment to watch Sam Black's nose turn to a chisel blue as he read. The item was the flamboyant announcement of the M. P. C.'s authentic educational feature picture, The Wild Man of Borneo, secured at enormous hazard and stupendous expense by the M. P. C.'s own intrepid explorers, and now released with the most extravagant assortment of lithographs ever prepared for the edification of the public. Soused mackerel and hopping fleas! Was there to be no let-up in this persecution? Month after month for one solid year the M. P. C. had concentrated on the Earthwide, and not one big feature had Sam been able to distribute but that David had beaten him to it by lucrative weeks. Money wouldn't buy the dynamic energy and high speed they were putting in over at the M. P. C. Blow after blow, in the same spot, right in the middle of the Earthwide's solar plexus, and there was small comfort in remembering now the jolts and jabs and undercuts he had given David in the old days. He found himself wishing he hadn't done those tricks to bring him this savage retaliation, and then he became explosively wrathful in figuring what he could do to get even.

It was at this inauspicious moment that the telephone rang, and the genteel voice of the secretary, by this time back in his own stuffy room, reported: "The Producers and Distributors Trust Company, Mr. Black. They insist on speaking to you in person."

"Put 'em on!" And in Sam came a curious elation, for he had the bank in a tight corner. He owed them so much money that they didn't dare annoy him!

"The Producers and Distributors, Mr. Black," came a brisk, peremptory, high-pitched youthful voice. "You have apparently overlooked our notice. You have a mortgage note due today for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and you seem to have made no provision for meeting it."

"No," returned Sam curtly, for this was a routine matter he had often handled. "We'll just have to extend it."

"Oh, will we?" crackled the voice at the other end of the wire, rising one note. "You seem to have decided that all by yourself. Maybe the Producers and Distributors Trust Company might like to have a part in that discussion. And maybe the Producers and Distributors Trust Company might even want its money!"

It was at this point that Mr. Black invited his bank to sink its fangs in his goozle. Ordinarily he would have taken warning at that tone, and would have put himself to the trouble to explain how and why an extension was necessary for the protection of both himself and the bank; but at that moment an extra gust of wind from right out of the blistering pit of the desert whistled around the corner and between the classic gates and through the leaded glass windows of Sam Black's office, and smote him hip and thigh and blue-tipped nose with such an excruciatingly shriveling blast that he yelled into the phone:

"Say, who's doing this talking? Connect me with Mr. Dennison or Mr. Blair! I refuse to discuss a business so intimate with any but the heads of the bank!"

Zowie! Down came a fang, and it was dripping with poison.

"Mr. Black, you are talking with Tennyson Guldengeld, that's who you're talking with! The fifth vice president of the Producers and Distributors Trust Company, in charge of the bank today, through the illness of Mr. Dennison, and the absence in Europe of Mr. Kohn, and the presence in court of Mr. Blair and Mr. Heinsheim, and Mr. Saunders

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With a Shriek She Dashed Across the Floor, Backed Henry and the Blonde Into a Corner Near the Orchestra Stand and Did Her Scene

MY BOOK AND HEART

I Was Being Neglected by an Imaginary Lover Similar to Sir Lancelot

II

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE scenes shift for us in life as they do in a play. The curtain falls, the plans we made roll down with it. Then it rises on the next act and we are not aware of the change. We think we shall go on living as before, but we never do. We have been promoted. Or maybe from having been the star we become the villain, or the buffoon, or one of those living lay figures so often seen on the stage grouped to one side, who have nothing to do, no lines to say; supers, I think they are called. Life is full of them, men and women who seem always to stand aside and watch the world go by, no power in them to raise the dust. But they observe us with a measuring eye as we go by doing our little stunt, and whisper their lines one to another. All my life I have feared them more than I fear the omniscience of the Almighty, because they are not omniscient, and chiefly because my experience is that the defeated and inefficient are the most critical of all critics. They are like dead people with malignant eyes fixed upon the living.

Still, I may be wrong about them; to be human is to be on the defensive, somewhere, somehow. At least this has always been the case with me. And these silent people who refuse to cheer the passing show we are making may be worthier than those of us who, by some fluke of circumstance, obtain a more prominent part. Unknown, not praised, they may do better behind the scenes than we do in the center of the stage. I have my doubt, for example, about whether the Good Samaritan was a prominent citizen in his section. His name is not recorded, only his charity; and nobody was there to see him doing his kind duty by the wounded wayfarer. We cannot tell about these things. Some histrionic ability, a little trick for obtaining publicity, may cast a rascal for the hero's part in life, while the real hero is someone else of whom we never hear. The world is full of prominent confidence men. We only know for certain that the scene constantly changes for some of us, and that we seem to leave the rest of us standing aside somewhere with apparently no part to play.

For me, the curtain fell forever upon the earlier scenes of my life with the applause that followed me from the blackboard that day I copied the book on trigonometry. I had another term in school, where, as it happened, I took a course in love instead of higher mathematics. But the plan to send me away to college in the autumn of that year had to be abandoned on account of another fall in the price of cotton.

I was still in my sixteenth year; and I was in love, but not with any mortal man. I had never had a sweetheart, nor been one; never received the slightest attention from a young man. I cannot think what I could have been about not to have obtained some romantic experience in a village filled with lovers and love affairs! But I recall how sad and lonely I was that summer, most of which I spent moping about the plantation and memorizing The Lady of Shalott. I literally lived in this poem until my fate seemed similar to hers, although the setting and the age were different. This was not an island, but the same old avenue. There was no river flowing down "to many-towered Camelot." And no glittering knight rode by to the music of his belled bridle on a prancing steed. But I felt the dearth of love like a curse upon me, and frequently saw myself, like the Lady of Shalott, very lovely and quite dead of a broken heart. I was touched to tears at such times. I was being neglected by an imaginary lover similar to Sir Lancelot.

No wonder the stripling boys of the town and countryside did not appeal to my fancy! I was enchanted by this bright vision of an immortal lover created by poets. I sustained the same relation to him that the modern young girl does to her matinée idol. And from all accounts, I do not suppose the character of Sir Lancelot differed greatly from that of certain theatrical heroes, except that he appears to have kept better company and repented of his sins, and to have taken a vow to find the Holy Grail, and finished up as a holy monk, which confirmed your belief that at bottom he might have been a good man. But my notion is that it is more elevating and safer for a young girl to idealize a poet's creation of a man and a lover, even if he had been at times an entrancingly bad one, than to worship the leading man in a musical comedy.

I had not yet been saved, spiritually speaking. I believed in God, but more formally, as a doubtful son believes in a righteous parent with whom he must come to terms sooner or later. Then came the great revival in Elberton. I was converted during this meeting, born again, if you know what I mean—which I doubt, because styles in salvation have changed since those days. They have been modified; repentance has been reduced by a shockingly intelligent comprehension of the natural weakness of human nature, so that a good conscience does not cost so much now as it did then. In those days you suffered under conviction for sin; you wrestled with your powers and principalities of darkness, and when at last you did obtain forgiveness it really was like being born again. It separated you from the world. You cast your lot in with the children of God and took a different view entirely of the business of living. This kind of religion is now regarded as emotional and primitive.

Imagine four or five hundred people milling about an altar shouting "Glory to God!" shaking hands, laughing, with the tears streaming down their cheeks; old enemies strutting about arm in arm; young girls standing about, their faces like candles lit upon a shrine; old women and mothers sitting in a trance of happiness to see their sons and daughters come into the kingdom of heaven. And when the crowd divides, the sight of that long line of drooping figures still kneeling about the altar, unblessed, their prayers ascending like a dirge, so many good Samaritans comforting them with the tender wisdom of saints; and over all the strains of some lofty old hymn like "Children of the Heavenly King, as we journey let us sing," heard and then not heard above this tumult.

The very description of such a scene must be offensive to the attenuated spiritual sensibilities of many of our best people now. Very well, go ahead with your humanics,

make a harmonica civilization of this one; but it will lack the tough fiber of righteousness and bigotry without which there can be no enduring civilization. I remember very well when altruism was the side-stepping creed of cultured people; but it was too vaporous and too sentimental to affect the common herd of mankind to which most of us belong. Now this new idealism nicknamed humanics is too low to reach our plagued over-soul, if you know what I mean. Anyhow, the nobility of it is too shrewdly mixed with materialisms to be trusted. My suspicion is that it is at bottom the doctrine of radicals whose piety consists in taking by divine right what the other man has earned. But when he gets it there is no evidence in him of sufficient charity, humane or Christian, to inspire a redivision of his spoils with any of us.

Two hundred and ninety-three people were converted during this great Methodist revival in Elberton. But the Baptists proselytized nearly a hundred of them. They started a series of meetings on doctrines near the close of our meeting to prove that we must be elected to eternal life to be saved, immersed to be baptized, and believe in close communion, which is a sort of class distinction before the Lord. I merely state this as a fact, not to criticize this denomination, because it is their duty to preach these doctrines if they believe them, and to snatch as many brands as possible from the Methodists. I cast my lot in with the latter church, and I have never regretted doing so, though it has occurred to me once or twice that my church may have regretted my choice. I can only say in passing, by way of defense, that I have been a better Methodist than a Christian; and I can always look back and see the shining trail I saw the night of my conversion. But maybe it is by looking back that I see it most clearly. My cloud of witnesses seems always behind me now, in the hallowed past. I have heard so much, read so much, been so confused by the joy and pain of living, that I doubt if I have the same assurance I used to have as a child of God. The kingdom of heaven is not so frequently within me as it was when I was a circuit-rider's wife. It is only now and then that I catch the bright edge of the Word.

And I may as well set it down here that I have not made good in the eyes of the world as a Christian woman, which is the place where one should make good at this business. I have walked a trifle loudly at times through it, but always decently. I have taken no liberties with the Gospels, only a stitch now and then in my own creed to make it fit me mortally. I have bestowed my goods thriftily to feed the poor, visited widows and orphans in their afflictions, been a widow myself for a long time, which is an uphill business, and practiced charity when I should have practiced wisdom—all more or less in vain here. My fear is not of the Lord, which is a virtue I have never had; but I do fear the judgments of men and women. I am on the defensive. I have never achieved that sublime deliverance from the mind of the world about me of which other saints boast. Somewhere far within me I am like the wicked who flee when no man pursueth. Whatever defiance I may have shown in obeying my own conscience has been bluffing. I am always nervous and undone when even the spirit of the Lord leads me to do something or write something contrary to the feeling or the opinion of other people, who are frequently Christian people standing at the top of the church ladder.

Maybe this is a form of mortal cowardice. But if you consider how much I have done and written along this line you are bound to admit that I am entitled to a certificate of courage somewhere, either in this world or the next one. Still it would be a great help to me if I could find that other good people have this instinct for flight when they have used the sword of the spirit a trifle freely. But I have never known one who would admit such a thing. On the contrary, if I have ventured to consult a seasoned saint along this line she not only claims to be triumphantly free from any sense of guilt or apologetic attitude toward the world in the practice of piety, but she invariably slides off into a penetrating silence and regards me with a sort of damnation interrogative in her eye, which means that she wonders secretly what I have been doing to get this feeling because it is perfectly apparent to her that I have been doing something not very good.

Many a time after my marriage I used to regard my husband thoughtfully, considering whether it would be safe to lay my case before him. But I never did. I may have been deterred by wifely discretion, because from first to last, strange as it may seem, I had great influence over him spiritually, and none at all any other way. So I must have been too shrewd to make a confession that might weaken this influence.

There is only one exception to this experience I have had with other Christians, recorded here in grateful memory. Doctor Lovejoy was a distinguished minister in our church. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking man. His eyes were black, deeply sunken beneath beetling brows, until the years whitened him and crowned him; a sort of Moses forehead nobly wrinkled. My belief is that he was firmed up morally with a strong streak of bigotry; but spiritually he must have been a very fine gentleman before the Lord. What I mean is that as a saint he had both elasticity and elegance. His charity was natural, like good manners in heaven, and his wisdom of God was large and kind.

When I was very young, and still inexperienced at dealing with my own human nature—which nothing ever changes, my brethren—in the Christian life, and no doubt was anxious to pose before the world as an estimable Christian lady—which you can only do successfully in your obituary—I consulted him one day about this sneaking sense of guilt that I felt was making me a sort of shamefaced saint, because at that time I was determined to be one. I asked him if it was an evidence of grace—humility, perhaps.

He said it was not.

Well then, was it characteristic of the Christian conscience?

He said it was not, regarding me with a twinkle in his somber black eyes. He told me he thought I would always have it because I had a witty soul, and could not expect to feel as other people do who have grave good souls without a spark of humor.

But I always knew that this wise old Jehovah saint was for me. If my name should come up in heaven where he now resides, I know he would rise, fold his grand old coat-tail wings and nominate me for citizenship in that place. And if he is as influential there as he was for nearly fifty years in the Methodist Conference of North Georgia I shall be elected, regardless of the attitude of my mortal mind toward the doctrine of election, which has never been cordial. I have always felt to be born at all was to be elected, to have been chosen for life everlasting which is bound to reach heaven and happiness at last, as daybreak touches the dark rim of the longest night.

At the time of which I am now writing, however, I had not begun to be vexed with the hairsplitting conscience of the religious life. On the old plantation that summer I seemed to have returned to that first estate of my earliest childhood, of brightness and silence. This was the last season of peace I was ever to know. But it was not happiness. When you are very young, with all the dearer

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I Have Known Great Men Who Heard the Same Voice Calling Them, and I Have Seen Them Fold Away Every Worldly Ambition to Answer It

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923

The Personal-Audit Habit

PHYSICIANS in many cities note with gratification the increasing number of office visits they receive from business and professional men of all ages who want to know once a year just where they stand physically.

Periodical audits of one's bodily resources are no less useful to the individual than the inquisitions of bank examiners and chartered accountants are to depositors or corporation stockholders. There is a close parallel between the two, and the only wonder is that keen men of affairs who always know their bank balances to a penny and carry accurate mental pictures of the condition of the concerns in which they are interested should have been so slow to perceive the substantial value of the services that their medical advisers can render them even in periods of seeming good health.

The man of delicate constitution who has had to watch his health from childhood up and who calls in a doctor every time he sneezes stands in perhaps the smallest need of these annual overhaulings. In the ordinary course of things he is likely to receive all the medical scrutiny he requires. It is the robust vigorous man who has never known a sick day who should have himself watched. His very confidence in his own stamina and his contempt for seemingly minor symptoms may prove his undoing; and some stealthy disease may get him in its clutches before he knows it. This is the type of man who should resolve that on every birthday, or January first, or on any convenient but specific day, he will submit himself to the stethoscope, the blood-pressure apparatus and the rubber-headed hammer; that he will dutifully murmur Ninety-nine, or indeed any number the doctor fancies, and otherwise do as he is bidden, while an expert verdict is being hatched. Half an hour on the doctor's anxious seat may dissipate months of vague dread, or it may result in driving off some grave ailment that has just begun to get a foothold. The time to scotch diseases is when they are young and manageable.

Few laymen realize the extraordinary advances that have been made in recent years in the art of detecting and identifying dangerous maladies in their early and less apparent stages. Physicians themselves have to keep on the alert in order not to be outdistanced by the swiftly moving procession of newly originated tests and diagnostic methods; yet all these new technical wrinkles, or at least such of them as have had their permanent value demonstrated, are at the service of any man who enters the office of a well-equipped physician.

When these physical examinations are made year in and year out by the same medical man they are bound to take on cumulative value. If he is a methodical and painstaking practitioner he will preserve records of his findings. These will afford comparative data; and if there is any marked change of weight, lung condition, heart action or blood pressure, from year to year, the records will offer invaluable testimony as to the patient's physical trends and tendencies. Viewed from every possible angle, this personal-audit habit strikes us as one of the most sensible and admirable fashions that has come into vogue for many a year. Annual physical stock taking is just as truly a sign of prudence and sanity as regular open-air exercise or the buying of life insurance.

Insurance Against Business Failure

THE daily press has recently contained references to schemes of insurance against failures of brokerage houses. The failures of rather prominent brokerage houses have aroused widespread uneasiness among investors and speculators. The basic idea is that firms which are fully solvent may be caught in a jam in abnormal times, just as a building is exposed to fire through no fault of the owner.

If abnormal risks could be covered by insurance, in business as well as in fires, the public would be protected from losses through failures of banks and brokerage houses. In particular, the financial difficulties of such institutions may often be traced to a lack of public confidence that has no foundation in the affairs of the concerns involved. If the risks could be distributed over a large area business could be stabilized in the direction of investments and speculation. It is necessary to look such a proposal squarely in the face. If the effect of such insurance would be to make lax business safe it would be of public injury. Business men should not be insured against the results of incompetence, laxness or irregularities. The profit and responsibility of private business go together. It is the risk of losses that makes men careful—not the only thing, but an important factor.

Suppose we had a fixed price on wheat that took all risk from the grower. The result would be excessive planting of wheat. If we had a fixed price on petroleum the result would be unlimited wildcatting. Precisely in the same manner, if we had the risks of the stock market protected by insurance the result might be irrepressible and irresponsible speculation. In all these matters we would best cling to the system of private initiative. It will not be safe to have a pool carry the losses while the individual receives the profits. Risk and profit are parts of the same transaction. The desire of the individual to avoid losses is the natural protection of the public. There are doubtless undeserved failures of unfortunate business men. But by and large, failure in business is usually the result of failure to follow correct business principles. Insurance against this is hardly in the public interest.

Tracing the Parallel

CLEVER economists and ardent patriots, theorists, propagandists and agitators may proclaim what they believe to be the remedy for Europe's postwar woes—American intervention, American money, a strong League of Nations, no League of Nations at all, larger reparations, smaller reparations, cancellation of debts, universal levy on wealth, and so on. But the only real solution is—work. Europe must come back in the sweat of her brow, in the unceasing clang of the anvil and the hum of the reaper.

The Treaty of Versailles left Austria in dire straits. From end to end of that continent of shattered frontiers and broken hopes, Austria's case seemed the most hopeless. All that remained of the once mighty empire of the Hapsburgs was the head and a battered fragment of the trunk. Two new nations had been created from its body—Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. The southern Slav provinces had been merged, willy-nilly, with Serbia. Triest had gone to Italy. Access to the sea had been cut off. Vienna and a block of hinterland made up the new Austria; and Vienna, which had achieved its size and wealth as the banking, business and governmental center of the old empire, resembled nothing so much as Mohammed's coffin suspended in midair without any means of support. Austria, quite inevitably, starved in the first years of peace, and there was no economist bold enough to hold out much hope of her ultimate regeneration. Kronen looked just about as good as rubles.

Today confidence in Austria's future is being restored and she is being assisted with an international loan. American money to the extent of twenty-five million dollars has gone into it. In other words, one of the worst bets in the New Europe sweepstakes bids fair to come home a winner.

In a sense it is the desperation of Austria's position that bids fair to prove her salvation. Her people had nothing to hope for, so they lost no time in repining or whining. They indulged in no social experiments, and the Bolshevist had no more chance there than the monarchist. They cut off armament and army costs. The clamor of postwar hate found comparatively little echo there. And suddenly, so suddenly that it seemed almost like a miracle, it was discovered that Austria's position was not so hopeless after all. Earnestness and determination were among the assets that Austria laid before the world's bankers, but she was able as well to show first proofs of economic convalescence.

Trace the parallel between the nations which have stayed in their own back yards and those which have been sitting in the international poker game, where national happiness and ambitions are the stakes and the roof is off. Contrast the steady stabilization of Czecho-Slovakia with the emaciation of Turkey. Consider the position of the two cat's-paws of the powers, Poland and Greece; not to mention the all too obvious troubles of the chief protagonists themselves. The moral is plain for all to read. Complete absorption in production is the only chance at this time for national health and wealth. American loans would simply provide fresh stakes for international gambling No need to call in specialists. Plain living, high thinking and plenty of work are indicated.

A Minority Report

IT WAS demonstrated in one of our recent articles that minorities often win elections. Less than half the voters in the United States bestir themselves to go to the polls. Now it is true of the radical that he is an individual with a burning desire to see the panaceas he touts put into terms of law, and so he uses his franchise every time. It can be taken for granted, therefore, that it is the easy-going, conservative citizen who does not bother to cast a ballot. With less than half the solid vote registered and the lunatic fringe polling its full strength, radical candidates sometimes achieve a majority. This accounts for the presence in Washington today of a number of extremely noisy, though not exactly useful figures.

It is surprising how often we allow ourselves to be governed and dominated and shoved this way and that by scatterbrained minorities. Mass opinion generally is passive and as a race we are long-suffering; so it is often possible for determined groups to use us according to their will.

Consider the pass we have come to in literary criticism. Book reviewing has fallen pretty generally into the hands of the radicals and pseudo-intellectuals, who fill the columns of the solemn reviews and the book departments of the metropolitan newspapers with a steady flow of rather curious twaddle. The foundation of their faith seems to be that nothing fundamentally American can possibly be good. They prostrate themselves before every foreign shrine. They chatter excitedly over Scandinavian realists and Slav misanthropes. The only American author who can get a good word from them is the one who follows a foreign master. These young men are, to some extent at least, imposing their dull viewpoint on the country. Every town has its circle of "advanced thinkers," and these culture hounds follow the aniseed trail of the pseudo-intellectual. So far the pronouncements of the new school of critics have been amusing rather than dangerous, but we must not fall into the error of taking their stuff seriously.

BOOTLEGGING IN HUMANITY

By Ernest Greenwood

LEE WONG was troubled. The next day but one he must leave the little Virginia city where he had lived for many years, building a modest fortune, and journey to Washington to see the lawyer. The lawyer was an honest man. Lee Wong knew this, for had not many Chinese taken to him their troubles, and had not each and every one found him not only honest in his dealings but despising dishonesty? And Lee Wong by nature was also an honest man; honest in his dealings and despising dishonesty. Yet for twenty years he had lived a lie. True, it was a little lie, harming no one, and of such long standing that at times he almost forgot it. But now he must go to the honest lawyer who despised dishonesty and, with expressionless face, reiterate over and over again, by all his ancestors, that the lie which he had been living for twenty years was the truth. He must say it is so as many times as might be necessary. Therefore Lee Wong was troubled.

Many years before, the brother of Lee Wong had come to America. Lee Wong himself was an American-born Chinese, and he had been told no one would believe that an American-born Chinese and a Chinese alien could be blood brothers. Also, he had been told that there would be much trouble with the Government if the two brothers said they were brothers, and Lee Wong feared the Government, and respected it almost more than he respected his ancestors. So he had said to his brother: "The name you now have is no longer your name. You will change it, retaining only the clan name. Henceforth we are brothers by marriage, and the blood which flows through our veins differs even as that of the Buddha differs from the blood of false gods."

Lee Wong

AND now this lie which at the time had seemed so harmless, and which in the passing of the years had been almost forgotten, was returning to him even as the evil spirits return to those who dishonor their ancestors. For be it known that, some fifteen years before, Lee Wong had returned to China and married. A son had been born. But the Great Spirit which had given him a son had taken the mother; and Lee Wong, heartbroken, had returned to America, leaving his son, to whose coming he had looked forward with such great rejoicing, to the care of relatives. Within the past year a longing to see the boy had come over him, and instructions, with ample money, had been forwarded to the little village in China. In due time the boy arrived at San Francisco. There the little lie had suddenly grown into the most terrible thing in the life of Lee Wong. Therefore the next day but one he must journey to Washington to see the honest lawyer and he must take the lie with him. For the boy, upon being examined by the immigration authorities, had said that the brother-in-law of Lee Wong was his blood uncle. And there are so many attempts made to bring Chinese into the United States as the sons of native-born Chinese that the slightest discrepancy in statements made at these examinations will cause the alien to be detained and, unless it can be satisfactorily explained, will be sufficient in many cases to cause his deportation.

The lawyer was an astute lawyer. He knew that the two Chinese were blood brothers, but he wanted to make Lee Wong say so in order that he might be impressed with the futility of lying. So when, the next day but one, he came into his office he questioned him at great length. Lee Wong was insistent. The other Chinese was his brother by marriage only. His son had not been truthful, or else did not know. Also, the boy was his son. Did the great lawyer doubt that? If so, further talk was quite useless.

"Why then," asked the attorney, "do you have the same clan name? In China members of the same clan never intermarry."

Lee Wong dropped his head in his hands; then he looked at the lawyer between his fingers much as a little child when he has been caught in some sort of wrongdoing. Rising to his feet he said, "It is true. What I have said to you is all a lie. He is my blood brother."

After this the matter was comparatively simple. The lawyer went to the department and explained the circumstances in detail. The department also knew that he was an honest man. Orders were issued to release the boy and send him to his father. For all I know, they are now living together happily in the little Virginia city.

I have cited this incident, which is a true story, to illustrate a rule to which it seems to be an exception. In this case the boy actually was the son of Lee Wong, and under the law he had a perfect right to come into the United States, for his father was a native-born American. But experience has taught the immigration authorities to proceed on the theory that every Chinese youth entering the country as the son of a native-born Chinese is not necessarily a blood relation of the alleged father until it is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt; and this is exceedingly difficult, for strangely enough it is in the bona-fide cases where the most discrepancies occur.

Problems for the Authorities

THE practice of bringing young Chinese into the United States as the sons of native-born Chinese seems to be organized almost to a point of perfection. Every year numbers of prosperous Chinese-American citizens return to China. If they are not married they usually marry while in China. At least, they can produce all the proof of such a marriage that can be demanded. Invariably a child is born of this marriage, and also invariably this child is a son. Chinese on a visit to their home villages never have daughters. Children resulting from these periodical visits are always boys.

When the time comes for these young Chinese to come to the United States — or I should say, when apparently the time has come for these sons to join their fathers — the immigration authorities are advised by the father that his son from such and such a village, age so and so, is coming to the United States at such and such a time. The authorities start checking up. They find that the father did make a visit to China at the specified time, and if they go far enough they will find that he did visit such and such a village. Proof of his having been married while there is produced; even proof of the birth of a son to his alleged wife can be produced if necessary. The boy arrives, and he is letter-perfect. He knows every detail about his family back to his grandparents, and to expect more than that of any child would not be

(Continued on Page 50

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Mandy Lay

(With the Usual to Rudyard K.)

BY THE old Henhouse Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Plymouth Rock a-settin', an' I know she lays for me!
For the wind is in the plane trees, an' the pullets seem to say:
"Come you back, you poultry raiser; watch your prize hen Mandy lay!"

Watch your good old Mandy lay
In her nest upon the hay;
Can't you 'ear the roosters crowin', in a prideful sort o' way?
Let the fryin' squawkers play,
But old Mandy's bound to lay;
When the price goes up, by thunder, china eggs is bound to pay!

—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.

How Come?

WHENE'ER a bard of ancient times
Sang of some maiden fair and stately
He used to mourn the dearth of rimes
To sing her praises adequately.
He'd call upon the Muses nine
To add to his vocabulary;
But no such handicap is mine—
I own a riming dictionary.

Of yore an author used to cry
For aid divine and philanthropic
In finding words to fit the high
Importance of his special topic.
Should that be done at this late day
His readers would exclaim, "You boreus!"
And I don't need to, anyway;
I just consult my new thesaurus.

And yet somehow those men of old,
Despite the lack of aids mechanic,
Managed to get their lyrics sold;
Their luck was what I'd call Satanic.
For though my stock of rimes and words
Is large, while theirs was poor and stinted,
They rose to fame, those lucky birds,
While I can't get my poems printed!

—Baron Ireland.

The Hereditary Housecleaner

EACH springtime a spell overpowering
Relentlessly fastens on me.
I am seized by a passion for scouring
Whatever I happen to see;
By an urge atavistic I'm shaken
That beggars description in rime,
For it's now my gray foremothers waken
And decree it is housecleaning time.

Don't picture this pastime as my joy,
Such industry gives me a pain,
It's not I who must polish the highboy,
It's Melissa and Mary and Jane!
Could I follow my own sweet volition,
All drudgery gladly I'd shirk,
But you see I'm the slave of tradition—
My grandmas were gluttons for work.

I find myself fervently praying
To be freed from this ancestral taint,
But, alas, though I fain would be maying,
Instead I am scrubbing the paint.
Sans souci, sans gêne (if you get me)
I could watch it grow dingy with grime,
But those long-ago ladies won't let me—
They've decided it's housecleaning time!

—Maud Kennen Waddock.

Adam's Will

Recently Excavated

Eden—8th day.

WHEREAS, this place is beginning to get on my nerves and the animals outnumber me more-than-I-choose-to-think to one (Eve's no good; she's afraid of the mice);

And whereas if I'm not killed and don't get discouraged I'll die for lack of a smoke (Eve can't make cigars out of the tobacco plant);

Therefore, I have decided to make my last will and testament—also my first.

1. I hereby give and bequeath the garden to the things that are in it, hoping they'll stay as near the south end as they can, for I'll have to be buried on the north, and the hyena howls fit to wake the dead.

2. I give Eve the rib—there doesn't seem to be any way of getting it back now, and I don't miss it much any more.

3. I give and bequeath this menagerie to anyone who will take it away, and no questions asked. I'd trade the whole zoo to see one good ball game.

4. My art treasures are reserved for the American millionaires; I don't care if I do have to wait fifty centuries for the money. Americans are good pay, and that sunset last night was too good to let go at a sacrifice.

5. The apple tree in the center of the garden must be left there. There is something suspicious about that tree. I've a notion it ought to be sprayed.

Any other shrubbery may be taken at will by any suburbanite with a first and second mortgage.

6. To all my descendants not yet named I bequeath the names of Smith and Jones. I think those are perfectly lovely. I thought them out yesterday, all by myself, and it only took me four hours.

I can't think of another thing to will anybody.

So I guess that's all.

Witnesses: One giraffe, six monkeys, a tiger, a cat with three kittens, two dogs, a donkey, a lion—no, he's looking away—a hippopotamus—I thought of his name too. Didn't think I could do it, did you?—and four sheep.

(Signed) ADAM

—Alma Sickler.

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Mrs. Newbride—"This Reminds Me, Dear—We Must Have a Shower Installed in the Bathroom!"

The Old Story

HEY, diddle, diddle,
Love is a riddle.
A man vowed he'd never be wed,
But a little girl laughed
To see the Sport,
And his heart ran away with his head!

Carolyn Wells.

Do You Remember, Dearest?

DO YOU remember, dearest, the days we used to roam
About the summer meadows, hand in hand?
The birds sang sweetly o'er us, the crickets joined the chorus,
Even the livestock seemed to understand.
Do you remember, dearest, the words I made you say
When first I dared to call you little pal?
You promised you would ne'er forget that blue-and-golden day
In Syracuse, beside the barge canal.

Do you remember, dearest, the ancient cider mill
Whose wheel turned still as in the days of yore?
And we filled a china pitcher with a drink, I swear, was richer
Than the sweetest draught I'd ever known before.
Oft have I seen expensive wine at dinner parties flow,
But naught has ever been so sweet to me
As the jug we drained together in the days of long ago
Where the barge canal goes dreaming to the sea.

Alas, the ghosts of Memory grow dimmer day by day!
We summon up the past; it answers not.
Though I'll ne'er forget the spider that was pressed out with the cider,
I can't remember how we reached the spot.
Do you remember, dearest, how we found that cider press,
And had it any name that you recall?
If you remember, dearest, will you send me the address?
I'd like to buy a barrel in the fall.

Morris Bishop.

The Ten Worst Authors

THE latest indoor sport is making lists. As soon as a person achieves a reputation, whether it be as a novelist, a pugilist or a murderer, he is at once besieged by a flock of interviewers who wish to know the names of his ten favorite authors, his ten favorite books, his ten favorite wives, or even his ten favorite months.

"Dear old Dostoieffsky," the author of the sixth worst seller murmurs to the interviewer, as he surreptitiously sneaks the copy of Sloppy Stories that he's reading, under the table. "Dear old Dostoieffsky. We all must acknowledge him as our master. He's so tense. So—so introspective." And then he goes on to name nine other fellows whom he has never read; and the interviewer has never read them either, so it is a perfectly safe game.

But who are the ten worst authors? I make no apologies for my list. In fact, some of the authors I have included write fairly well.

Timothy Marlowe heads my list. Tim, as he likes to be called, is one of those whimsical birds. You probably read his fantastic little novel, O Rare Ben Jonson, that came out a few years ago. More than five hundred copies were sold. "A sly, whimsical fantasy" is what one of the critics said of it. And sure enough, it was. In fact, the book was so darned sly and whimsical and fantastic that I felt a strong impulse to express my critical appreciation of it by administering a swift kick to the author.

Tim is an inveterate pipe smoker. He has a large collection of pipes and he has given names to all of them "But my favorite," he tells you in that inexpressibly droll way of his, "is old Boswell here." And with a whimsical smile he gives his battered black brier an affectionate pat.

Naming things is one of Tim's weaknesses. He calls his automobile Good Queen Bess. This is one of his happiest conceits. "Queen Bess," he explains—"Elizabeth—Lizzie. Don't you get it?" No wonder his public, which is the name he has for the fellows who bought his book, just loves him. Tim is far too literary to call his children the kiddies, but you know that he would if he dared.

A close second to Timothy Marlowe is Richard K. Hetherington, the he-man poet. No nicknames or pet names for Richard K. His masterpieces just reek with gore and profanity, and he has the great outdoors patented and

Continued on Page 122

Just lift it to your lips!

And you will be tasting the most famous soup in the world! And your taste will tell you why! Just to see a steaming cup of Campbell's Tomato Soup is to stir your appetite. The fragrance of it is a further challenge. But the *tasting* of it! How delicious it is! How tonic and stimulating—how nourishing! For *this* is a tomato soup which is pure tomato—just the juices and fruit "meat" strained to a rich, smooth puree, blended with fine country butter and delicate seasoning. So refreshing, so tempting in flavor that you want it again and again—and have it!

Cream of Tomato

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich Cream of Tomato.

A old da
I at eat m th
So good
And be happ

21 kinds
12 cents a can

INSTINCT OR REASON

My Experiences in the Jungle

Suddenly, There Was the Yellow-Eyed, Fiendish-Looking Creature in the Path in Front of Me

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

WITH Master Stripes, the regal tiger, and his lesser compatriots, panthers, I never had much luck; in fact the joke was generally on me. In India, hunting—shikar—is a solemn business, to be undertaken with proper accessories and when one has time. Also, one must be rather sure of one's nerve under terrifically trying conditions. Some of these things I was sure I hadn't, such as elephants, beaters, money to pay for them, and time—and about the nerve I was not sure; not sure enough, at least, to go looking for the terrific chance.

The tigers that came my way drifted in, happened. There was the one at Kyouk Phyou. I was stopping for a few days in the dak bungalow—what is called a pucka bungalow; that is, one built of bricks and cement and set squarely on the earth like a monument. Through the night I awoke in a startled way—something evil was hovering. Even as I crept mentally out of the sleep stupor I was conscious of a movement, of something alive that moved. I fancied that a rasping noise had carried to my ear.

Kyouk Phyou had been an old penal settlement, a place of exile for criminals of proficiency from India. The man who brought the milk was a lifer—a murderer; the cook was one who had taken lives, perhaps under circumstances that did not actually justify the sircar in having the man's neck stretched. Outside of this, down in the bazaar, the native Burmans were nearly all opium wallahs. Because of all this, a sahib slept in Kyouk Phyou on a hair trigger; and, now awake, I was full of suspicion. Strange as it may seem, with an atmosphere such as I describe, one didn't sleep with a pistol under his pillow. In fact the pistol might be lying in any one of the sahib's packages. I suppose it's the feeling of leaving all the devilish worry to King Chance.

A Visitor With Whiskers

THEN suddenly I had it. The thing of dread was at the window—an open window, of course, just along the wall from the head of my bed. Keyed up, a man's mind walks with many-leagued boots—goes fast; and I screened the play on the dark of the room. The Burmese robbers always worked in pairs. One would enter a room and proceed to rifle pockets, the tin dispatch box—in fact he generally knew just where the money was kept, through the servants—while his comrade would stand flat against the wall, his dah in hand, ready when the sahib sprang from the bed and grappled with the robber to slash the sahib in the back of the neck with his heavy sword.

I struck a match, satisfied that as yet there was nobody in the room, and lighted the little glass-chimneyed oil lamp on the stand at the head of my bed. Even as I searched the room with my eyes by the light of the flickering match, I caught the glint of eyes at the window—and whiskers. It would be one of the big tall Sikh lifers, for the Burmese went whiskerless.

When I sprang to the window I fancied that I saw the peeper melt into the deeper gloom of a big casarina tree's shadow.

I couldn't close the window. I'd smother, for we did not keep the punkahs going in Kyouk Phyou. I reasoned that, having wakened me, the robber would not come back, fearing a shot; so I left it to chance and slept.

In the morning, dressed, I went around to the window to see what sort of a spoor the supposed robber had left. There were his footprints, all right—the pugs of a huge tiger that had stood on his hind legs with his forepaws on the window sill to look into the room, having no doubt caught the scent of something alive—the easiest kind of game for killing, a man.

Probably because of my bed being against the same wall he had not been able quickly to arrange his plans, and his claws clicking along on the window sill as he craned his neck had wakened me.

It was strange, and yet not unprecedented, for a tiger to prowl into a town; and the cantonment where the sahibs homed was a rural sort of thing, much space between the bungalows, and a wilderness of casarina, tamarind, mango and papai trees.

Pard, as he is called in India, and also the Artful Dodger, is approximately as close to the devil as anything that moves and has its being. He's a bloodthirsty cuss. In certain sections, on account of their ravages, different cats of this breed have acquired special names. Up in Central India one was called the Dweller on the Hearth, because any village he started at he hunted every night; something—a goat, a dog, a child, an old woman, a man. A man unarmed had no more chance against him than a baby. The appetite of one of these brutes, the ability to assimilate food, is terrible. The Dweller on the Hearth would carry off a half-grown girl, and in the morning they would find in some nullah nothing but the hands. Rather strange, that; neither a leopard nor a tiger will eat the hands of a human being. I don't mean to say that they never will; but I don't know of a case in which they did. As to storage capacity, a tiger will eat both hind quarters of a bullock in a single night. Then he will have a luxurious roll in a bed of sand, if he can find one, a drink at a pool, and go off to a jungle nullah to sleep all day, and perhaps return at night to finish up the bullock.

The tiger always starts at the hind quarters; the leopard generally disembowels his kill and eats first the viscera. He revels in the blood, I fancy.

Pardus is far more quarrelsome than the tiger—far more dangerous; that is, though not so powerful, more apt to attack. He is nasty.

We had a bungalow at a place called the Salt Godowns. At this spot, when Kyouk Phyou was a penal settlement, the prisoners evaporated salt water to obtain the salt. It was here that we used to take a log dugout for the seven miles of waterway on the road to Mynbin.

One night Creamer and myself were waiting for the turn of the tide to go up the salt creek on its flood. This would occur about midnight. We were asleep, lying on the floor, when we were wakened by turmoil. Something—something was racing round and round the bungalow. There was the clatter, clackety-clack of a wooden bell such as the cattle of the natives wore hung to their necks.

Rushing out to the veranda, we saw a young bullock galloping around, keeping within the circle of the lights; and out beyond, like a shadow, raced something; and we could hear the wugh-wugh—the sucking intake of his breath. We grabbed a couple of weapons—a shotgun and an army revolver—and ran out, believing that either a tiger or a leopard was after the hela and that only fear of the light had kept him from pulling down the animal. Excited, we followed the bullock, which on our appearance had headed down into a flat—why, I don't know. Down there we lost touch, and suddenly it occurred to me how foolish we were, for with a shotgun and a pistol we would only have shifted the animus of the leopard from the hela to ourselves.

Lah Boh's Mysterious Methods

CREAMER agreed with this conclusion, and we went back to the bungalow. There Creamer, visionary Irishman, declared that he was going to stay and get that leopard or tiger. I was agreeable, because in that terrible land of desolation we had little except toil to interest us.

Next day the tracks showed that a large leopard had been shikaring the bullock; and Lah Boh said that if we would pay for a bullock for a bait he would promise that we could bag the chita, as the leopard was called by the Burmese; though he wasn't a chita at all, being a much sturdier beast. In fact there are two kinds of leopards besides the chita—the grass leopard, which, though he can climb a tree, seldom does so, and haunts herds and villages; and the tree leopard, shorter of limb, which confines his operations more to the jungle and the wild jungle dwellers.

We gave Lah Boh the price of a bullock, which was to be tied up that night. I had expected that we would occupy a machan near the bait; but Lah Boh, when I asked about this in the evening, said that we'd surely bag the leopard in the morning if we kept away from the tied bullock. It was somewhat mysterious; but he was running the thing, and we were perfectly green in a matter of shikar, so we had a night's sleep; and in the morning—it was scarce daybreak—we were awakened by the Burman with the information that the leopard was waiting to be shot.

We followed Lah Boh, who was armed solely with a dah, into the jungle; and even before we could see either Pardus or the hela, we could hear them.

Pardus was in a bad humor. His hoarse, snarling wau-a-g-gh, wau-a-g-gh was bloodcurdling. I think the grating roar of a leopard is the most dreadful sound on earth. I wondered at Lah Boh's lack of discretion, his lack of caution, for he kept steadily on; and not to be outdone by a Burman, we followed. And such a sight as we came upon!

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Sunbrite cleanses with *"double action!"*

It sweetens and purifies in addition to its regular work of cleaning and scouring

Wherever food is kept, there the housekeeper must be on constant guard. For food odors and flavors spread easily and becoming stale, contaminate whatever else is near.

Your kitchen cabinet, your cupboards and pantry, require scrupulous cleanliness. They may be spotless and stainless and still you detect unpleasant odors. They need a special kind of cleansing to destroy every trace of food odor and flavor.

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Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Cupboards, pantries and kitchen cabinets require scrupulous cleanliness to guard against food odors. They need a special kind of cleansing to keep them sweet and odorless as well as spotless

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

Double action *yet costs less*

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A little amphitheater had been made in the jungle by the contortions of the leopard and the bullock. The leopard was sometimes on two legs and sometimes on three. A strong green-skinned bamboo had been bent down and fastened, with a noose attached to it. On this noose was a hollow bamboo so big that it simply rolled around when the leopard tried to bite it. There he was, the snare about a foreleg, the other end of it attached to the springy bamboo; and on the rope the loose length of bamboo that crowded down to his wrist, a tantalizing thing that spun round and round at the attacks from his fangs. The bullock stood, the rope taut that tethered him by the horns, his legs propped and his eyes large with horror.

At our approach the leopard tried to crouch to meet an attack, but the springy bamboo would have none of that. It was like a lancewood rod with a six-pound trout swaying at the end of a line. Only by a strong muscular resistance could the animal keep even three feet on the ground, and hours of this hopeless fight had taken some of his vitality.

The system of the snaring was based on making use of the animal's caution to snare him, a game of wits. A leopard is the most suspicious creature on earth, and always suspects that there is something wrong when a bullock or goat is fastened so that he cannot escape. Therefore Pardus circles round and round the tied one, making his circle gradually smaller; taking the wind from every quarter to detect danger; even lying down, almost invisible, now and then, no doubt reasoning that if there is an enemy about—man—he will think Pardus has gone and will then show himself. That, of course, is why the leopard can hardly miss the snare with the cautious outthrust of a paw.

Of course, it was not sporting to shoot a leopard that hadn't a chance; but to Lah Boh the whole thing meant nothing but the destruction of a jungle slayer. I tossed a coin with Creamer for the kill and the skin. Creamer won.

The Leopard in the Stable

I WAS for a year with the Maharaja of Vizianagram, and one morning as I rode my gray Turcoman from the cantonments toward his palace I saw an excited group of natives in front of a small mud hut. It was about a leopard, the natives told me, that had jumped on the thatched roof of the little building in the night, and was now within. It was a stable with nothing but a woven bamboo thing as door; but, strangely, the leopard had not tried to break it down.

We could hear the angry snarl of the leopard and catch glimpses of his yellow hide as he prowled back and forth.

Then one of the maharaja's sepoys, a tall, dark, black-whiskered chap, came on the quickstep, his rifle, bayonet and all, swinging at the carry. Within a minute he had arranged everything. He planted himself firmly as if he were to receive a charge, his bayonet advanced in front of the bamboo door, and said to a brother soldier: "Look you here, Pertab! With one movement swing that thing of bamboo to your side and I will receive the bagh on my bayonet."

The natives, hearing this order, modestly retired. I turned the gray Turcoman and went back a little distance. Then the thing was done. It was so simple; much like clockwork. The door was snatched to one side. With an angry "Waugh!" the leopard sprang out, his fangs bared in a ferocious snarl, and the bayonet of the sepoy's gun, held true and steady, was sunk its full length in the leopard's chest. The sepoy was brought to his knees by the weight of the thrusting body, but he never wavered.

The maharaja was a great sportsman himself—a superb polo player; a tall, handsome, light-skinned Rajput; a patrician; a wonderful Shaksperean scholar. It seemed impossible to quote anything from Shakspere that the maharaja could not place. He was a good French scholar, and was possessed of a library of twenty thousand volumes; kept an Englishman as joint secretary and librarian—a fussy old gentleman who always carried a green umbrella.

But the maharaja had a large collection of the chaps I am writing about—animals; a fairly good zoo. The big cats, Stripes, and the rosetted ones, leopards, had been trapped quite nicely. A tunnel was dug, reenforced on top with timber, a goat tied inside, and by trickery arranged so that when the tiger or leopard fondled the goat a trapdoor shut him in.

On the next day a cage was deposited beside the tunnel, a hole was made in the top of the tunnel, that communicated with the cage door; and when the killer emerged, lo, he was in a strong cage that, lifted to a cart, carried him to his future home.

I came quite close to having a thigh slit to the bone from one of the maharaja's pets one morning. The gate that gave passage from the broad maidan to the palace grounds including the zoo and a magnificent rose garden was located at the end of a row of heavy iron-barred cages. These cages held the tigers and leopards. As I rode through this gate, returning from my morning ride, I pulled my mount a little too close to the left; and immediately, like the thrust of a snake's head, a big yellow paw, with its lancelike claws spread, drove at my leg. It just missed, but slit the pigskin flap of the saddle.

Afterward I watched this same wily devil try this trick. When he heard somebody coming through the gate he would stand up on his hind legs against the end wall of his cage, his left foreleg held ready to thrust between the bars in the hope of catching something

Vizianagram was a beautiful town located quite twenty miles from any jungle, and approaching it from the large cantonment in which was quartered a British regiment, a turquoise lake gleamed with its holding of reflection like an Italian water. A bridge of fairylike marble spans crossed the big blue jewel, and the rajah's palace, peeping from above the massive ramparts of the wall of defense, lived again in the water as if a big pearl floated on the lake.

Out in the cantonments there was a half-mile race track railed in by an aloe hedge—a devilish frieze that is exactly like so many swords firmly fastened by the hilt in the ground. I ought to know, for I have three white scars, long slits, on a knee and two on a shoulder that I came by when my Turcoman bolted in a race. When he hit that aloe hedge he volplaned and landed on the pommel of the saddle, out of bounds. In his right shoulder was a grid that suggested somebody had been trying to carve a swastika on him.

Owning a race track, some cavalry, and stables in which two or three thousand syces and grass cutters labored, there was a steady demand for horses. The maharaja had an ex-sergeant of British cavalry as master of the stables. I remember his name was Gill—quite English, that. The country-bred horses, especially down Madras way, haven't got much on the old three-toed equine, and Arabs are light in the bone and heavy to the purse; so the maharaja chartered a steamer and sent it to Australia, with Gill as buyer, and the steamer brought back three hundred thoroughbreds—a nice lot.

Of course, all this must necessarily lead up to leopards; at least it helps in the way of atmosphere.

The maharaja's Christmas hunt, given in race week, was famed far and wide. It wasn't a bit like the glorious sport in Canada, where men with high-powered rifles take out hounds and run frightened deer to their death. Perhaps chivalry, even in the hunt, is kind of an old thing. This is the way the maharaja did it:

The hunted was a leopard, and always the most vicious one in Vizianagram's zoo; and he went without food for three days. This was not so much to make him bloodthirsty as to give him speed and endurance. Guns were barred; the kill must be made with a hog spear, the hunters mounted. A royal game, I should say. It was, for when I was at Vizianagram the tally of sahibs killed in past hunts was either three or four.

The Maharaja's Christmas Hunt

ON CHRISTMAS DAY a cart with a strong cage on it was backed up to the little door in the rear of a leopard's den and he was prodded out of his cement-and-iron home; then he was carted out to the broad, red-earthed plain and the cage lifted to the ground. The huntsmen assembled on horses, carrying spears just as if they were riding to pig

The leopard had a champion in sport in the shape of the maharaja, who, though he itched to be in the game, sat in a howdah on a royal elephant to give the signal for the start. It was a handicap of distance rather than a time limit, and in the hunt I witnessed the leopard kept us waiting.

Fifty yards back of the cage we were lined up, the maharaja mounted on an elephant simply as a spectator, for, good sport as he was, the honor of the kill was left for some one of his guests. At a word the native who had been holding a long line attached to the trapdoor pulled it, and the leopard crept out. It was rather an unusual prize this time, for it was a black leopard; the black leopards, strangely enough, being the fiercest of their kind. Instead of bolting, the leopard turned, crouching low, and surveyed his enemies. Beyond him the flat earth, a curious red color, with little vegetation, stretched away for miles toward a blue-penciled line that was the hills. Perhaps the leopard realized how far were the hills, jungle covered, from which he had been brought, for he seemed to be seeking for cover, turning his head this way and that as if pondering the situation.

A command was issued, and the native attendants threw stones; the leopard slunk away a few yards to where there were a few attenuated bushes.

But these he soon realized were no protection. One could see in his eyes, his whole demeanor, that he was debating whether to run for it or to charge. A tiger or a leopard cornered, like a rat, will always

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The Man-Eater Had Taken Up His Abode in a Large Patch of Scrub Near the Village

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

What constant and undeviating preference women have shown for the Cadillac.

Years ago, when the first V-type, 90 degree eight-cylinder model was introduced, they accorded it high favor.

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Today, because of long use and long satisfaction, this preference is more firmly fixed than ever in women's minds.

It causes them to think of the Cadillac first when fine cars are mentioned.

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It is the *Cadillac*—and the very emphasis they give to the name is evidence that to them it represents the utmost in automotive beauty, comfort and dependability.

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

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charge. But the stones, a shower of them, were swaying arguments, and he broke ground, going off in a series of graceful, powerful leaps. Perhaps he was two hundred yards away, when, at a toot from a hunting horn, the spearmen loosed their reins and drove spurs into the flanks of their mounts.

The plain was as level as a billiard table, and its red, gravelly soil almost as hard; so the time was good. Most of the chaps, the officers, were mounted on polo and racing ponies—gee-gees that knew as much about this sort of thing as their masters, and took as much enjoyment out of it; so I was soon down the course. My Turcoman was a big horse, high in flesh; besides, I didn't know much about spearing leopards; all I wanted was a good view of the thing.

Every game has its little quirks, and driving a spear into a leopard is a different thing from landing it on a boar. A boar is as hard as nails; he's built like a shad a matter of bones and a tough, hard skin; but the leopard's body is soft, and a spear will go through him as through butter. And Captain Bain-Roberts, the man first home, was a bit too far back with his thrust; and the spear, going through the fleshy stomach of the leopard, continued on into the matrix of sand and gravel, and by some unaccountable means brought Bain-Roberts a cropper. As he catapulted onto his back the leopard took a reach for his shoulder with a paw, and the talons ripped through flesh, tendon and everything. Of course, if Bain-Roberts had been alone it would have been good night; but a dozen spears nailed the leopard, and that was that.

Of course, if the captain's spear hadn't more or less pinned the leopard to earth, and he could have got one snap at the captain's throat with his terrible jaws, the soldier's neck would have been broken.

A New York magazine offers prizes for the close call, but I'm going to tell a couple of mine herein.

A Leopard Hunt

I was a passenger on a B. I. steamer from Calcutta to Akyab; and I played whist with Fuller, who owned a tea plantation in Chittagong, and a Hugli River pilot, Collingwood. Collingwood was young, and he wanted to play both ends of the day against the middle; wanted something doing all the time. Being always on the water, as he was carried by the steamer he brought down the Hugli to wait for the up steamer at Chittagong, he naturally wanted shikar and the jungle. Everybody who goes to India wants to go out and knock the tar out of a tiger.

Fuller—Old Man Fuller, we called him—confided that he had an arsenal of guns, and that, particularly lately, a leopard had been giving trouble. He came down into the tea garden from the jungle, chiefly after pig; but he had mauled one or two coolies. Now the steamer would lie up at Chittagong from the time it arrived, about noon, until the next morning; so Collingwood persuaded me to go ashore and help him kill the leopard.

Then the thing went on this way: We were driven up to Fuller's tea gardens, not far from Chittagong town, had some glorious tea, fresh grown, hand picked, and all that sort of thing, and about five o'clock the shikar was on. There had been kubber—news—that the leopard came every evening at dusk to a water hole in Fuller's garden, where wild pig, barking deer and different things came to drink. Fuller had spoken the truth when he remarked that he had several guns. A rack in the gunroom was like a stand of soldiers' rifles. All sorts of guns; the double-barrel .450 smoothbore; a cordite .303; a "Mannlicher," a .500 express; an eight-bore elephant gun; ten and twelve bore shotguns—Greener's make, these; there were other guns. This was all rather curious, for Old Man Fuller was a portly individual whose only excitement was, so far as I could see, the taking of snuff. He had a long, heavy gray beard, and the snuff had bronzed a trail to its tip.

Fuller had a very good shikari, who lived in a little hut somewhere in the gardens, and when Collingwood and I had selected a gun each—I think I chose the smoothbore because of its great stopping power, thinking more of not getting mauled than the precise placing of a bullet behind the shoulder of the leopard—Fuller gave a gun to a bearer, telling him to take us down to the shikari's hut, tell the shikari what was wanted and give him the gun. Then we started, Collingwood as optimistic as his red hair would indicate. We picked up the shikari; but not before we had traversed quite a little bit of scrub jungle. Then we proceeded toward the pool.

It was quite a walk, because the surface was a series of hills and nullahs. As we swung onto a narrow footpath through some very thick scrub the shikari, who was behind me—I happened to be in front—said it was not far to the pool; that the path had been worn by animals trekking to the drinking place. I slipped a couple of round-ball cartridges into my double-barrel gun and moved on. I forgot to say that Fuller had supplied Collingwood and myself with cotton-soled shikar boots—they are made in the Lucknow jail—and so our movements were practically noiseless—as noiseless as those of the shikari, who was in his bare feet. I wasn't elated over the idea of being in front, though, of course, we expected to cache ourselves in the jungle about the pool and wait for the approach of Spots.

But suddenly, there was the yellow-eyed, fiendish-looking creature in the path in front of me. He was not more than thirty feet away. I hadn't time to get scared, because there was the roar of a gun that almost split my eardrums and the zing-g-g-g of a bullet just shaving my head. The leopard vanished. Turning in astonishment, for no shikari would think of taking the shot away from a sahib, I saw a physical wreck. The shikari was trembling, the gun dancing a jig in his wabbly hands.

It took time to come by the explanation. It seemed that the bearer, a cowardly chap, had put a ball cartridge into the rifle intended for the shikari as we came through the bits of jungle, afraid that the leopard might spring out on us. The shikari, knowing that the rule was that guns should only be loaded as one approached the scene of action, had started to shove a cartridge in when the leopard appeared, and by mischance pulled the hammer on the one already in. As he was within three feet of me, directly behind, my escape was miraculous.

Of course the hunt was off; the leopard had disappeared.

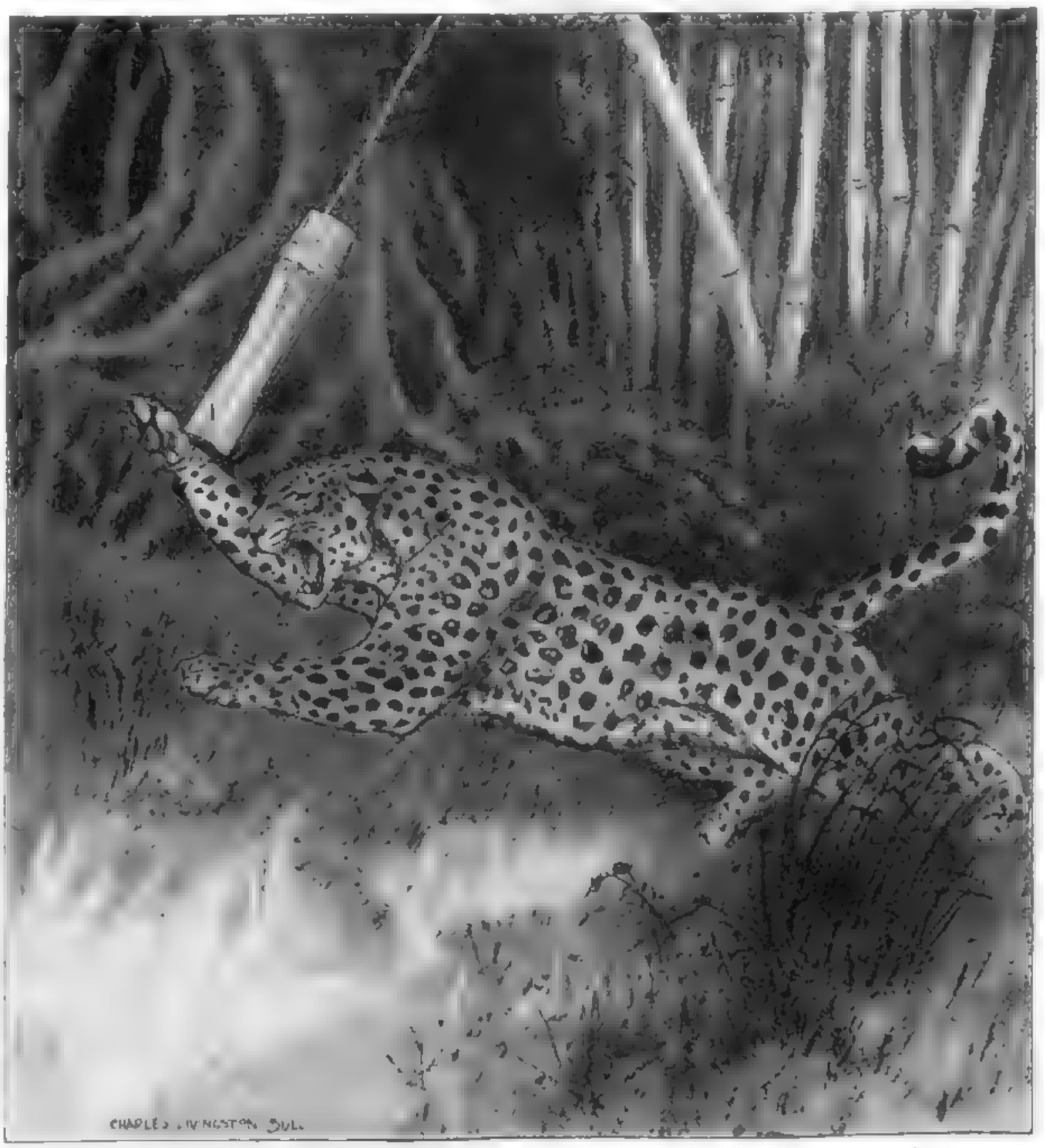
I have related elsewhere that our bungalow on Borango Island was built atop posts that were sunk in the sands of the seashore, and that some hundred yards or so away commenced the jungle that ran up over a range of hills. Sometimes at night we would hear up on these hills the hoarse barking call of a leopard or the deeper roar of a tiger. I know of no sound, especially at night, more nerve-disconcerting than the leopard call. It's the moan of a cat intensified a thousand times.

One night we heard a barking deer up on the hill, and I said, "That chap is coming down to lick the salt off the rocks. I think I can get him."

Just then we were pretty well out of ammunition. All we had was some cartridges fitting a Henry rifle, but holding bullets cast in a mold belonging to an old muzzle-loader. The latter was one of the old Enfield rifles called Tower rifles. Where this one had come from I can't remember now. Of course, this was a most inadequate weapon; but if I could manage to hold the muzzle of it against the ribs of the little barking deer I possibly could come by some venison. So I started.

It was a bright moonlight night, and I walked down along the cart road we had built past our godown and took up my position on a log that was immediately between the seashore and where the deer was barking up on the hill. I sat there for quite a time; in fact, I have an idea that I got rather sleepy. Suddenly, however, I became aware of some animal form coming along the road. In the moonlight it appeared to be very like a sheep. Of course, there were no sheep on the island; and it couldn't be the deer, for his little coughing bark was still to be heard. The thing was walking quite leisurely—seemed to be in no hurry.

I was more curious than alarmed, for tigers were rather rare birds on Borango—we hardly ever saw one. Perhaps that is why I remained longer on the log than I should have.



There He Was, the Snare About a Foreleg, the Other End of It Attached to the Springy Bamboo

Disconcerting

Presently the thing that walked in the moonlight stopped and raised its head. Well, friends, when I realized that it was a tiger I was, so to speak, disconcerted. My rifle, with an ill-fitting bullet, would be about as useful as a codfish ball thrown. I often wonder if it's an extra acute sense of fear that makes one act with extreme diplomacy in the presence of danger. I wonder, because at least a dozen times I have got out of a tight corner by doing the right thing; and I know perfectly well that I haven't got that blunt-headed courage that causes a man to do heroic things. I think if I had been flustered, and had taken to my heels or blazed away at the tiger, I'd have been dished. The trouble was that from where I was sitting I had to come down to the roadway to get back to the bungalow, and the tiger was on the road, not very far from where I would strike it. Some fix!

However, the thing to do was to make a good bluff that I was not afraid. I also had it in my mind that he was after the deer, and had come along there, just as I had, to intercept the little chap.

Holding the rifle with a cocked trigger ready, I walked quite slowly down to the road and, turning onto it, walked backward toward the bungalow—also slowly.

The tiger stood in the middle of the cart road as if puzzled by all this. He didn't crouch—he didn't seem to understand. He was perhaps thirty yards from where I turned onto the road. I lost sight of him when I made the first turn, which was a sweep of the road around the godown, and I never saw him again.

The thrilling part of the following narrative would be the shipwreck and my terrible struggle with the waters of Bengal Bay; but I'll eliminate a great deal of this, for these reminiscences have to do with animals.

In Burma the wind blows from the northeast for months, and it shifts to the southwest for what is called the southwest monsoon, with a rainfall that runs into some two hundred inches in three or four months; and when this change in the winds takes place it is the breeding time for cyclones.

I was on Borango Island, and was going to journey to Kyouk Phyou in an American whaleboat we owned. Kyouk Phyou is forty miles away; and first I'd have a straight sail across Hunter's Bay, which

Continued on Page 40

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The Improved
CHALMERS SIX

(Continued from Page 38)

opens into Bengal Bay, a distance of twelve miles, and from that on work through the inner passages of water, for the whole coast is bordered by an archipelago.

The night before I was to start a half-grown cyclone struck our island, and next day Creamer said to me, "I wouldn't make that trip in that boat today for all the rubies the King of Burma's got. It's blowed like that twice now; and oh, boy, the daddy wind will howl tonight! If you don't get across the bay before sundown—well, I'm goin' to say good-by to you before you start, anyway."

We got away about two o'clock—there was quite a delay in finding our Chinaman carpenter who was to go with me. I was angry at the time, and told him it would serve him right if he got drowned.

We were hauled close in to the wind, running almost due southeast; and as the waters were blue, reflecting like a mirror the golden sun, our sail across the bay was joyous. The boatmen felt it thus, for they were free of the toiling oar and they broke into chanteys.

Suddenly as the boat's prow spanked a yeasted wave a small fish spatted over the rail and quivered in the bottom. A boatman sprang for it and thrust it over the side. Then followed gloom—heavy faces and low-muttered words. There was no song; it had died out. When I asked Emir Ali why the men did not sing he answered as one uttering a certain truth, "*Dub jana, sahib*"—we were doomed to sink.

About six o'clock, and over a mile from the rocky jungled shore, our boat made its last struggle to keep afloat. I had furled the sails at the first shriek from the cyclone and the men had taken to the oars; but they were like puppets fighting a devil of the sea. My serang, Emir Ali, was steering. I took the rudder handle from him and screamed into his ear to go forward and put up a jib for some steerage way, for we were wallowing in the trough of the waves. By now all the natives, Madras and Chittagong boatmen, were down in the bottom of the boat, praying, calling on the gods for protection.

As soon as Emir Ali shot up the jib it was blown into ribbons. He came back to me—I think there was a smile showing his beautiful white teeth as he said, "Sahib, we are in the hands of Allah now. I'll watch for you when we go down."

'Twixt the Sharks and the Sea

Then the boat was driven sidewise with terrific force, and though Emir and I stood on the other rail, the water came over and she subsided as gently as if it were something going to sleep. There were two masts, and they were the last parts showing above water, at an angle of forty-five degrees. We all swarmed out on these like rats crowding a brick in a tub of water. Of course, the masts just traveled downward and left us—about a dozen, I think—battling the waves. I had taken my shoes off in the boat, and now I unbuttoned my trousers and kicked them off while I was treading water. I was then traveling light, having on nothing but a cotton shirt and a pair of socks.

Curiously, all this time I had no sense of fear; events perhaps were crowding too fast; and something within—or above—must have been admonishing me to keep cool and I'd get out of the hole. The stories of one's past life crowding at such a time did not prove true. There was a curious thought in my mind over how long it would be before my people in America would know I had been drowned. There was no communication between Kyouk Phyou and Borango, so Creamer would not know for a long time that I had not arrived at my destination; and as nobody in Kyouk Phyou knew I was coming, no one there would know that I had left Borango. The only one of the party I could see was the Chinaman. He had got hold of something that floated, and his queue was standing straight out in the wind like a pointer's tail.

Presently a pair of oars struck me in the shoulder. I found that they were kept together by a long line that had been wound around them, no doubt to hold them in place on the thwarts. As the gale was blowing dead on-shore, a mile away, I now felt that if I did not tire myself so that I would lose my grip of the oars I could make it.

Night came on very rapidly, black as ink; but I could make out the range of hills against the sky when the sharp lightning lit up the heavens. As the danger of being drowned passed a new dread suddenly popped into my mind—the waters of that coast were alive with sharks, bad sharks. At Kyouk Phyou there were three or four little tombstones beneath which lay, apocryphally, sahibs who had been killed by sharks as they either bathed or had been capsized out of sailboats. I'll admit that I was afraid now; every kick I expected to feel the rasping teeth on my legs. Finally, when thus swimming behind my oars, my legs touched the mud bottom. I think I gave a yell of agony.

Now the explanation of why I wasn't gobbled by the sharks was—as I learned later from Emir Ali—that the waters along that opening to the big inner passage were shallow, owing to silt, and that the cyclone had made them so rough that the sharks, instinctively dreading being cast up where they couldn't swim, had all gone out to deep water. He said they always did that in a storm. That's that for the sharks. Now I am coming to the tiger.

As I was being drifted onto the shore I saw, off to the right, a bright fire. I thought it was a village at that point. I also had a belief that I was the only one saved from the boat. When I came to the shore line, after a journey through mud up to my knees, I found it was one continuous oyster reef; and having no boots on, the going was terrible. I commenced to call, hoping that someone toward the village might hear me, and crept along as best I could.

The Devil's Lamp

Someone answered, asking in Hindustani who was the one that called. Finally we came close enough to each other so that voices were recognizable. There was a glad cry from the other, the splashing rush of a body, and next instant Emir Ali's strong arms were about me, and he was crying like a baby, crying for joy.

He kept saying, "To think, sahib, that you, who are not like the rest of us, half the time swimming, were saved! God must be very pleased with the sahib."

I asked about the light, the village.

"There is no village, sahib," Emir replied; "nobody lives on this side of this big island; the light you see is Sheitan's batti"—the devil's lamp.

But with me Emir Ali was willing to face even the devil; and we found on the top of a cut-bank, about ten feet high, five of our men sitting about a huge fallen tree, in the butt of which blazed a fire. It was a miracle, for the wind had turned cold and there was a driving rain. We learned afterward that some villagers from the other side of the island had been there for a week or two fishing, and had kept their fire going in the dry trunk. The gale had started it up.

To a man clothed in a wet cotton shirt only, for the socks had now been cut to ribbons, this fire was a most providential thing. I lay and turned first one side and then the other to the blaze, but the fire kept dying down. The natives had fed it faggots that were lying about, but these were all gone. When I commanded them to go into the jungle, the edge of which cut across the top of the long tree, no one stirred. They turned their eyes away and muttered among themselves.

"Sanib" it was Emir Ali who spoke—"these poor men are afraid. They say they saw a tiger glaring at them from the jungle."

I laughed at this, saying, "They are afraid of the jungle ghosts, the bhut."

"I will go if the sahib will go too," Emir Ali declared; "but we will make a little torch, for there is a tiger, sahib."

From some dry fragments of bamboo we lighted a torch, and I held it just within the jungle while Emir gathered sticks.

Once he stopped, put a hand on my arm and said, "Listen, sahib!"

Sure enough, something was moving over rustling leaves and through thick brush just beyond the light of our torch.

"It is some of the other boatmen, who are afraid to come to the fire, thinking we are evil spirits," I declared. "You call to them, Emir, in their own language."

He complied, calling, "Come, brothers; it is Emir Ali who calls."

But there was no answer, the soft tread of feet died away. Even back at the fire, at times, we could hear the movement of some body just within the jungle, thirty feet away. I had Emir call half a dozen times without an answer. Still I didn't believe it was a tiger; perhaps a hyena or a deer attracted by the fire.

In the morning I realized that there was a day of trial ahead. The jungle was so dense that progress was impossible through it. It was thick with a terrible thorn called sabar karo, literally, "make patience," and its slim tendrils—for the plant was half vine, half brush, armed with hooks would twine about our nearly naked bodies like fanged snakes. Besides, as Emir insisted, there were the tigers. We would have to walk in the shallow water outside of the mangrove trees, he explained, and by following the creek inland might come to some small village.

There was no water to be had, and the sun came up with fierce, searching heat. I had swallowed quantities of salt water and my thirst was appalling. I had no covering for my head except a leaf thatch I tried to hold on with one hand, as with bare, bleeding feet I hobbled over the oyster reefs.

As we struggled along in the silted mud, late in the afternoon, Emir suddenly plunged in among the mangroves and came back with a little fragment of blue cloth, saying, "There is a village not far. This shows that the women come here with their bamboo scoops to catch prawns. I saw their tracks in the mud."

We picked up the tracks, and next came to a footpath, and so on into a better beaten one, and in twenty minutes arrived at a village of six leaf-thatched, bamboo-walled huts perched on posts. But there was an astonishing feature to this village—a strong stockade encircled it, and at the gate sat an old wrinkle-faced Burman, a dah—sword—across his knees. His gnarled eyes blinked ominously at the apparition of a white man clothed in a gaudy blue shirt.

Emir Ali, after he had spoken to the Burman, confided that the old gent thought I was a bhut. As to sahibs, though he had never seen one, he knew that they were wealthy, being the government, and did not travel around the jungle in nothing but a shirt; he knew that from repute of the sahibs. He didn't want us in the village. They had very little to eat—nothing but rice; there was a big village on the other side of the island where there was plenty of everything; we had better go there.

Go there—travel miles through the jungle at night in the state I was in!

"Tell him this, Emir," I said. "That if he doesn't take us in we'll knock him in the head; that when I get to Kyouk Phyou I will have the thana-wallah"—policeman—"come up to put him in jail for this treatment of a sahib."

Then the old man agreed to let us enter on payment of four rupees.

"Tell him I haven't even a pocket," I said angrily.

However, by threats and by promises to send the four rupees back to him by whoever took us to Kyouk Phyou, we were allowed in. Then the mystery of the stockade was explained. Two tigers, male and female, with a nearly full-grown cub, had been killing their cattle; then when the cattle were tied under the houses the tigers came and made their kill just beneath where the owner slept. The stockade had kept the tigers out.

Two Men and a Tiger

So Emir Ali was right; it had been these three tigers, grown hungry through the shutting up of the cattle, that had stalked us as we lay by that providential fire. If we had not obtained that defense I have no doubt the tigers would have nipped a couple of us.

Wherever there is a tiger there is danger, and even in a machan there is a possibility of excitement. It may be truthfully stated that the real danger always becomes rampant when Stripes is wounded. One of the most thrilling stories I know had its beginning in a machan.

Two sahibs in India were solicited by some villagers to come and slay a tiger that had killed one of their number. When the two—Jones and Smith, we'll say—viewed the body, because the kill had been made in the day and close to the houses, they concluded the slayer was a leopard.

The man-eater had taken up his abode in a large patch of scrub near the village. The villagers had erected a machan and said they would all turn out and beat—drive the tiger up to the sahibs for his slaying.

When Jones and Smith looked at the flimsy bamboo machan, hardly twelve feet from the ground, they had misgivings. In fact, had they not felt sure the killer was a leopard they would not have risked it.

Presently the beat was on. A hundred men, with horns and conch shells and sticks with which they tapped the trees, closing in on Stripes in a huge semicircle, drove him along toward the flimsy bamboo thing upon which the two sahibs sat watching for some swaying movement of the tall grass that would indicate the sinuous approach of Stripes. The noise was almost deafening, it was that close; cymbals, horns, drums, voices, all swelling the clamor. But no sign of Sher Bagh. He must have broken back through the beaters. Ah, there he was, like a demoniac evil spirit, thrust from the grass in one mighty leap, till his teeth had fastened on a cross bamboo and his paws fair in the machan, and the whole thing came down, tumbling like a house of cards.

Jones and Smith were as helpless as dolls; and Jones, looking for his gun, saw it in the jaws of the tiger. He grabbed Smith's gun, the latter being still in a mess of splintered bamboo, but was afraid to fire as the beaters were all about.

Poor Mr. Smith

As the tiger shook himself clear of the wrecked machan a native drove a spear into him, only to receive a terrible blow from a paw that split his skull wide open. Another native who had rushed to his assistance was almost torn in two with a sweep of the tiger's fierce claws.

Then Stripes, feeling that there was an animus on the part of the humans, charged the line of beaters, broke through, and fortunately kept going, Jones getting two shots at him as he galloped clear.

But the troubles of the sahibs did not end just yet. Feeling sure that he had wounded the beast, Jones and his friend went out after him next day on elephants. They could not get howdahs, and were mounted simply on pads. After beating about in the jungle Jones got a shot at Stripes; and Smith, who was sitting his elephant on the edge of a deep ditch, fired at the tiger, which was crossing an old road just ahead of the elephant. The tiger whirled and charged. The elephant, not being a proper shikar beast, turned tail, throwing Smith off into the ditch, almost under the tiger's nose. Smith, carefully lifting his head above the water, saw Stripes lying on the road a few feet away, growling angrily because of his wounds.

He could hear Jones calling to him, but he dared not answer; and as the latter approached, the tiger went into the jungle, jumping over Smith on his way. The latter's danger was now doubled, for Jones' elephant, excited, was likely to attack him if he cried out or appeared on foot.

Jones, having seen Smith's riderless elephant, thought he must be lying about, wounded by the tiger, or perhaps in the latter's jaws. If he pushed forward his elephant might trample Smith's body; and as he followed the tiger his elephant actually stepped over Smith in crossing the ditch. But that was the last straw, for there was a shot and a loud shout from Jones that he had killed the bagh.

The most terrible experience I ever came across in India was that of a sahib whose name I have forgotten, though I remember the name of his associate, Mr. Fowndes.

This sahib was lying flat on a gravelly bar beside a salt lick, waiting for sambar, when suddenly some terrific force hit him between the shoulders, driving his face into the gravel. It was in the cold weather, so he was wearing an ulster, and now he was lifted by the something that gripped the coat across his shoulders and dragged along the bar. He could hear a purring, like the whir of an electric fan. A ghastly smell of carrion was in his nostrils, and on either side of his head showed the yellow forearm of a tiger. He realized that as soon as they reached the jungle, fifty yards away, the tiger would make a meal of him. And how helpless he was!

Suddenly it flashed through his mind that he had a heavy revolver in his coat pocket. His arms were quite free, so he managed to get the pistol, cocked it and fired upward, trying for the tiger's heart. At the pistol's report he was lifted bodily, whirled around and thrown several feet. They had reached the jungle, and six feet away the tiger was roaring, clawing up the earth and rolling over and over. The sahib crawled through the bushes and came out to the river, where he was seen by Fowndes. He was a wreck, naturally.

Next day they found the tiger dead, the big bullet having gone through his heart.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Fraser. The third will appear in an early issue.

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THE YUCCA BIRD

(Continued from Page 21)

"Those misfires are always dangerous. I know a miner won't use a fuse any more. He fires from a battery."

"So do I." Brennan dragged from his pocket a spool of the fine wire used by miners for connecting charges. "This wasn't a misfire. If it had been, I shouldn't have been here to stop you. Just carelessness. Kicked a fire into a wasted drill hole."

"Powder down there?"

"A little. Just enough not to blow my head off. Somebody sometime must have started to charge it. None of us. We don't use black powder."

"A good doctor will soon put you right again."

"Afraid not. No eyes. Nothing left to see with."

"Sure some tough break," said Peter. Then in an effort to be tactful: "My eyes hurt me, too, but nothing like yours. I stayed up too late last night."

"I don't mind the pain much."

Peter looked at his watch. The hour was not yet noon. His head still ached; and, as he had said, his eyes were hurting him. Had he been alone he would have rested for an hour or two; but if he meant to get Brennan to the railroad in time for the 5:30 he would have to keep going.

Again time passed. The footing became better and worse, the yuccas closer spaced or more open. And again they drank copiously from the canteen.

"The water's growing cool," said Brennan.

"Sometimes it gets so hot on this desert it freezes," said Peter. "Evaporation. If we had enough water we'd have ice, if we had enough evaporation."

"I'm beginning to notice when you turn out for obstacles."

"Tree yuccas now, mostly. We're in a yucca forest. A guy told me the Bank of England one time started to make paper for its bank notes from these yuccas, but stopped. . . . Eyes still hurting?"

"Not much. How are yours?"

"Same here."

Peter put it that way; but the pain behind his eyes continued to grow worse instead of better, and his sharpness of sight was losing its edge, so that he kept confusing the shadow with the yucca.

"The heat's something savage today," he said. "We must have driven under a sun spot or something."

"How long do you work?" asked Brennan.

"Ten—twelve hours yet."

"A sixteen-hour day?"

"Too long, but it's my job. I'm used to it."

"Why don't you go into something else? Why don't you take out a stage?"

"If you mean on a passenger run, I couldn't qualify. Not good enough."

"In the country, then? You could get a mail contract without any trouble at all."

"Not good enough," repeated Peter.

"Anybody who can drive a car through the desert as you're doing now ought to manage on a road."

"You'd think so, but out here I'm not on schedule. Something would turn up I wasn't expecting, and I wouldn't be there. No head—not any at all. Didn't have in school and haven't now."

Brennan did not pursue the subject, and they fell into silence. Peter's headache persisted. Although he still took the openings that presented with a steady hand, he began to wish he were farther along, and to wonder if he could not find better traveling to his left.

He had been peering ahead thus, hot-eyed, but alert and ready, when he passed round a patch of yuccas into a flat, beyond which the growth looked thinner.

"This is something like!" he sang out.

The thing arrived before he had gone another fifteen feet. Suddenly his eyes became more sharply painful, so that he was forced to close them for relief. He opened them at once; but during an intake of the breath the world and everything in it had changed. When he tried to see he found he could not. He gained an impression of blurred yuccas, hot gray sand and failing light; then he saw nothing but blackness.

For the second time that day he jammed down the brakes and brought the creeping car to an emergency stop.

"Why," he cried, "where's the sun?" And he bent his face upward until he felt its heat upon his eyeballs.

"What's wrong?" asked Brennan.

"Wrong?"

Peter sat staring sightlessly at the heat beating down upon him—sat thus during a consciousness of time.

"Wrong?" he repeated. "Say! What do you think has happened? I've gone blind myself!"

III

THE faint rankness of the desert, vaguely stale like the taste of warmed coffee, mingled with the pungent smell of heated rubber, charred oil and unburned gasoline. The metal parts of the car had become too hot to touch, the woodwork almost as hot. Out in front, behind, on either side, wherever the flooding sunshine whitened the sand, the heated air worked on the world beyond it, magnifying altitude here and truncating breadth there; adding, subtracting, changing, until the desert became watered and peopled.

In the midst of these vistas sat Peter, his face in his arms, leaning over his scorched wheel. He was not conscious of thought processes, but only of an overwhelming helplessness. Nevertheless, he had begun thinking.

After a while he became conscious of the object of his thoughts. The silent man beside him loomed like a rock. He was glad he had Brennan to lean on. Brennan also was blind, but he was a man of authority, used to facing problems. Then he became aware that Brennan also was helpless. The fact that Brennan failed to respond was distressing.

A yucca leaf somewhere stirred languidly. The desert odors became oddly stronger and the car odors fainter, as if the one were pressing in and the other moving away. A little later he felt a feather-soft movement of the air against his cheek, as if afternoon were leaning over him. He had not been thinking of afternoon; but the feather-soft movement awakened old battles within him, until he began to consider the time and the place.

"We be two blind men in a desert," he heard Brennan say; and the words somehow sounded impoverished.

The almost imperceptible movement of air continued faintly, ceased, began again; then a puff of hot wind, smelling stagnantly of hideondo and the alkalies, blew its insolences upon him. The puff of wind died down in its turn; but it was followed by a stronger puff that did not wholly fall away, and it by an increasing volume of wind, until odors could no longer be detected; but only the familiar hot, strong, riverlike pressure of the daily desert gale.

He resented Brennan's helplessness. He resented this heated, unhurrying wind. But most of all he resented his own dependence. I think he resented the fact, and not at all the idea; for he had always been dependent. This dependence seemed different.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes, straightened, and began speaking toward the other man's remoteness:

"That's that. She hit me hard for a minute, but I get the idea. I'm out of it. That puts it up to you. Where do we go from here?"

"We might live for a while on cargo," seemed the best Brennan could do.

"Embalmed," said Peter, "if you mean the milk. Poisoned. That milk's been on this run for a month and it hasn't even turned."

"Can't you see anything?"

"No more than a dead man in his coffin."

"Then we'll have to be patient and wait. Snow blindness doesn't last forever, like powder blindness."

"If you think I'm snow-blinded you're wrong. I know what hit me all right."

"Too much desert?"

"This was too much damfool. I may as well say it straight out. I drank some Mexican hooch last night, and I drank some more this morning. No brains at all. I'm blind, all right. You'd think any fool would have better sense than to souse his works in wood alcohol, wouldn't you now, after seeing others get stung? Not me. I know what wood alcohol does. I know it makes men blind. So I drink a lot and drive out into this man's country with a passenger."

"Any pain?" asked Brennan, suddenly interested.

"No use. The lamps hurt considerable, but the old bean is so full of stars left over from last night I can't distinguish."

"Put your finger on the lids. How do the eyeballs feel to the touch?"

"Hard."

"Let me try." Under Peter's guidance he ran his finger tips over the eyelids. "Hard as marbles."

"It's up to you," repeated Peter.

But Brennan's sudden interest seemed to die away, and he had no plan of action to suggest. Peter, being blind, could not see the lines of his jaw.

"Wood alcohol. Mine was a charge of black powder. Looks like we're whipped, son. No blind man has ever crawled out of a desert as big as this."

"Say that again. You mean you give up?"

"What else can we do?"

"Something," replied Peter vaguely.

"I know. You have a pistol. You can use it first, or you can lend it to me and then use it yourself later."

"Forget it!" snapped Peter.

"The joke's on me. Life's funny, any way you take it. I've sweat blood learning a hard profession; now I can't practice it. I've gone without comforts in order to save; now I can't spend my savings. I've lost my eyesight; now I can't borrow a little medicine from another blind man. I think I'll lie down in the shade of the car and go to sleep."

"We're not licked," asserted Peter doggedly.

"No?"

"Sure we're not! I know this desert. I'm a good driver."

"You can't miss them."

"Miss what?"

"The dunes. The washouts. The seventeen kinds of cactus, yuccas, mesquite, paloverde, black sage. The buzzards, about day after tomorrow."

"Sure I'll hit them; but I'll go slow, and edge my way along, or back out and try again. We'll get the bumps; but we'll get the breaks, too, some of them. You'd better sit braced back ready for shell shocks."

"Whipped silly," said Brennan.

But he did not open the door to climb out, nor did he neglect to brace himself against shocks when the car again began to creep forward.

Peter started forth cautiously, his teeth in his lip; and because of the clearing, managed to travel almost a hundred yards before he was brought up by a yucca trunk. The jar, mild as it was, shook the Camelfoot to the shingles. He backed away, then tried to pass the tree to the left; then, finding progress still blocked, reversed direction and tried to detour to the right.

He managed to swing clear; but before he had gone three car lengths farther he brought up suddenly against another great yucca, and after it a group of cholla cactus, and after that a tuna on one side and a tangle of mesquite on the other. He ended by detouring into the steep lee side of a dune.

"Whipped silly," repeated Brennan; but an observer would have noticed that he was looking happier.

"Don't you move. I want to find out something. There's a pass through here somewhere I want to locate."

Peter found the door, sprang the latch, clambered gropingly to the ground and felt his way along the car until he came to the ridge that had stopped him.

"You sit tight," he called. "There ought to be a barefooted flat off here a step or two."

Climbing past the half-buried front wheels, he started forth boldly, arms extended, to skirt the base of the dune. He was halted by a thorny dalea. A cluster of ocatillas followed, for which he was glad to make a respectful detour. A low-growing yucca prodded at his hot face and turned him still farther aside. He came out at last upon ground that was both level and open, but he could not know this until he had explored it.

After a while he turned to grope his way back to the car. It was then that he learned that the steps of the blind are uncertain and their paths strewn with stumblings. Although he knew its exact direction, when he came to seek the low-growing yucca he could not find it; nor could he find the ocatillas, nor the thorny dalea, nor the dune that lay across the buffers of his car, nor any other sign he recognized.

Not until he had turned and twisted and groped and stumbled did he think to sing out to Brennan for guidance.

"O-ho-o-o, there!" he called loudly, and a moment later repeated the call.

The reply came from behind him, spoken evenly, at a distance of only a few feet.

"What have you found, son?"

"Hello!" he cried, wheeling. "This is like hunting a lamp cord in a dark room. I must have overshot my target, though how I got past you without shipping sand is a puzzle. I think I found my pass. I'll back out and turn and in six jumps we'll be on our way. Where are you?"

"Here I am."

"Why," exclaimed Peter as he touched Brennan's sleeve, "you're outside! Where's the car?"

"I was wondering about that myself," came Brennan's astounding reply. "I thought I'd help you look for that pass, and I seem to have got turned round."

"The car—when did you leave the car?"

Peter's voice had suddenly become stern and uncompromising. The question was less question than it was demand to know.

"Soon after you did."

"You must do as I say or I can't get you out of this. You'll have to, Mr. Brennan. You stand exactly where you are while I find the bus."

He felt in his pocket for something to mark the place. He could not trust Brennan; the man seemed to be breaking down. By an odd chance his fingers encircled the flask that had helped blind him. This he stood softly against the yucca beside which they were standing.

"Why not both of us hunt?"

"We'd only lose ourselves worse. This way we can call to each other and always have the same starting point."

He set forth at once; but although he searched diligently, he found neither car nor familiar landmark. He decided at last that the car must be farther away than he had imagined. The wind made hearing difficult.

"I'm back," he announced to Brennan's darkness from his own. "Now for another direction."

"I believe I'll lie down and rest."

"No good. This time I'm going farther, and you'll have to sing out louder when I signal."

"No voice left," objected Brennan.

"Has to be done," said Peter, who could not see the grin that accompanied the objection.

He started off again, and after he had gone thirty yards yelled to his companion. He had no response. He repeated his call, and then more loudly. When Brennan did not reply he turned to retrace his steps, calling as he advanced. He arrived at last at the marked yucca, but Brennan again had failed to wait for his return.

"Where are you?" he cried. "Hello, there! Answer me! Sing out!"

"I'm over here, son," he heard at last from his left.

"Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Brennan muttered something unintelligible about fluttering wings and angels.

"After this we hunt together," said Peter firmly. "We'll both of us find our car."

But Brennan's next remark turned his thought in another direction.

"Did you say that milk was poisoned?"

"I guess we won't look for that car after all, Mr. Brennan. You and me will do better on foot. And I guess we'll leave this gun at the foot of this yucca with my flask. I might give out first. I'll just hang onto your sleeve to guide you. Now turn straight into the wind. You've got a new boss. You can tell your angels to ring you up after you die."

IV

THE girl laid aside her sewing, released the street latch and, when the bell again rang, went to the door. She was an exceedingly happy girl—so happy that she never laid down her work without shuddering a little at the risk she ran. I think she understood through her feelings. Happiness is an unstable compound not unlike nitroglycerin. Any unimportance may detonate it.

"Does Peter Corson live here?" asked the man in the hall.

Something about his appearance, although she could not have told what, or about the question, or the hint of authority in his manner, caused her to hesitate.

"Yes," she at last replied.

A suggestion of a smile about his eyes seemed to her to carry irony.

"Might I speak to him?"

(Continued on Page 44)

Peerless

Take any point or phase of Peerless performance, and honestly try to find its superior if you like.

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Our own conviction is that Peerless is not excelled in any of the factors which make for satisfaction that knows no single flaw from one year's end to the other, and we invite you to confirm it in your own way.

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"Why, I don't believe he's in. He's almost never at home at this hour."

"But you are not sure?"

She felt the blood rush into her face.

"Who shall I say? I'm his sister."

"A man from downtown. He'll not know the name."

She left him standing at the door while she made a pretense of search for Peter. She expected him to remain there; but as she glided away she heard him step into the living room. She had been at work upon a linen chest; the snowy tumult lay prettily across chairs and table. He could not choose but draw inferences from it. Although no secrecy was involved, the intrusion of a stranger was resented. At the same time it frightened her a little.

"My brother isn't in," she announced upon returning.

"I feared he would not be. Are your mother and father also away, Miss Corson?"

"My father's at work. My mother went downtown to do some shopping. What do you know of my brother? What has happened?"

"Perhaps you could come nearer telling me that."

The remark changed the direction of her fears; she became instantly and watchfully protective.

"Now I don't understand you," she told him. "You'll really have to excuse me."

But when, still faintly smiling, he bowed and turned to leave she went into a panic lest she should not learn his errand.

"You -have word of Peter?"

The gesture detained him, as she had hoped.

"When did your brother get home last night, Miss Corson?"

"I couldn't say. I retired early."

"Did you see him this morning—you, yourself?"

"No, sir."

"See him yesterday?"

"I don't believe I did. No, sir."

"Or last week?"

"We keep different hours, and I wouldn't. Why do you ask?"

"In a moment. What business is he following just now?"

"Why, he's a garage man and chauffeur. Sometimes he works at farming—any work he can get."

"Happen to know anything about his associates?"

"I wouldn't; no, sir."

"What would you say if I told you he was driving twice a week into Yucca Desert?"

"Why shouldn't he if he has business there?"

"What if I told you he was head of a transfer system operating on the desert?"

"Peter? I wish that he were!"

"An illegal transfer system."

"But he isn't," said the girl. "He isn't head of anything."

"In that case I'm mistaken." He paused almost as if embarrassed; when he continued it was with a touch of apology. "I can only tell you what I was told. The tip is that Peter Corson will drive through Williamson's Pass tonight as usual, with a cargo of contraband."

"Contraband?"

"Moonshine, Miss Corson."

"I don't believe a word of it! You have no right to say such things about my brother!"

He threw open his coat to display his star. She caught her breath, startled; yet she had feared all the while that he was an officer, even though he did not talk much like one.

"Why are you telling me this?" she managed to ask.

"I should have asked you the same question in your place." His embarrassment returned. "Call it taking a chance. You see, if he comes out he's caught with the goods. But we don't want him—what we really want is the ring behind him. So we want his family to see him first, before the ring has time to get a lawyer to him. Sounds foolish, I know, the way I put it; but somebody had the idea and the boss said try it out."

"It will be hard on mother," said the girl.

"She needn't be told. Your father will do—or yourself. Your father could bring you down on some pretext."

"What time—do you think?"

"Round two or three o'clock tonight. I'll put in a wire to you the minute we know."

"To meet a train, word it, and just sign it Hetty. Address it to Elizabeth Corson."

"To meet a train; but you're to come to the bureau, not to the station."

He gave her the address, and added directions for reaching it at that hour.

"We'll be ready," said the girl.

She closed the door after him, heard his steps descending the stairs; then she returned to her sewing. But happiness no longer lay where she had left it, spread out over chairs and table. She tried to work, but her heart was at Williamson's Pass.

"You Should Not be Here," He Said at Last

After a while she laid aside her needle and sank back listlessly to await the coming of her father.

V

THE heat of the sun in due time fell away. Suddenly and without gradation it became extinct, like that of a blowpipe directed from molten solder to fresh. Desert air is cold; the moment evening falls the chill of night descends. It had descended here, but at midnight the hot floor of the basin still retained much of its warmth.

"Let's rest," suggested Brennan.

"Not yet, buddy." Peter was still walking the quarter-deck. "We can make three miles an hour if we plug ahead, but not a foot if we sit down. Besides, we'll get all stiffened up. This thing we're in is an old road leading into a town; I know, because I've traveled it. If we keep on we can reach the Palace Hotel in time for breakfast. Hot coffee—how does that sound? Besides, there's that morning train. Besides, it's too cold out here. Besides, again, some nitwit rattlesnake is sure to happen along colder than us and want you to warm his ribs. You'd sure hate that, buddy."

Time passed. Brennan stumbled, but caught himself.

"I'm near dead, son," he said.

"We'll rest for fifteen minutes," Peter announced appraisingly.

Removing the glass of his watch, he touched his tongue to the hands; he had found his finger tips too insensitive for that use.

"Quarter after two."

They threw themselves on the sand of the road. The cessation of the wind had thrown the desert into a chilling, tomblike silence. For a while neither spoke.

"Hist!" whispered Peter.

Something had swept past them, so close they had felt the air from its wings.

"Nighthawk looking for moths."

Above them shone the stars—Vega directly overhead, Antares on the southwestern horizon, Arcturus to its right. These to them were as jewels submerged in ink. But the cold still air and the silence, the warm sand, the touch beneath them of bloodless grass blades—these still reached their senses, as did also now and then a suggestion of the odor of creosote bush and the persisting faint taste of alkali.

"Did you hear that?"

A tiny, cheeping, twittering song like that of a sleep-walking canary floated out from the blackness. It ran through its measure, wavered, turned, and after a moment died away.

"A singing deer mouse. Don't move."

They waited in silence. After a little while something touched Brennan's shoe; then something else, timidly; then they heard something plump softly down into the sand at one side.

"A couple of kangaroo rats," explained Peter. "I wish we could see them. They have big ears and pretty Irish faces and wear curtain tassels for tails. They herd with the deer mice out here more or less. Hear them thump. They're signaling."

"You ought to be in the business, son."

"I like to listen in on wild animals this way, and then figure out their tracks next morning. Plenty of people never know about the night animals. Sometimes they tell you things too. In the mountains sometimes you're followed and don't know it, and you can tell by the stillness. You can't see anything, but they can."

As they lay there resting, other sounds floated in—all small and faint, like women's voices heard talking in a distant room.

"Hear that bark? A runty little kit fox sprang that. He's a long ways off. Up in the mountains there's another runty fox with a fog-horn voice would make you jump, but he doesn't get down this far. This fellow is the quickest thing you ever saw."

The sounds continued; then suddenly they stopped. Peter leaned forward, listening.

"In the mountains I'd think we were followed," he said; "but down here there's nothing to follow us."

He began sniffing. A light, fleeting, fetid foulness, unclean and animal, reached his nostrils, a diluted stench, a shadow of a pollution that seemed to fade off even as it became sensible.

"Smell it? Let's go. That means us. That's rattlesnake. Funny thing he happens along." He began tugging at Brennan. "Quick! Up! Get up!"

"All right. I'm awake."

"We don't know where he is. Kick sand ahead of you, and go slow, so as to give him a chance to curl up and rattle. Be ready to stop dead if you hear him. It's pretty cold in the road for a snake. He's probably been down a burrow sponging supper off the kangaroo family."

They kicked sand, or Peter did; but no sound came from the snake, and they soon shuffled out of its neighborhood.

"I have a funny hunch," he said. "That snake didn't stop all those sounds. Stand still a second and listen."

The silence continued even after waiting: not merely near them, but farther away.

"Something out there scares them, but I don't know what. I have a hunch something's trailing us. I never heard of lions down this far; besides, a lion would yell. Let it go."

A little later he heard a sound at the left as if a startled jack rabbit had plunged into cover. As he remembered the road, the yuccas did not press in upon it along here. The sound made him jump. Again they stood and listened.

"Not a peep. The lid's down. Something's keeping up with us off there in the desert."

Peter became aware of the presence of moths through the accident that one flew at his mouth as he spoke. He had inferred their presence before, through the nighthawk, but had not noticed them directly.

"That's a new one. That's the first I was ever bumped like this by night moths. How about you?"

"They've been bumping into me for some time."

"I don't get any of it. First we're trailed and then all the moths pick on us; and not a thing we can do."

They continued their dragging progress, Peter in one wheel track, Brennan in the other. The road did not differ greatly from the unbroken desert. Here and there stunted fescue and grama masked it thinly, or a gilia crept over it; but mostly it lay across the basin like a twin scar.

"What do you suppose draws them? I've camped in this desert plenty times and they never hunted me out like this."

Brennan had been growing weaker. He had so far kept his feet, but he stumbled frequently, and walked with increasing effort.

"I wonder what kind of moths," persisted Peter.

Brennan now stumbled and fell; Peter was obliged to help him to his feet. They stopped for a moment to take stock of their strength.

"Stand it as long as you can, buddy. I'd let you rest, but that wouldn't help none. Think of something else. Think of moths. Answer me this: When we were walking they hit the back of my head; now they're bumping my face. Now why is that?"

"I'll stick," said Brennan as they turned to resume progress.

After that they remained silent for a while. The moths continued to bombard them, and always from behind. Once Peter turned his head; whereupon they flew against his face. Then he held out his

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I purchased a Model K-16 GMC Truck on September [illegible] and have operated a 14 passenger all motor car Stage [illegible] days in the week covering approximately 400 miles. With the exception of one new piston rings and one exhaust valve the motor has the original parts. I receive an extraordinary length of life and flexibility in the transmission system in the K series motors.

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Having an orchard of 1,000 bearing peach trees, [illegible] I thought several marketing problems would [illegible]. My Model K-16 Truck [illegible] has been running [illegible] and has given me no expense except gas and oil [illegible] to date.

I have used several different makes of trucks but [illegible] to find that the GMC will do better hauling [illegible] than any truck that I have ever used.

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My truck [illegible] days since I purchased it. [illegible] and has not cost me [illegible] for any repairs [illegible]. The [illegible] I am using for [illegible] over [illegible] have caused. The GMC we own [illegible] old [illegible], and it is in first class shape [illegible] like a new [illegible].

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We have been operating a Model K-16 one ton GMC for the past [illegible] years and find it averaging over 8 miles [illegible] to the gallon of gasoline. Our total operating cost per mile has been less than $.20. We anticipate no trouble with the part [illegible] the truck [illegible] detail by [illegible] and [illegible] these statements.

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GMC

Watch This Column

My dream comes true

Since the very infancy of the motion-picture I have dreamed of producing Victor Hugo's masterpiece, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** I read it and thrilled over it when I was a boy, and frequently thereafter till I reached man's estate. It never failed to impress me and suggest profound possibilities.

Scene from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Lon Chaney as Quasimodo

I have been getting ready for the production for years, gathering material, studying the many wonderful characters, choosing artists best qualified to portray them, conferring with students and architects familiar with the quaint architecture, reproducing the great cathedral and the entire public square just as it was in the hunchback's day.

* * *

And now my dream has come true. ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** is a reality. It is having its premier showing at the Astor theatre, New York, as this advertisement is published. I am absolutely confident of its success and believe that all America, old and young, will see the picture and marvel at its magnificence. Write me a letter when *you* see it.

* * *

"Merry Go Round" is having the most enthusiastic praise from the press as one of the "sweetest love stories ever told." It is picturesque, dramatic, beautiful. There hasn't been a dissenting voice amongst the critics. That's praise indeed. And I am sure ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** another of Universal's Super Jewel productions, will enjoy the same distinction. It is from the novel and play by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the cast is led by VIRGINIA VALLI with MILTON SILLS, and the director is Hobart Henley, who made ***"The Flirt"*** and ***"The Abysmal Brute."***

* * *

UNIVERSAL is certainly doing great things these days, responding to the wishes of the people making pictures that please—and proving with each production that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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1600 Broadway, New York City

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free hand; when he turned it palm forward the moths struck against his knuckles, but when the knuckles lay forward, against his palm.

Brennan reached the limit of his strength without further warning. He stumbled, recovered himself, staggered two or three steps; then his knees buckled under him and he collapsed.

"Send back for me," he muttered.

Peter turned and bent over him; and again moths fluttered against his brow and eyelids, his cheeks, nose, mouth and chin.

"Listen, crazy man! We camp right here, see? Both of us. You curl up and take a nap while I figure out some things."

The night lay about them in a vast silence. Depth it had, and breadth; but overhead it leaped past planets and fixed stars, past the Lyre, past the Dragon; then between ranks without perspective of farther constellations until it became infinity, lost equally to those having eyes and to these blind. His own breathing was audible, and Brennan's; the pulsation of blood in his veins also, perhaps, and the confusion of soft wings. Beyond that, nothing.

Then suddenly out of the silence emerged a tiny, momentary sound, muffled, distant, stealthy. It instantly fell away into nothingness; but knowledge followed as thunder follows lightning.

He clutched Brennan's arm and began shaking him into wakefulness.

"Leave me alone," grumbled Brennan.

"Wake up! You've got to, buddy!"

"I'm awake, son. Shoot!"

"I've found out about the moths. Tell me something quick! You're the big boss at Hurfurt's, aren't you?"

"I do the hiring and boss the work—that's right."

"Hire me quick!"

"You're hired," said Brennan.

"Now you lie still and keep awake. I told you we were trailed. There's a big car way behind has its searchlight turned on us."

He straightened, stepped into the road, faced the sound he had heard; then he motioned for the unseen car to approach. A moment later he repeated the gesture, but peremptorily; and at the same time he hailed it.

"Hello, up the road! Give us a lift!" he cried. "I have a man here needs a doctor!"

The engine began purring, the gears clashed, the sound was heard of hard tires crushing sand, and, as the car drew up, the sound of voices.

"This is Mr. Brennan," he explained, unconsciously falling into the formula the big miner had used at the butte. "Mr. Brennan, from Hurfurt's mine back here. He had an explosion. I want to get him to the railroad."

"Eyes?"

"Blinded. All in. Needs a doctor."

"How did you two get here?"

"Walked. Gosh, yes! We've been on our feet fifteen hours."

"Since yesterday noon, on this desert—that man?"

"Morning. We started in a car. I'm blind too. His eyes went before we started, and mine went at noon. That's how it took us so long."

"You don't mean—why, it couldn't be done!"

"There he is," said Peter.

"But if you're blind, how did you know we were behind?"

"Moths. . . . Does he get his lift?"

"Just a minute. Maybe you can tell us something we want to know. We're looking for a yucca bird named Peter Corson."

"All of you in that big car?"

"Never mind about that."

"That's funny. I'm Peter Corson myself. I've been looking for you too."

He could tell from the silence that his statement had made an impression, and did not amplify it.

"Where did you hide the booze?" asked the speaker at last.

"What booze? I'm working for Hurfurt's."

"The booze under the milk in your cans."

"Oh, that! It must be back in that car we had to leave. I noticed some milk cans in it, but I thought they held milk."

"Climb in," snapped the man in the car. Then to someone behind: "You boys take care of this Brennan man. He looks pretty sick. We'll check up on this yarn tomorrow with an aëroplane."

"Where you taking him?"

"To Doctor Berger over here in the village. You too."

"Then that will do fine," said Peter. "I promised to get him through, and that will do it."

He groped his way to the door, climbed inside, settled his weary bones into the padded leather of the seat. Then, whether from fatigue or from the reaction or from the delayed effect of his own injuries, he found himself suddenly attacked by a great dizziness.

"Looks like I'm going to faint," he thought.

When he returned to consciousness the car was in motion toward town.

VI

I THINK that the girl was not expecting to call upon Brennan that morning; the day before he had seemed heartbreakingly surly and unresponsive, at times even ill-tempered; but something Peter had said, and later the surgeon who had operated, caused her to seek out his door, and when the nurse nodded brightly, to enter it.

"Who is that?" asked Brennan.

The nurse smiled, made an incomprehensible signal of some kind, and slipped out. The girl understood her to mean that she knew, but had not spoken.

"I—Elizabeth."

She felt rather than saw the shadow that passed over his spirit as it were, beneath bandages.

"You should not be here," he said at last.

"You should not be here yourself."

She was keeping her voice under control, but she knew that Brennan was not deceived. He began discoursing upon matters of no human importance. She replied in kind, touching neither earth nor heaven. The moments passed; something of happiness, something of life itself with them. The girl felt herself whirling helplessly, like wood in dead water. Then suddenly Brennan bent his shoulders and they shot whistling into the current.

"You already know I can't marry you," he told her abruptly.

"Is it because you imagine you are blind? Blindness is nothing. Blindness would not separate people."

"Yes."

"Please don't try to soften the thing, for you can't. The laws of our existence are not of our making. Blindness is a kind of death. When death falls adjustments have to be made; always by the living; by the dead also. Nobody can argue with death."

"If you would only let me ——"

"Please!"

"But you will not listen."

"There may be other reasons," he said.

She looked at him uncertainly, trying to grasp the statement; then, finding she could not, she allowed her helplessness expression.

"You did something that wakened my brother. Oh, you did! In secret! He doesn't know, but I know! That was a great deal to do for a girl. Now you wish to take more from me than you gave."

"Peter woke up of himself."

"He told me about—losing the car."

"Yes."

"Both of you. You lost it too. First, he lost the car, then he lost you. When he found you, you could have taken him straight to it. Why didn't you?"

"I, a blind man?"

"Why didn't you?" she repeated. "They found the car yesterday morning. It had a fine wire attached to it, they said, such as miners use to connect charges. That wire led to the yucca where you were standing. You wished him to lose the car."

"He couldn't have driven it through."

"That wasn't the reason." Again she hesitated for the word. "They found an empty flask at that yucca. You were afraid he might grow discouraged and fill it."

"Did they tell you what else they found at that yucca?"

"A pistol," she said.

"He was afraid I would grow discouraged and use it."

"Children, both of you. You let him think he was blind, yet all the time you knew he could be cured. An operable glaucoma—and you knew it all the time. You should have seen him when the surgeon told him. He felt as I felt just now when the surgeon told me about you."

She waited for him to ask the obvious question, but he would not.

"Doctor Selbert thinks you ought to know, and so do I."

But when she came to the sheer words her voice failed her. Had he possessed his eyes, he would not have needed the words; but he could not see her and tried to help her.

"I have known all along," he said gently. "Haven't you understood that? Nothing left to see with."

She began speaking irrelevantly, in a hurried rush.

"Peter is too excited to lie still, so Doctor Selbert told him he might dress. I expect he'll look in before long. After that he must lie down.

"Doctor Selbert says your eyes were pretty badly torn, but not burned. He says the flame didn't reach your face. The nerve connections were not injured, somehow, and the lenses were not. He says the dry, thin, desert air kept the wound from becoming infected at the start. Germs can't live up there. If it had happened at Panama you'd have had a time, but out there even the dust is antiseptic. Sunshine mixed with borax, he called it. Then when you reached town, the dressing applied by that country doctor helped, and your own intelligence helped. He says the right eye will be saved, and probably the left eye also."

"The surgeon who operated—said that?"

"Just now, to me. I've been trying to tell you."

"You must have misunderstood him."

"Do you think I should misunderstand him in this matter? But, of course, if there are other reasons ——"

"Good Lord!" she heard him say.

After that she did not know whether he spoke or not, nor whether she replied, nor could Brennan have told. I think such moments come only to the meek, and that her earlier happiness, exalted though it may have been, was different in kind. But perhaps the same might be said of Brennan's moment. When we call a person happy we hardly do more than say that he is conscious of his moment.

They were still more or less speechless when Peter found them ten minutes later.

"This is the door," the nurse told him.

"Say, buddy," he called, "why don't you sing out?"

"I'm singing out," said Brennan.

"I've got some news for you people."

"News!" said the girl.

He went on to explain that he had been talking with the law.

"I thought I'd better own up driving that car, because it had my wheels on it. They'd already found it, they said. And say! What do you think? There wasn't a drop of moonshine in those milk cans!"

They had found the car, and then, knowing that Peter had picked up Brennan at the butte, they had traced his route back to Romanero's ranch. But although they had wasted no time, and had given no warning, they found no liquor there, either, nor traces of liquor.

"Packed everything into trucks and vamosed," said Peter. "Somebody tipped them off in time. But they didn't tip me off. They fixed up a flask for me and sent me out to be pinched. They even framed me to break down before I got through. The extra can of gas I thought I had was only well water. They didn't care what happened to me as long as they had more time. Guess they were scared I didn't belong."

"You didn't," said Brennan.

"I must have been crazy. I've been thinking. I've got my back wages saved up, and I'm going to start in making that sand tread. I can do it, pay as you go. I'll get it patented, maybe. It's a fine tread for soft roads, and cheap to make."

"Collect back wages? After what's happened?"

"Sure! Off their car. I'll get a lien. It's all fixed. Maybe I'll bid it in myself if it goes awful cheap. It would be a good car for a mail route up in the sand country. I know a chap would drive it on shares."

"I thought you were working for Hurfurt's."

"Give me something worth while and watch me. I can farm out the tread on the side."

"What makes you think you can hold down six jobs, son?"

"I could hold down a dozen! I've been tickled pink with myself ever since I figured out those moths. Not even blind! Say!"

Brennan smiled in the direction of the girl's eyes; the smile was not highly visible, but it was not lost.

"I think I know how you feel," he said slowly. "A dozen? I believe you could. I could hold down that many myself."

And neither he nor Peter suspected that the only one of the three who had eyes had suddenly herself become blind.

PACKARD

18 to 20 Miles per Gallon of Gasoline
20,000 Miles from a Set of Tires

There are certain important things about the Single-Six which everyone takes for granted.

But there is one important respect in which it has far exceeded public expectation.

Because it is a Packard everyone counts with certainty upon a fineness of manufacture beyond which it is not possible to go.

When they approach the purchase of a Single-Six, the thought does not enter their heads that it would be possible to buy a car more carefully fabricated.

And just as everyone is certain that Packard manufacturing practises are bound to be beyond betterment, so they are equally certain that finer performance must follow as a natural sequence.

In these convictions the nation is a unit—but the tremendous growth of Single-Six sales has been powerfully influenced by another factor equally important.

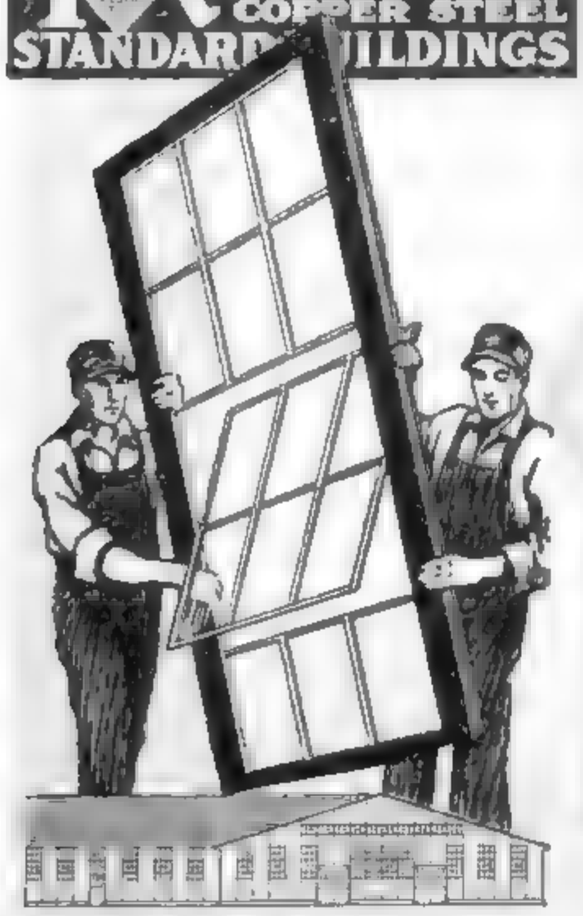
To the universal conviction that nothing better or more beautiful than Packard is to be thought of, has been added the realization that there is no car of its class to be even remotely compared with the Single-Six in economy.

In literally thousands of cases the Single-Six is establishing records of 18 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline and 20,000 miles from a set of tires—concrete demonstrations of low operation and maintenance cost which *no car of its calibre has even distantly approached.*

Packard Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed
Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD BUILDINGS



Large Units Cut Labor Cost

Contrast this large, single wall panel made in the Truscon factory with the innumerable small parts which ordinarily must be assembled at the building site.

This large, single unit is quickly erected by a few men, in contrast with quantities of brick, cement, sand, sash, frames, etc., requiring many workmen of different trades. Hence an 80% saving of labor and greatly increased speed of erection. Your occupancy is assured in half the time of ordinary construction.

Truscon Standard Buildings are of fireproof construction throughout; made of copper steel which resists corrosion, they are permanent and durable. They can be taken down and re-erected with 100% salvage value.

Building Costs on Unit Basis

The following data taken from a table prepared by the Dept. of Safety Engineering of the City of Detroit shows building costs on a basis of cents per cu. ft

Classification of Factories and Warehouses	Aug. 1 1919	Aug. 1 1921	Dec. 1 1922	Feb. 1 1923
Fireproof (under 100,000 cu. ft.)	.31½	.16	.21	.21
Fireproof (over 100,000 cu. ft.)	20	17	.19½	20
Mill Construction	22½	13	.14	.14
Ordinary	21	12	.13½	.13½
Frame	17	10	.11½	.11½
Garages				
Fireproof	20	18	.21	21
Mill Construction	20	12	.14	14
Ordinary	17	11	.13	.13
Frame	14	09	.10½	.10½
Truscon Steel Building				
Under 20 000 cu. ft.	25	17	.19½	.19
20 000 to 100 000 cu. ft.	18	12	.14	.14
Over 100 000 cu. ft.	14	.10	.11½	.10

This survey proves that Truscon Standard Buildings cost less than any other type of non-combustible construction and usually less than ordinary frame buildings.

$5084 will erect this Truscon Copper Steel Building exclusive of floor and foundations in average locations east of the Mississippi. This is a Type 2 building. Width, 50 ft., length, 100 ft., height, to eaves 10 ft. 9 in. This low cost is typical of all kinds of Truscon Standard Buildings.

This building includes—steel framing; 18 gauge copper steel roofing and siding; 33 ventilating Truscon steel windows, three lights wide and five lights high, 14" x 18" glass size (glazed complete); three rotary head ventilators in roof; two 8'x8' steel sliding doors, two leaves each with tubular rails, stiles, steel panels and glazed sash, with necessary hardware. Price includes one shop coat of paint, glazing and erection. Heating, lighting and other equipment not included.

Send for Full Information

Ask for prices on other buildings. We furnish these buildings in all sizes with pitched, monitor and saw-toothed roof, and with any desired arrangement of windows and doors. An individually designed building to fit your exact needs, yet made of standardized parts.

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Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see phone books of principal cities. Canada, Walkerville, Ont. Export Dis., New York

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for

Type Length Width Height

Name

Address ISP9-8

THE POETS' CORNER

Cabin Song

RINGED around with robin song
Stands the cabin low,
Where about the peak the strong
Keen winds blow.
And a trail climbs more and more
Steep, and high, and lone,
Till it meets the cabin door
Where you wait, my own!

Ringed around with robin song
Do you bake and sew,
Scrub and mend, and on the long
Day's path go,
Tired, each eve I climb our trail
Up and up—and then
Ringed around with robin song
Find you once again!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Silences

I SING the song of Silences.
Silences of ponds
Where dawn commences;
Of forests, and of curling fronds
Of fern;

Sunsets, and hours of the night
When nothing stirs.
Stars burn
Through pointed firs.

Silences of white rains that fall
On opened fields;
Silence that shrouds
Death, and of all
That creeps around our life; of clouds,
Dreams, specters, loves and faiths—what yields
Us consciousness of something fair
Transfused and vibrant, everywhere.

I sing the song of words unsaid,
And lingerings
Of lovers; songs of tears unshed
I sing; of gestures, glances, smiles,
And things
That might have been,
Instants between
Chords. Wings
Of vivid birds through summer's day;
Vague flutterings.
Thoughts of a lonely child at play.

I sing the song of spaces,
And of sky.
I sing the song of faces
That pass by.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

To a Meadow Lark

Whose Nest Was Discovered on a Bunker in the Middle of a Golf Course

A HUNDRED yards to east or west
You might have found abundant shelter,
Yet you serenely built your nest
Where whizzing balls fly helter-skelter.
No wonder there is awful fear
Upon your fluffy nestlings' faces.
How could you dare to raise them here—
Atop a bunker, of all places?

Your family has been for long
The theme of poets by the dozen;
Great Shelley sang a deathless song
In praise of your distinguished cousin.
Your graceful form delights the eye,
Your notes with joy the ears devour,
But you seem singularly shy
Of any sort of mental power.

Do you suppose, oh, foolish lark,
When balls find traps, and niblicks clout them,
That little birdlings ought to hark
To language that will rise about them?
Do you not know that in the spring,
When round their new-built habitations
They perch upon the weeds and sing,
They'll all be warbling imprecations?

You'd better move that nest away
Before the caddie on it tramples,
And ere your brood is taught to stray
By oratorical examples.
Their unpremeditated art
Will swell more sweetly in their chorals,
If you will only have a heart
And better guard their tender morals!

—*James J. Montague.*

Captain

GIVE me a tub, a dirty tub—
'Most any old tub will do—
A hard old hooker wi' decks to scrub,
An' a beardy, black-lipped crew!
A wrinkled crowd from a Bowery den,
An' my teak belayin' pin,
An' I will furbish them into men
Ere again I fetch her in!

Give me the tide at dawning's flood,
An' the red-stack tug before,
An' the mid-March sky all flecked wi' blood,
An' the lights turned out ashore!
A hard old bark wi' an evil name,
For I, I be even so;
Man an' his woman should be the same,
An' the ships be all I know.

I am not one for kisses, nor
I never was one for drink;
But I likes right well the dank foreshore
Where slippery sea growths stink!
I likes right well the decks o' ships,
An' I likes right well to see
The black-beard oaths upon the lips
O' the men who curse at me!

I likes the sky at sea afar,
An' I likes to feel her go,
An' I likes to watch each glinting star
Where thundering big winds blow.
I likes a bark, 'most any old tub—
'Most any old tub will do—
A dirty bark wi' her decks to scrub,
An' a murder-eyed crew!

I likes to hear 'em rage and swear,
An' curse at the likes o' me;
I likes to hearken while they declare,
"I be done wi' ships an' sea!"
For well I knows they must each one track
To the old pierhead ag'in;
An' I—I will welcome each one back,
Wi' my teak belayin' pin.

—*Bill Adams.*

The Oregon Trail

(1843)

TWO hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Breaking through the gopher holes, lurching wide and free,
Crawling through the mountain pass, creaking, grumbling, rumbling on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling toward the sea.

From East and South and North they flock; they muster, row on row,
A fleet of ten-score prairie ships beside Missouri's flow.
The bullwhips crack, the oxen strain, the canvas-hooded files
Are off upon the long, long trail of sixteen hundred miles.
The women hold the guiding lines; beside the rocking steers,
With gould and ready rifle, walk the bearded pioneers
Through clouds of dust beneath the sun, through floods of sweeping rain,
Across the Kansas prairie land, across Nebraska's plain.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Curved around the camp-fire flame at halt when day is done;
Rest awhile beneath the stars, yoke again and lumber on,
Two hundred wagons, following the sun.

Among the barren buttes they wind beneath the jealous view
Of Blackfoot, Pawnee, Omaha, Arapahoe and Sioux
No savage threat may halt their course, no river deep and wide;
They swim the Platte, they ford the Snake, they cross the Great Divide.
They march as once from India's vales, through Asia's mountain door,
With shield and spear on Europe's plains their fathers marched before.
They march where leaps the antelope and storms the buffalo,
Still westward as their fathers marched ten thousand years ago.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Creeping down the dark defile below the mountain crest,
Surging through the brawling stream, lunging, plunging, forging on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling toward the West.

Now toils the dusty caravan with swinging wagon poles
Where Walla Walla pours along and broad Columbia rolls.
The long-haired trapper's face grows dark, and scowls the painted brave;
For where the beaver builds his dam the wheat and rye shall wave.
The British trader shakes his head and weighs his nation's loss;
For where those hardy settlers come the Stars and Stripes will toss.
Then block the wheels, unyoke the steers; the prize is his who dares;
The cabins rise, the fields are sown, and Oregon is theirs!

They will take, they will hold,
By the spade in the mold,
By the seed in the soil,
By the sweat and the toil,
By the plow in the loam,
By the school and the home!

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Two hundred wagons, ranging free and far,
Two hundred wagons, rolling, rumbling, rolling on,
Two hundred wagons, following a star!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Attic of the Past

FAINT, or fainter than the fragrance
Of a daydream long ago,
Memories come, like little vagrants
Wandering, maundering to and fro,
Drifting down the rifting radiance
Of some song which once you sung,
Till I reach the graceful gradients
Of the years when we were young.
Not my summoning! Nay, truly!
It was white rose or patchouli,
It was Schubert, Balfe or Grieg;
Even it was Mister Dooley,
Trilby, maybe, or McTeague.

Come, then, from that distant dimness,
When we loved and when we loathed,
When your roundness was a slimness
And my naked crown was clothed,
When life's passion and life's primness
Alternated each with each
In that her-ness and that him-ness
Dear to adolescent speech!
Youth! and from its efflorescence
Wafts a wavering recrudescence
Through some mind-door left ajar,
Wafts a wonder—like an essence—
As to who and what you are.

Are you Nobody or Someone?
Are you miracle or myth?
Is your life a drab, humdrum one,
Labeled Brown or Jones or Smith?
Wife or widow, shadowy dumb one?
Or are things at such a pitch
You are waiting to become one,
If the courts can tell you which?
Do you bring, from some hereafter,
Mists of tears or whiffs of laughter?
Can you, will you, tell at last,
Who unhooked you from the rafter
In the attic of my past?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

Daguerreotype

HER skirts of muslin, stiffly starched,
Were spread by careful hands, just so—
Her worried little brows are arched,
Her lips are like a cupid's bow,
Yet tremulous, as if afraid
To smile or speak; her eyes are wide;
Her hair is plaited in a braid
Two inches broad, and ribbon-tied.

She wears her eight years solemnly,
This little girl of yesterday—
And yet her sweetness touches me,
Though half a century away.
Her satin sash, her tasseled shoes,
Her fine ribbed stockings, white as milk;
And I can almost see her choose
Her petticoat of China silk!

Framed in a tarnished band of gilt,
She sits all day, her small hands hold
A flower that will never wilt—
Dear little girl; so young, so old!
Her skirts of muslin, wrinkleless,
Were spread by careful hands, just so—
Her thoughts my mind can never guess,
Her lips are like a cupid's bow.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

The comfort and beauty of this new touring car are instantly apparent.

Long underslung springs, deeper seats and greater body length have resulted in an unusual degree of riding ease.

The body is exceptionally trim and graceful. Swung low to the road, with long, straight hood-and-cowl effect and tasteful appointments, the car reveals new value and sound workmanship in every detail.

The engine—which remains essentially the same—needs no eulogy. It has proved its power and economy to nearly a million owners.

The price is $880 f. o. b. Detroit

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Different color if you want it

When you renew your car at home with Murphy Da-cote you can go as far as you like in revising color, for this popular enamel comes in black and white and ten smart colors.

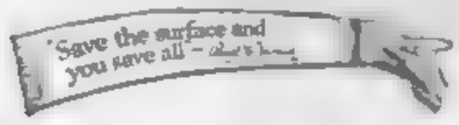
Change the entire color scheme if you wish—add a decorative body line or snap up wheels with a contrasting color.

All Da-cote colors are *opaque*. One coat usually covers up the old color and gives you a smooth, brilliant new finish.

The wonderful thing about Da-cote is the way it *flows* on—the way the brush marks and laps melt away after each stroke, leaving a finish like lustrous satin. It dries overnight and next day you have a glowing new car.

If you have a good car, get some Da-cote this week-end and make it *look* like a good car. Your dealer will give you a color card and tell you how much Da-cote you need. Cost is trifling.

Da-cote is also great for renewing kitchen, porch and lawn furniture; toys, farm tools, letter boxes and many other wood and metal surfaces subjected to wear.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

BOOTLEGGING IN HUMANITY

(Continued from Page 31)

reasonable. If his grandfather is dead he will be able to describe the exact location of the hill on which he is buried. He knows all about the fishpond in the center of the village. He can describe the location of his mother's house and its relation to the surrounding houses. He may never have been in the village in question; but his story coincides exactly with that of the father, and he can describe the events of his journey from this village to the port of embarkation and from there on until the time of his arrival at our shores.

Unless the case is a bona-fide case where the father has actually sent for his son, as in the case of Lee Wong, and perhaps has not taken the trouble to be prepared for the authorities, there will be absolutely no discrepancies in any of the testimony. No matter how sure the authorities may be that the blood of the father differs from that of the son, "as the blood of the Buddha differs from that of false gods," there is nothing for them to do but admit the boy as the son of a native-born Chinese. Once in a while a mistake is made and they are able to break down either the alleged father or the alleged son in examination, but only often enough to make them sure that there is a great deal of this sort of thing going on all the time. In literally hundreds of cases they are morally certain that no relationship exists, but they cannot legally prove it. And, as I say, they are more suspicious of the perfect cases than they are of the cases in which discrepancies occur in the original testimony, for these can usually be explained on reëxamination.

The Substitution Trick

If it be true that hundreds of young Chinese come into this country every year illegally, then it must be equally true that there is some sort of an organization behind them. No individual Chinese is going to go to all this trouble and preparation years in advance simply to assist some youth whom he does not know, and who may not even yet be born, to come to the United States years hence. And even if an individual Chinese, owing to an idiosyncrasy or some kind of a complex, should take it into his head to do this, he would not do it a number of times, and this would not account for a considerable number of them doing it with unfailing regularity. Therefore there must be back of the system some established organization with a well-defined purpose of sufficient importance to justify not only the effort but an enormous expenditure of money.

It has been alleged that the wealthy tongs, or, as the Chinese prefer to call them, the benevolent societies, are behind the whole business. If this is true it will never be proven. But it does sound reasonable. By a process of elimination, there doesn't seem to be any other kind of organization with the purpose, the brains, the money and the patience to do it. Tongs are wealthy in varying degrees, but all of them wish to be wealthier. Tongs are made up of individual members; but all of them wish to increase their memberships. What better method could be found than the importation constantly of those of a coming generation, and doing it in such a way that the young Chinese immigrant will be bound to them both until the money obligation with interest has been paid and until the moral obligation is discharged? It is reasonable to suppose, however, that this moral account is never permitted to be wholly closed.

Assuming that this theory is the correct one, then the attitude of the Chinese tong toward our immigration laws with regard to Chinese must be somewhat similar to that of the prosperous bootlegger toward the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act. Just as long as the Chinese Exclusion Act is in existence, and just as long as the law makes an exception of the children of native-born Chinese without providing an adequate system of determining the actual relationship of the boy and the man to whom he comes, then just so long will this organization be able to invest profitably in bootleg immigrants. For, after all, that is what it is—bootlegging in human beings. There is no doubt but what each individual returns a handsome profit on the investment, for the Chinese have very certain methods of collection.

It is hardly fair, however, to ascribe all this sort of thing, which is going on continually, to the tongs. It may not be fair to ascribe any of it to them; but if one should ask an immigration inspector who has had any considerable experience on the Pacific Coast, he will tell you that in his opinion a considerable portion of it is done by them.

Some of it, particularly in individual cases, is done by the Chinese clan and even by the individual Chinese family.

But the native-born Chinese father-Chinese-born son is by no means the only method of bringing Chinese into the country illegally and yet openly, nor is it the scheme that gives the authorities the most trouble. There is another method that recent rulings of Secretary Davis have made decidedly more expensive, but which has the virtue of being wholesale. It means a much larger investment; but like all investments, the returns are in proportion to the size. The bootlegger engaged in delivering single bottles of moonshine makes a profit that is nil when compared with the profits of the bootlegger who brings a whole shipload of liquor to our shores and who never does business in less than hundred-case lots. And the more this liquor costs the wholesaler the bigger are his profits. So it is with Chinese. If they can be imported in bulk, and if the importation is made more expensive by additional laws and rules and regulations, then it naturally follows that the profit per individual is just so much greater.

The scheme which ran full blast on the Pacific Coast up until a short time ago and which the secretary attempted, with partial success, to stop with a ruling which in the course of this article I will describe, is what is called the substitution trick. It has been made possible in the past by a variety of factors, but it has been made exceedingly difficult by recent refinements of method of applying the ruling to which I have referred. It has also been worked in a variety of ways.

Identifying Chinamen

It is fairly well known that the Seamen's Law permits all seamen, without regard to nationality, to come ashore when in our ports, and even to desert their ships and engage on other ships. In spite of the Chinese Exclusion Act, this law was made to apply specifically to Chinese seamen as well as other seamen. As soon as this law came into effect there was a great influx of Chinese into the United States. There was an astonishing high rate of desertion on the part of members of Chinese crews, and the authorities quickly realized that something must be done about it. So a system of inspection was established in order to fix the responsibility on the masters of the ships and determine if possible what masters were making a business of bringing Chinese to this country in the guise of seamen.

But this was of no avail. A ship would enter a Pacific port with a crew of, say, 200 Chinese. The immigration inspector would inspect the crew, count it and check up the list. Application would be made and granted for shore leave for forty. The vessel would be ready to clear in about ten days, and once more would be boarded by the immigration authorities for inspection. In the meantime, however, the inspector would have looked over perhaps 2000 Chinese, and he could not be expected to remember photographically all the faces of the members of this particular crew. The boat would have a full complement of 200 seamen and would be allowed to sail. But the Chinese population in the United States would have been increased by forty, or there would be forty new Chinese in the place of forty who had been residents here.

This would be accomplished in one of two ways. Either the boat had carried forty Chinese whose names did not appear on either the crew or passenger list, who had been stowed away in the hold during inspection, and it was these who had gone ashore under the granted shore leaves, or else there were forty of the crew who were not bona-fide seamen and with whom forty resident Chinese who wished to return to China had exchanged places. This was a game that was hard to beat, so the secretary made a ruling. He said that from that time on every Chinese seaman coming ashore would have to put up a bond in the sum of $500. This looked like a good way to beat the Seamen's Law, although some courts have held that he exceeded his authority.

The net result of this ruling has been to keep the bona-fide Chinese seaman who is not given to desertion from having any shore leave when his ship is in our ports, and to keep out chance Chinese who could not put up a bond of this size and who had no one particularly interested in them. The same scheme of substitution could be worked just as easily under a bond as without a bond. The fact that a Chinese might be bonded would not make the substitution any more easily recognizable, and when the time came for the ship to sail it would apparently have a full crew and the bondsman would be released.

Smoking Out Stowaways

Then the scheme of photographing the Chinese who applied for shore leave, and pasting the photograph on the bond was adopted, and this makes it comparatively easy to hold the bondsman. All the inspector has to do is to take the bundle of bonds and check the photographs on them with the crew and release the bondsman on any bond when he finds the man has returned to his ship. This is what made bootlegging in human beings expensive, for the bond in many instances simply acted as a head tax of $500. It is astonishing how many Chinese there are who will pay $500, or who have someone who is willing to pay $500, for a permit to enter the United States. It takes capital, but the returns justify it. The only method by which this game can be beaten is to utilize all the safeguards that have already been adopted, and in addition to hold the master of the ship responsible for the return of all his crew who have been granted shore leave under bond. If this can be done—and it is extremely doubtful—it will be found that the captain of a ship manned by a Chinese crew will be exceedingly reluctant to allow any but bona-fide members of his crew to go ashore, and he will find some very definite means to insure that they either return to his vessel or ship on some other one.

It is by no means necessary for those interested in the illegal entrance of Chinese to depend on the obtaining of shore leave to get their men into the United States. Chinese can be brought over, and during the voyage mingle either with the crew or with the passengers. After arrival in port these Chinese can be stowed away in the hold until inspection is over, and then there is a variety of ways in which they can be smuggled ashore, not the most uncommon of which includes the bribing of the watchman. The fact that the job of number-one boy on a vessel sailing the Pacific is highly prized and one for which a large sum of money is sometimes paid is some evidence of this. The number-one boy is in charge of all Chinese employed on the vessel, and it is a comparatively easy thing for him to engage in a trade of this kind, which is exceedingly profitable and will pay excellent returns on his investment in his job. A way has been found, however, to stop this that is most effective at times. The mere statement on the part of the authorities that they are going to fumigate the ship immediately is usually sufficient to produce these stowaways, for the number-one boy realizes that this means the death of his customers. Actually Chinese stowaways have been killed by cyaniding a ship. As a result, the mere preparation for a ceremony of this sort brings them out of hiding.

But the scheme of switching Chinese seamen or alleged Chinese seamen at the port

(Continued on Page 52)

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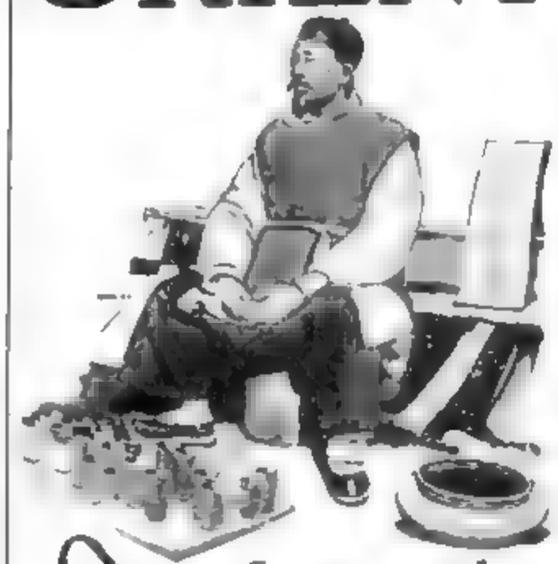

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is not the only method of working the substitution trick. A variety of ways has been discovered, and in all probability there are just as many ways that are yet to be discovered.

Not so very long ago a group of fifteen Chinese seamen were picked up in the port of Boston and ordered deported as being in the country illegally. In one way or another, either through a lawyer or by some other method, they obtained a change of jurisdiction to New York. In due time fifteen Chinamen reported voluntarily at Ellis Island for deportation and were started for San Francisco. When they arrived there, however, it was discovered that for some reason or other deportation warrants had not been issued. San Francisco wired Washington. Now Washington had no reason in the world to suspect anything wrong, but the authorities had a hunch and played it. They ordered the group held and made an investigation. It was discovered that the group of Chinese who had reported voluntarily at Ellis Island were not the same who had been arrested in Boston at all. They were simply fifteen Chinese who wanted to return to China and were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to do so at the expense of the United States Government. The original fifteen had, of course, scattered, and may or may not be apprehended.

It appears that on a number of occasions groups of Chinese arrested at Boston or other ports have obtained a change of jurisdiction. No one knows how often the substitution trick has been worked in this manner. But it will never be worked again. Now when a Chinaman is arrested in one port and is sent to another station to start him on his way home he is photographed and the authorities make very sure that they have the right man.

Chinese Psychology

Still another method of working this same trick was discovered along the Mexican border. In this case it was worked with the connivance of one or more immigration inspectors. A group of Chinese who wished to enter the United States would be assembled on the Mexican side of the border. Then a group of an equal number who wished to return to China would be gathered together on the United States side. The Chinese on the Mexican side would cross and be immediately arrested. Deportation warrants would be issued and they would be started on their journey home. Usually they made just a truckload. In a brief space of time, however, and somewhere along the route, there would be a switch; and the fifteen Chinese who wished to return home without expense would be on their way rejoicing, with a new group in their places as residents. It is understood that this enterprise was quite profitable until it was discovered and the practice broken up—at least temporarily.

The psychology of the attitude of the Chinese toward our immigration laws is puzzling, and I defy anyone who has the temerity to approach the problem of immigration from a psychological, biological or sociological standpoint to explain it. Psychologists usually have an explanation for all human action; but when they face the average Chinese dealing with immigration authorities they are, as the English would say, completely sunk. Normally, our average Chinese is honest. He will not lie, he will not cheat and he will not steal. The payment of debt seems to be a part of the Chinese religion. Even a gambling debt around which there may be circumstances indicating beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Chinese incurring that debt has been cheated will be paid by his family or his clan, if he cannot pay it himself. He will lie only when the interests of someone of his own nationality seem to be jeopardized by foreigners. The Chinese as a race are clanish and stick by one another, an attribute which might be recommended to some Americans. On the whole, however, the average Chinese is as honest a human being as one will find in many a day's search, even though that search be conducted with a flashlight in place of the flickering flame of the well-known lantern of Diogenes.

But when it comes to laws and rules and regulations that restrict his movements about and over the face of the earth or that seek to bar his entry into this or that country, the whole mental attitude of the Chinese seems to undergo a peculiar change. It is quite commendable, apparently, to lie to the authorities who wish to bar his entrance or the entrance of some friend into the United States. It is just as commendable to cheat or to bribe, or do anything else that may be necessary either to assist himself or some countryman into the position of a permanent resident. If he is under bond himself, either on what is known as a warrant case or as an alleged seaman coming ashore, or has provided the necessary bond for a friend, it is quite right and proper to forfeit that bond, and by so doing he feels that any obligation he might have to the Government of the United States has been discharged. In other words, he looks upon it simply as the price of a ticket of admission. If he is smuggled into this country and has paid a sum of money to someone to assist him in his entry he feels that he has paid the price and that he has done nothing illegal, wrong or dishonest. It is not a question of honesty or dishonesty; it is nothing more or less than a state of mind. The Chinese simply cannot believe that beating the immigration law is anything but commendable if they can get away with it.

There is an interesting story in this connection which was told to me by Louis F. Post, former Assistant Secretary of Labor. A young Chinese was arrested on the charge of being in this country illegally. Upon being examined, his only defense was that he had become a Christian. Though this seemed to the immigration authorities to be extremely laudable, they could not quite see how it was a legitimate defense for the breaking of our immigration law. It so happened that he really was a Christian, and a good Christian. However, this could hardly be accepted as a defense. But it interested the authorities, and they used it to develop the examination in such a way as to find out why he thought that being a Christian was a sufficient guaranty of his right to be in the United States. Upon further questioning, he said that he had searched the Bible very carefully for a statement forbidding his coming to this country, which he understood was the headquarters of Christianity, and had been able to find absolutely nothing. There being no such law in the Bible, he could not quite see how the immigration authorities could write one into it.

His attitude reminds one of the story told by the commissioner-general of immigration about an early legislature of the state of Vermont. Immediately after the Revolution the members met, and having discovered that the Government was in a chaotic state, solemnly resolved to obey the laws of God until they could write better ones. In this case, however, the Chinese did not seem to think that the immigration authorities could improve upon the laws of God by adding to them, and that therefore the immigration law was a thing that might be totally disregarded by a good Christian.

Deserting Seamen

Undoubtedly the La Follette Seamen's Law permitting seamen of all countries, including China, to enter the United States on shore leave, and even to desert their ships, is the cause of the greatest difficulty in the administering of the exclusion clauses of the immigration law. It is a curious fact that Congress has been reluctant to appropriate the money that should be made available to meet these very difficulties. Under the quota law, only about 360,000 immigrants can come into the United States each year. Yet Congress has been more than willing to appropriate funds necessary to administer this law in a most efficient manner. But more than 1,000,000 seamen touch our shores annually, and every one of them has the right to enter the United States; yet there is little or no money available to see to it that they either return to their own vessels or reship on others.

No one knows just how many of these seamen and alleged seamen stay here, but we may be assured that the number is very large. If I were in Italy or Greece and the quota was exhausted, and I could not get a viss for my passport, I would find the captain of some ship and give him whatever might be necessary to sign me on as a seaman. When I arrived here I would apply for shore leave and simply disappear. Although it would be reported to the immigration authorities that John Jones had deserted, I would know that the department has neither the money nor the machinery to spend very much time and thought searching for me. A great deal of this sort of thing is going on all the time. It is a constant source of supply of so-called common labor and is undoubtedly well organized in some parts of Europe.

Of course, I do not mean that there is danger of a million or more persons entering the United States owing to the operation of this Seamen's Law. The bona-fide seaman does not ordinarily change his calling. He may desert his vessel, but sooner or later he will sign on another. By some chance of fortune he may accept employment ashore; but sooner or later he will return to the sea, for it is the only life he knows and understands. Bona-fide Chinese seamen are no exception to this rule. But it is a fact that, owing to such a large number of a special class having special privileges with regard to entry into the United States, unlimited opportunities are provided for the avoidance of contact with the immigration authorities.

The Public-Health Problem

Today a great many more Greeks, Italians, Lascars, Hindus, Egyptians and others desert their ships in American ports than Chinese. Periodically the percentage of desertions jumps to disproportionate figures almost overnight. When this happens, the authorities look about the country for some sort of strike within easy access to the water front. Apparently such a strike is known in Greece almost before it becomes a matter of common knowledge in America. This is due to the occasional efforts to break strikes by the employment of deserting seamen, desertions which are, of course, stimulated and even inspired by the attraction of wages high in comparison with seamen's wages.

In one such instance the newspapers got hold of the story, which resulted in considerable publicity. Telegrams and letters began to pour in to Secretary Davis and Commissioner-General Husband advising them of conditions. Finally Husband wrote a form letter to those employing the strike breakers, calling attention to the fact that information in possession of the bureau showed clearly that a considerable number of aliens belonging to classes whose exclusion from the United States was mandatory were employed in their various shops, and that the bureau would be compelled to make a complete survey of the situation. He said inspectors would be sent into various districts, and asked for coöperation.

Space forbids any detailed account of this survey. It developed the fact that large numbers of deserting seamen were employed as strike breakers, and that they were aliens of the lowest and most undesirable type. The conditions under which they were living in camps on their employers' property were described by inspectors as being a disgrace to civilization, indescribably filthy, and a menace and a danger to the communities. One inspector stated that the East Indians, Africans, Egyptians and Malays taken into custody were of the lowest type of aliens that he had ever come in contact with in twenty-eight years' experience in the Bureau of Immigration. In one instance the employment agents who were supplying these strike breakers had a concession from the employers to feed them; and, knowing their people, it can be imagined the kind of food that was furnished. The lack of any sanitary measures created a situation so revolting that a description of it could not be printed. In the meantime the American workers whose places were taken by these very dregs of humanity were supposed to be impressed and learning a salutary lesson. As a matter of fact, the department broke up this practice effectively and the employers were forced to come to an agreement with their old employes.

There is another feature of this question of a million or more seamen arriving at our ports in the course of a year, which is of the gravest importance to the American public. This is the problem of the public health. If, under the Seamen's Law, these seamen of all nations can exercise the seemingly inalienable right of seamen that has been a traditional right since time immemorial, their physical condition bears the same relation to the health of the nation as that of the immigrant. If they can go ashore, travel about even for a limited time, and desert their ships to seek employment on other ships, then they should be subject to the same rigorous inspection for contagious, loathsome or infectious diseases as any person who arrives with the intention of residing here permanently. This seems to be so obvious as hardly to require argument,

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Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"Potash and Perlmutter"

IN A LITTLE theatre at Bayside, Long Island, New York, sat Montague Glass, creator of two of the world's best-known figures of fun—Potash and Perlmutter. He was one man among several hundred critics of both sexes, all ages and many dispositions. They had paid to come in. On a hot night, a hard night for entertainment, Samuel Goldwyn's screen version of "Potash and Perlmutter" was being "tried out" unheralded before an audience. Watching Mr. Glass through semi-darkness, I wondered what an author thinks about just as his characters, which have won fame in 2557 nights on the Broadway stage, 6626 more on tour, in one hundred and seventy-five Saturday Evening Post stories, and in book editions running to 225,000, face the final test of the cinema. But the instant I looked away, a wave of laughter swept through the house Potash and Perlmutter filled the screen with pantomimic arguments!

Thereafter I forgot the author for his offspring. It was a wonderful show. First Barney Bernard, as Potash, got the laughs; then Alexander Carr, as Perlmutter, broke in; or Vera Gordon, most wonderful of screen mothers, filled my throat and eyes. My wife gasped over dresses we'll never be able to afford—score upon score of indescribable creations displayed by mannequins just as gorgeous. And I returned the gasp when a whole Follies show, with everything from pony-ballet to jazz-band, swept in.

Samuel Goldwyn did it lavishly and well. Scientifically he blended drama, pathos, suspense and laughter; engaged the original cast including Barney Bernard, Alex Carr and Vera Gordon, supported by Martha Mansfield, Hope Sutherland, Ben Lyon, Lee Kohlmar, and De Sacia Mooers; and topped everything off with special titles by Montague Glass, who made the characters speak their own language. In the history of the screen's growth there has rarely been so fine a combination of histrionic and productional tradition behind a photoplay.

When "Potash and Perlmutter" finished in that little Bayside show, lost somewhere among the laughing crowd was Montague Glass, who had every right to be dumbfounded by the reel reception of Abe and Mawruss.

The Brightest on Broadway

WHAT'S the brightest spot on Broadway? No, not somebody's sign, but the Mark Strand Theatre: the brightest because that's where First National pictures show. And the beacon across the Brooklyn Bridge is the Brooklyn Strand where you'll find First Nationals, too. And that goes for the other important houses controlled by Mr. Moe Mark as well. I don't have to tell a Clevelander that *we* can see these special productions at Mr. E. Mandelbaum's Metropolitan Theatre and Loew's State. Big theatres, you'll notice. And a picture must be unusual to play there.

Gaby's Sister in "Ponjola"

CAMILLE DESLYS, sister of the famous Gaby Deslys, has deserted Paris for Los Angeles and the screen—and more particularly "Ponjola." Her first appearance is a "bit" in Sam E. Rork's picturization of Cynthia Stockley's latest fiction hit.

Another celebrity listed as an "extra" is the Earl of Glandore.

Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy"

SHE was beautiful but dumb. Her brains, so her brother said, were as good as new because she never used them. Her husband expressed no opinion; he merely suffered. Dear, delightful Dulcy, world's champion dumb-bell! When Constance Talmadge decides to play such a rôle you naturally expect laughs, but never as many as she actually scores in filming this stage success. It's her first appearance since "East Is West"; and to prance with her through all the comedy, and sometimes drama, of "Dulcy" is to wonder why Constance Talmadge plays come so seldom. No, she doesn't make many—but she certainly makes them big.

DUMB, BUT DELIGHTFUL—AND DETERMINED.

Mr. Married Man—If you're scared your wife wants to help you in business, let her see "Dulcy." Above.—Constance Talmadge as Dulcy. Left—Dulcy tries to cure a grouch by kindness, Claude Gillingwater being the grouch. Sidney A. Franklin directed

Ben Alexander With Tourneur

MAURICE TOURNEUR has found his story. He was reluctantly commencing another when "Jealous Fools" arrived. The script made a hit. Now previous plans have gone by the board; Earle Williams has been engaged for one of the leading rôles; Ben Alexander, who scored as Penrod in "Penrod and Sam," gets another fine part; the rest of the cast is being selected, and the decks are cleared for an ambitious production. It seems there is more joy in a studio over one good story than over many stars. What sort of story is "Jealous Fools"? Too good to tell just yet, but the novelty of "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "The Brass Bottle" is a good indication of what Tourneur always tries for.

No "Double Standard" Now

IS THE double standard reaching the vanishing point?

Warner Fabian, in his story of modern society life, intimates that the double standard has gone. But its place has been taken by a single standard, quite the opposite from what it should be. "Flaming Youth," from Fabian's pen, has become the second "best-seller" today, not altogether because of its frankness, but because the sophisticated realize that the author has written truth without exaggeration. He speaks of "petting parties" and "red and white kisses" as though they were the order of the day. And he does not fail to impress the reader that the young women are the victims both of heredity and environment. It's the story of a mother and her three daughters—all unconventional to a more or less degree, while the father is inclined toward a fondness for women in no way connected with his own family.

Now that "Flaming Youth" is being filmed, the studios are fairly alive with blonde and brunette beauties in ball-room dress or bathing suits and a new record in massed pulchritude is imminent. The cast comprises Colleen Moore, Sylvia Breamer, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Myrtle Stedman, Walter McGrail, Ben Lyon, Betty Francisco and Phillips Smalley. John Francis Dillon is directing.

Speaking of "Trilby"

"THE DELIGHTFUL romance of the Latin Quarter that has caused so many of us to think seriously about taking up art, has been brought to the screen in Richard Walton Tully's presentation of 'Trilby.' It has caught the spirit of the story. Andree Lafayette, faithfully cast as Trilby, is beautiful; she possesses the spontaneous personality needed for the part. Every detail is brought out with much care, and since it is upon detail that the charm of the story rests, it is in detail that Tully has done his best work. The scenes and costumes seem like reproductions of old etchings. It is apparent devotion to the motif of Du Maurier's novel and the reverent care spent upon it that make 'Trilby' an unusual presentation."—*New York American.*

"Black Oxen" is Lloyd's First

HAVING decided on Corinne Griffith as the ideal portrayer of Countess Zattiany in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," Frank Lloyd has now cast Conway Tearle as Clavering, the ardent "colyumist" who falls in love with the rejuvenated woman old enough to be his mother. "Black Oxen" will be Frank Lloyd's initial independent production for First National—a big undertaking when you realize that just one phase of the job is to reconstruct in the studios the auditorium of the New York Metropolitan Opera House wherein the story opens.

These Bathing Beauties Swim!

NO STEREOTYPED atmospheric color for Frank Borzage. When he wanted a water carnival for "The Age of Desire" the customary "prop" studio pool would not satisfy him. He took his cast and company of naiads to one of the most palatial estates in Southern California—Long Beach, to be exact—where a pool amid drooping trees and sunken gardens provided the setting for highly unusual festivities. Those scenes prove striking. Moreover, having had my first glance at "The Age of Desire," I'm prepared to call Mary Philbin and William Collier, Jr., the screen's most promising team of younger stars.

Told by Telegraph

LOS ANGELES—Corinne Griffith will star probably in "Lilies of the Field" after playing the leading rôle in "Black Oxen." Spectacular Oriental settings mark "Thundergate" as unusual. Owen Moore has the triple rôles of American engineer in China, beachcomber, and son of a mandarin. Big preparations are being made by First National to screen "The Sea Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini. Dancing in "Flaming Youth" is Patricia Prevoss, London star, and actually Lady Bancroft, widow of the late Sir Stanley Bancroft, killed in action.

Pick of Recent Pictures

"THE WANTERS"—John M. Stahl's companion picture to "The Dangerous Age." A play of the luxury-lovers wherein most of us find some longing of our own in the characters portrayed by Marie Prevost, Robert Ellis, Norma Shearer, Gertrude Astor, Huntley Gordon and Lincoln Stedman. Little Richard Headrick is in it, too. Dramatic punch all through and a tip-top railroad thrill to wind up with.

"THE HUNTRESS"—Where an Indian maid actually ropes a husband in the bonds of matrimony by kidnapping him. No one will argue when I say that Colleen Moore never had a more appealing rôle, humorous mostly, but dramatic at the right moment. Lloyd Hughes, Walter Long, Russell Simpson and Charles E. Anderson in the cast. And scenic splendor to marvel at.

"TRILBY."—All say "A triumph!"

"PENROD AND SAM."—"Don't send your children to see it. *Take them with you.* You'll enjoy it more than they will."—George Mitchell in *Judge.*

"THE BRASS BOTTLE."—"A picture you will enjoy, for it's full of action, full of fun, and contains that element of magic which most everyone relishes if he is honest enough to admit it."—*World-Herald*, Omaha.

"CHILDREN OF DUST."—Frank Borzage's peer of "Humoresque."

John Lincoln

Style W38CD Brown Russia Calfskin Brogue Oxford

THE
Hanover
Shoe

Styled for Comfort
Built for Wear

More and more men each year are finding increased comfort, better style and longer wear in Hanover Shoes.

In 23 years, Hanover Shoes have acquired a nation-wide reputation among discriminating men, for their quiet elegance and their genuine, ingrained quality.

Satisfy yourself that you can get Hanover value at Hanover prices.

FIVE DOLLARS

In Hanover Stores
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This is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores.

If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Write for catalog.

THE HANOVER SHOE, HANOVER, PA.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men — finest leathers available — careful thorough workmanship — rugged, honest shoes for hard wear, $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

Style B-1-F

Boys' Brown Russia Fancy Lace Shoe

(Continued from Page 52)

yet it has required a great deal of argument with Congress, and will require a great deal more before an efficient system of inspection from a standpoint of the public health is in operation. The very best that can be done under present appropriations, and with the present inadequate machinery, is what is known as a visual examination. Under the law of 1920, such an examination is required; and it has been at least partially effective in keeping diseased seamen from going ashore, or has resulted in their being sent to government hospitals for treatment. The figures with regard to this inspection are interesting.

During the fiscal year 1921 there were inspected 26,470 vessels, and 1,139,339 seamen were examined physically by the public-health authorities. Of this number 6331 were found to be diseased and 4878 were sent to hospitals for treatment. During the fiscal year 1922, when there was a falling off in shipping, 21,219 vessels were inspected, and 973,804 seamen were examined, of whom 1523 were found to be diseased and 2065 were sent to hospitals for treatment. This drop in the ratio of the number found to be diseased to the number inspected is indicative—to the authorities, at least—of either a gradual cleaning up of the seamen generally or else of more care on the part of shipping officials in the signing on of seamen found to be diseased. For under the law, it should be understood, the shipping companies must pay the bills when seamen are taken to hospitals for treatment. In addition to this, the seamen themselves have taken the greatest interest in this question of contagious and infectious diseases. A single incident will suffice to illustrate this fact.

A certain seaman was found on inspection to be suffering from a loathsome disease and was taken to a hospital for treatment. This particular disease was practically incurable. However, he was a good seaman and the captain of the vessel wanted him back when the time came for sailing. The authorities agreed to give him up if the captain would get him, take him to his ship in a taxicab and not only be personally responsible for keeping him from contact with the public but agree not to bring him into an American port again. This was done. The next morning, however, the captain called upon the authorities and begged them to take the man back. The reason was that his entire crew refused to sail if the diseased seaman was kept on board.

Under the present system of medical inspection a great deal depends on the attitude of the port authorities toward the value and necessity of health precautions. This can be shown by comparing the figures for the port of New York with the figures for the port of Norfolk. In the year 1921, 442,093 seamen arrived at the port of New York. Of this number 872 were found to be diseased and 610 were sent to hospitals for treatment. In the same year 121,898, or a little more than one-fourth the number arriving at New York, arrived at Norfolk. Of this number, however, 2327 were found to be diseased and 1418 were sent to hospitals for treatment. In other words, with one-fourth the number of inspections, the authorities at Norfolk detected almost three times as many diseased seamen and sent to the hospital nearly two and a half times as many as the authorities at New York. It would seem either that Norfolk was more fortunate in its officials or New York sadly undermanned. And when it is remembered that Spanish influenza, which resulted in the death of tens of thousands of Americans in 1918–19, is supposed to have been brought to this country by a vessel manned by a Spanish crew that touched at the port of Boston, and afterward was found at New Orleans to have four cases of flu and consequently quarantined, it is hard to believe that any public official could fail to attach the greatest importance to some form of physical examination of crews before allowing shore leave of any kind.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

On Being Spanked

MANY ancient and honorable customs have fallen into disrepute in these sophisticated and decadent times, and many are the evils we suffer by reason of our disloyalty to the ways of our fathers.

There are no more parlors in which to court, but only a living room where all the family lingers on to discourage romance. The gentle art of hand-holding no longer affords the gratification that thrilled and contented the swain of yesteryear. The modern boy has no cave wherein to sit and make large talk concerning pieces of eight, but sits instead at a steering wheel and says uncomplimentary things about the slow-moving hicks who infest the highway. The clothes have gone to the laundry, and Monday no longer fills the house with the odor of honest suds, nor does Tuesday bring the pungent promise of rich-brown loaves that thrift once set to bake in the oven while the stove was hot for ironing. The good old ways are gone, for the most part, and e'en the art of spanking has been modernized and bereft of its ancient dignity. The woodshed has been transformed into a garage; there is no strap hanging by the kitchen door; the apple sprouts are trimmed away to profit the tree at the expense of the boy; the modern parent is a psychologist; the modern child has a complex that serves as an alibi.

I cannot recall ever having enjoyed a spanking, but when I look back through the mist of years and remember that I did not at any time call my father "pater" or "the old man" or "old scout," I am persuaded that the spankings administered were not administered in vain.

Father was a very good spanker, as spankers go, and employed the tools of his trade, as men commonly will. He had a newspaper, and in the back room, where the type and the presses were, he was wont to select a column rule—a thin but uncompromising piece of brass twenty inches long and one inch wide—and, having required me to bend at the waist, to apply it vigorously where my pants were tightest. To this, and this alone, I attribute my ability to bow in the manner affected by the Continentals.

Modern parents can box an ear on the spur of the moment, or wield a retributive hand in more orthodox fashion when the cares that infest the day have burdened them with taut nerves that demand relief; but a proper spanking is a solemn and formal rite, not lightly or hastily to be embarked upon, and the one who officiates must have a proper conception of the dignity of his rôle if the beneficiary is to emerge from the ordeal with an humble and a contrite heart.

Thrift

THE practice of thrift is very difficult except in the case of those who are too poor to keep up appearances and those who are so rich that it doesn't matter. The chief obstacles to thrift are the opinions of the neighbors and charge accounts. The chief incentives to thrift are poorhouses and bill collectors.

A great many people think they are thrifty because they regret having spent so much money last month. People of this type make a large portion of the world's good resolutions, but good resolutions made while one's purse is empty usually seem too ascetic when one's purse again is full, and few of them can hold their own against the blarney of a man who has something to offer on the easy-payment plan.

Every normal family has an attack of economy on the first day of each month. At such times the head of the house lights another cigar from which to draw inspiration and holds forth concerning the economies that could be effected in the household if women would employ the sound sense that characterizes the management of modern business institutions, and when he has finished both his oration and his cigar the wife of his bosom rests from the labor of basting the silk nighties she is making for the girls in order that they may uphold the family honor while spending the week-end with a school chum, and makes pointed remarks concerning the great sums that are expended annually to encourage the growing of tobacco.

Persons who practice thrift are called tightwads, and all good fellows shun them except when they wish to borrow a small sum to tide them over until the next pay day. Tightwads are scorned and held in contempt for two reasons: First, because they demand security before lending their money, and second, because the only way to get even with a man of superior virtue is to condemn his narrowness.

The thrifty miss considerable fun, but they have as recompense the privilege of feeling superior to persons who wonder what became of last month's pay check, and they are not required to expend a considerable portion of their energy in the manufacture of alibis.

The case against thrift consists in the fact that men deny themselves pleasures while young in order to save for their old age, and attain to fullness of years with well-lined purses only to discover that they have lost the capacity for enjoyment of spending; but number of days does not in many instances take away man's delight in victuals, and an empty stomach finds small consolation in reminiscences of the good times of yesteryear.

The Grouch

THE common grouch is an acute infectious disorder prevalent in all districts not inhabited exclusively by winners. It is characterized by a state of mind that causes the patient to see red and feel blue, and frequently is accompanied by an offensive running off at the mouth.

The symptoms usually make their appearance immediately following contact with hard luck. The hard luck that is the actuating cause of the disorder may take the form of a blow-out two miles from a shade tree, a bad guess concerning the probable activities of the stock market, or an inability to hit 'em when they come over.

In mild cases no treatment is required except isolation of the patient and copious use of soft words. In more violent cases, however, some authorities recommend massaging the patient's left ear with a brick or applying bunched knuckles to the nostrils. It is safer to administer this treatment while the patient is lying in bed.

In acute cases the patient's temper begins to subside within a few hours and his barking gives way to coherent speech. He is then out of danger unless one or more of those persons at whom he barked has a long memory and a vindictive nature.

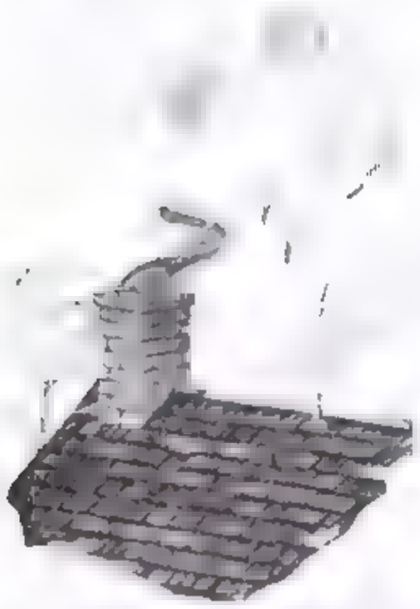
Chronic cases result from continued exposure to hard luck, followed by abnormal development of the victim's yellow streak and a consequent inability to stand the gaff. When a chronic case has reached the secondary or furniture-kicking stage, the victim begins to wish he had never been born, and this wish is shared by all those with whom he comes in contact.

Chronic cases are obdurate and become increasingly difficult to handle as the patient develops the hallucination that he is a martyr, but even the most stubborn attacks yield in time to the application of soft soap.

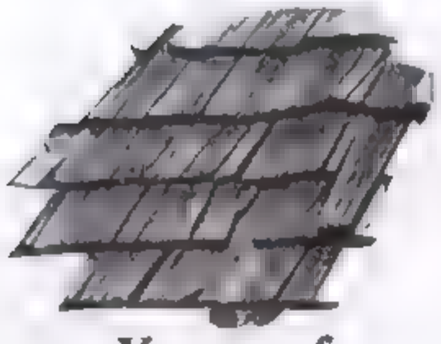
Until recent years the grouch sufferer was free to select his course of treatment. The treatment commonly selected consisted in leading the grouch to an elevated expanse of polished mahogany and there endeavoring to drown it. At times the treatment was so successful that the relieved patient would lift his voice in glad song concerning the improbability that another li'l' treatment would do him any harm; but as a general thing the relief afforded was temporary, and morning found the patient emerging from a state of coma with his grouch greatly intensified.

This treatment is now frowned upon, but it is to be hoped that science may yet place mankind under obligation by devising a substitute treatment that will induce the state of coma without straining the Constitution or its Amendments.

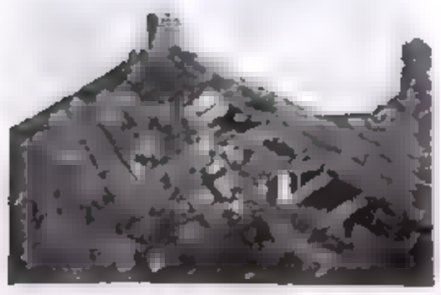
Re-roof for the last time!



Your chimney



Your roof



Your fault

Right over the old inflammable roof

THERE are millions of old roofs in this country. They are nearly all high fire hazards, often they leak. Do you live under one of them?

You can remove that inconvenience, that deadly fire peril which constantly hangs over your head by re-roofing now. Just lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof and you will have a permanent, fire-safe housetop that will outlast your house itself.

Practical

This method has already proved its worth on thousands of American homes. You not only save money by not having to tear off the old roof, but the new double covering actually makes a better roof shelter. The old roof underneath the new acts as a blanket of insulation. It helps to retain desired temperatures within the house. With this double roof protection you are quite likely to find the upstairs rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Often there is an actual saving in the amount of fuel necessary for a season's heating.

The housewife appreciates this method of re-roofing because the house is never filled with dust and dirt from tearing off the old shingles. The danger to lawns and shrubbery is eliminated as well as the cost of carting the old shingles away.

It is an exceptionally economical way to secure a first-rate roof.

Fire-proof

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are fire-proof. Fire cannot destroy them; it cannot even scorch them. This

Laying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof (Hexagonal Method.)

with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos shingles —

important fact is well proved by the famous Johns-Manville blow torch test. Ask your dealer, carpenter or builder to show it to you. It convinces!

Because of this thorough fire-safety these shingles are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Housebuilders have always been delighted with the many varying roof effects obtainable with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. They come in several soft, rich colors; in varying shapes and thicknesses; with rough artistic edges or neat smooth ones. Your personal taste is afforded many choices.

Permanent

The money you save by not having to tear off the old roof is something, to be sure; but many times greater than this is the year-in-year-out economy of these shingles that will never need painting, repairing, or renewing.

Made from asbestos rock fibre and Portland cement united under tremendous hydraulic pressure they are practically indestructible.

You will want to learn more about this economical way of securing a permanent roof. Send for our booklet "Re-roofing for the last time." The coupon below will bring it to you.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., Dept. A2
Madison Ave. at 41st St., N. Y. City
Branches in 59 Large Cities
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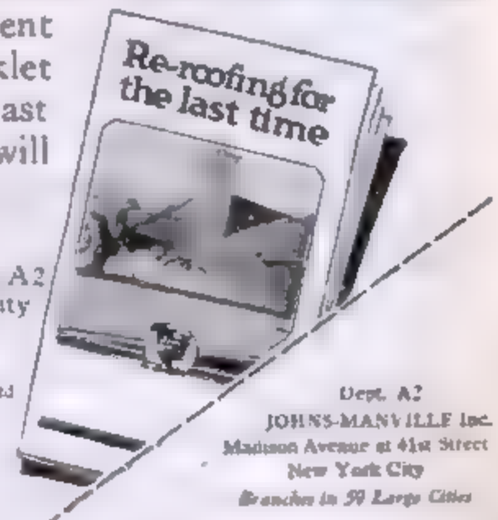


Dept. A2
JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street
New York City
Branches in 59 Large Cities

Please send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time"

(Name)

(Address)

To Carpenters:

This method appeals to carpenters for two reasons: it is sound roofing construction and it eliminates all the "dirty work" hitherto attached to re-roofing. If you have hesitated to recommend this method because you haven't had time to look into it, we will be glad to present you with samples and information. Write us.

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

The Lazy Man Is the Real Efficiency Expert

Lazy men invented steam engines and automobiles because they got tired of walking. Human dynamos have never invented anything unless it was "nerves" and rest cures.

Some years ago I got tired of being fagged out at the end of a busy day in my office. So I set to work to invent an office *easy* chair. You see, I thought a man could make more money easier if he didn't tire his body by sitting all day in an uncomfortable chair.

I called the chair SIKCO—the Office *Easy* Chair.

It has an exclusive design of seat, arms and back, curved to conform to the natural curves of the body. It's comfortable for the same reason an old shoe is. It fits *you*. You don't have to fit *it*. And all the edges and corners are comfortably rounded off. It's that comfort which makes SIKCO standard office equipment for the man who believes that his whole office force do better work when they are comfortable.

But why not let the nearest Sikes dealer *really* tell you. He can let you sit in a SIKCO. That's *real* telling.

Write me and I'll give you the name of that nearest Sikes dealer.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home

GIRLS NEVER KNOW

Continued from Page 9)

By the side of the racing story was the picture of another horse.

"Sassoon," read the caption. "Favorite for Today's Futurity."

Ethel looked at the picture—looked at it long and thoughtfully.

"No," she said at last, shaking her head; "he doesn't look like a winner to me."

Again, of course it was purest chance, but as soon as she could get hold of the paper the next morning she saw that Sassoon had failed to win.

"I thought he wouldn't," she told herself. "'Colonel Sellers, Winner of Yesterday's Futurity' —— Yes, he looks like a good horse too."

She read the story of the race then—one of those masterpieces of description which are more beautiful than many a poem, more thrilling than many a play:

"'When the Futurity thundered to a close yesterday—not since Pegasus galloped down Mount Helicon—Porous Plaster, apparently deep in thought, was standing with his legs crossed, leaning against the barriers. Out of the pack danced Saucy Girl, like the leading lady of a chorus, cut the grass-scented breeze as though she had taken wings ——'" Image after image flashed through Ethel's mind and left her breathless. "M'm!" she said to herself once in a sort of rapture, and could almost see the race, smell the grass and hear the "bombardment of cheers which greeted the Colonel when he was led back to the judges' stand."

After that, Ethel always read the racing news and amused herself by trying to pick the winners. When she missed she soon forgot; but when she hit the bull's-eye—which was more often than you might think—it stuck like a bur in the memory and finally encouraged her to keep a record of her prophecies.

Among the useless presents which she had received on the previous Christmas was one of those little address books bound in imitation morocco and having a thumb index. Of course it had never been used; and coming across it one day in her bureau drawer, Ethel thoughtfully frowned to herself and turned its pages over. Richelieu had won a hard race the day before on a wet track and—well, before Ethel hid the book in a rolled-up pair of light blue stockings which she never wore any more, the following entry had been made under the R's: "Richelieu, July 7, Won, O'Neil, ½, 6—1." O'Neil, as you will guess, being the name of the jockey, and the last symbols indicating that Richelieu had won by half a length with odds of six to one.

Ethel had been keeping her records about a month when one morning she met Lew Harris. Lew had lately bought a cigar store and was resplendent in a shepherd's-plaid suit, pointed shoes and maroon necktie. When Ethel saw him he was on his way to the station, and as she was going part way in the same direction, they walked together as far as the Chronicle office.

"Going to be away long?" she asked when he told her where he was going.

"No; I'll be back tonight." He considered for a moment; and then, possibly thinking that she might hear it from somebody else, he added, "I'm going to the races."

They walked in silence for a few steps. Lew thought he had shocked her and you can judge his surprise when she said in a trembly little voice, "Who do you think will win the Handicap today?"

"Fire Alarm," he said, and he was still staring at her when he spoke.

"I don't think so," she said, her voice growing firmer.

"You don't? Huh! What do you know about it?"

"That's all right," she said. "I think Jammy Face will win."

At that, Lew stared at her more than ever. Before, there had been a touch of superiority in his voice; but when he spoke next he spoke as an equal.

"The dope book doesn't say so," he told her.

"The dope book?"

Unconsciously they had lowered their voices like two conspirators; and now, first making sure that no one was near enough to recognize it, Lew drew a book from his pocket and showed it to her.

"Well!" she said, recognizing a glorified working out of her little red book. "I didn't know they had these. I think I'll send for one."

"You can have this one if you like," he said. "I have another at the store."

"But won't you need it?"

"No; I've got 'em picked out for today."

Ethel took it home and studied it for a long time that night, supplementing it here and there with notes of her own. She finally hid it between her springs and her mattress; and they can say what they like about uneasy consciences, but she slept rather well on it too.

"All the same," she thought just before she went to sleep, "I don't think he's picked the right horse."

In the morning she could hardly wait for the paper to come. . . . Yes, Jammy Face had won the Handicap.

"Didn't I know it?" she asked herself, her beads riding high; and after a while—"I wonder if he's going to the track again today."

If he did, Ethel knew that he would take the 11:07, and at five minutes to eleven she was standing in front of Camusa's Market buying a lettuce. "Yes, here he comes," she thought.

You can't beat a girl at things like that.

Lew waited until she had bought the lettuce, and again they walked a few blocks together.

"You certainly had it right yesterday," he said, as soon as he was sure that nobody would hear him.

She didn't say anything, but she walked proudly.

"I bet most of my money on Fire Alarm—and lost it," he said; "but I put twenty on Jammy Face, too, because of your hunch. Ten for me and ten for you."

"I'm so glad you won, Lew," she said, not catching the significance of his last remark.

"The odds were three to one. I've got yours here, and was wondering how I'd better send it to you."

He handed her an envelope and she took it, wondering. Opening the flap, she saw three ten-dollar bills inside.

"Oh, I can't take this," she said, and handed it back as though it had bitten her.

"You've got to take it," he earnestly told her. "You'll spoil my luck if you don't."

They argued backward and forward, and at last, to quiet him more than anything else, she took ten dollars.

"I can give it to someone who needs it," she thought.

"I'm going down again today," he said. "Do you want me to play anything for you?"

There was something in the carelessness of his question which brought it home to her for the first time with full force—the enormity of this thing that she was doing. She had heard, of course, something of her brother—dimly, but enough. The ways and means of his journeyings had been purposely made vague to her, but the end was clear enough. He had gone to the devil. And now perhaps—perhaps she was going to the devil too. Mind you, she wasn't altogether convinced of this—felt no abasement of sin—no foul blot upon her—but life was funny; so funny, indeed, that as she walked along with Lew she couldn't keep the tears out of her eyes. Seeing these, Lew misconstrued them.

"Gee, Ethel, I'll never tell," he said, distressed himself. "You ain't afraid of me ever telling anybody, are you?"

Her answer bound him more tightly than chains.

"I know you wouldn't," she said.

"Well, then, let me put something on for you today."

She wouldn't bet, though.

"Who do you expect to win the Steeplechase?" he asked.

"Brightwaters," she said, almost without thinking.

"All right; I'll lay a ten spot for you."

"No!"

"I certainly will. You've got more than that coming to you by rights."

It struck Ethel that she might as well let him have the ten-dollar bill which he had just given her. At least that would be one way of getting rid of it.

"Here," she said, "take this. Now we're even."

At first she felt better, but as the day advanced she was inclined to grow miserable again, which may have been partly due to the fact that it poured with rain all afternoon.

"I hope that old horse doesn't win," she told herself. "Then I'll be nice and even, and—and clean again."

This happened on a Thursday, and Thursday was library night. The rain had stopped and she was coming back from changing her book when a shadow detached itself from the big maple in front of Doctor Baldwin's and Lew fell in step with her.

"Saw you going," he said. "Thought I'd catch you coming back." Evidently he was somewhat excited. "Did you hear?" he asked.

"Hear what?" asked Ethel, not far from being irritable—she of all girls.

"Brightwaters won."

"Did he?" she asked in a dead voice.

"Did he? I'll say he did! Came romping home in the mud at eighteen to one. I had fifty on him myself, thank you—and here's yours."

He handed her a roll of bills neatly bound with an elastic.

"The ten you bet and the money you won," he explained. "A hundred and ninety dollars altogether."

IV

ETHEL fretted over it for nearly a week before she finally decided upon her course of action; and every day she grew more and more afraid of what she was doing.

"If I keep it up," she told herself, "somebody's sure to hear about it. I don't even know how to explain this hundred and ninety dollars, and if dad ever gets to know ——"

She guessed pretty well what would happen. In the passing years her father's austerity had grown, fighting the enemy with a sword that knew no quarter, hard on all sinners, but harder than all on himself.

"It's the mollycoddling of sin which has brought the world to its grievous state," she had heard him preach the Sunday before. "It wasn't so in the righteous days. Then sin was recognized as the thing it is, the deadly enemy of the human race; and wherever it raised its venomous head it was stamped upon and killed, no matter who might suffer, no matter whose the shame!"

Every word a knife in Ethel's heart.

"I'll never bet again," she kept telling herself; "but with this money that I've got now I'm going to take mom to the seashore for two weeks. Other invalids go, and it does them good. She ought to have gone long ago, and now she's going to have one good time if she never has another."

But how was she going to explain her possession of the necessary funds? It didn't come all at once, and is told with hesitation; for when you have heard how she did it, perhaps you will never respect her again. But just before you curl the lip of scorn, please remember that she was young and she was human—as we have all been once—and that in the eighth chapter of John there is something said about those who should cast the first stone.

In the safe reading that came to the house were a number of periodicals which contained announcements of prize-winning contests—one in particular: "How many objects can you discover in this picture beginning with the letter E? One thousand dollars in prizes distributed to those who send in the largest lists, together with an order for Doctor Rudolph's Rheumatism Remedy."

"I'm going to try for that," said Ethel, showing the advertisement to her father one night.

"A waste of time," he told her, grim and sure.

Ethel found herself thinking, "I'd like to bet you ten to one." She squashed the fancy, of course, the moment it arose in her mind—felt quite wicked about it—and decorously turned to making out her list.

"Eels," she began. "Engine. Eagle." To these she added an obvious "Elephant," followed by a more subtle "Ears" and a downright metaphysical "End."

"Wouldn't it be funny if I got a prize!" she thought when her list had reached a hundred items.

She did win a prize—a beautifully tinted post card extolling Doctor Rudolph's Rheumatism Remedy, but in place of this she substituted a money order for a hundred and fifty dollars, and you ought to have seen her father's look of wonderment when she showed it to him.

(Continued on Page 58)

The Home of De'Jon

DeJon

Starting, Lighting and Ignition System

The last word in plant and equipment, in addition to the finest design and highest grade of materials, was necessary in order to give a select few builders of fine motor cars an electrical system beyond any previous standard of excellence. Evidence of the quality effort behind De'Jon is found even in the atmosphere where De'Jon is built; in the modernized factory with its ivy-grown walls and park-like surroundings. Ample proof of De'Jon's superiority is found in the way it endows a fine car with an unprecedented degree of efficiency.

DEJON ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Builders Ignition Technique
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Detroit Service Office 6150 Second Blvd.

TYPEWRITER STENCILLING

You already own part of an Elliott Addressing System if you own a Typewriter

TWO P. M. and the mailing list must be addressed to-day! Fifty new addresses should be added before addressing is done, so that fifty hot new prospects will receive this particular sales letter.

How are you going to do it in time? It *can't be done* if you have to send out to have address plates made.

But if you own an ELLIOTT Addressing Machine, any typist can remove the ribbon from her regular typewriter and quickly stencil the needed addresses into ELLIOTT ADDRESS CARDS—*right in your own office.*

This Advertisement is No. 2 of a series explaining ELLIOTT SUPERIORITY from the following seventeen viewpoints:—

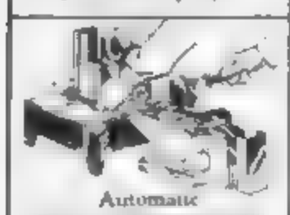
1. Visibility
2. Typewriter Stencilling
3. Index Cards
4. Colored Edge Index
5. Noise
6. "Makeready"
7. Index Tabs
8. Weight
9. Bulk
10. Speed
11. Safety
12. Simplicity
13. Compactness
14. Flexibility
15. Durability
16. Labor Saving
17. Economy

A BOOKLET *illustrating each of the above "Seventeen Points" is yours for the asking*

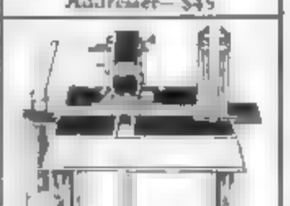
Machines for Every Need — *From Ten Dollars Up*

Stencil Stamp $10

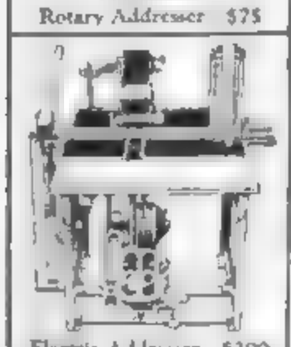
Semi-automatic Addresser—$45



Automatic Rotary Addresser $75



Foot Lever Addresser—$150



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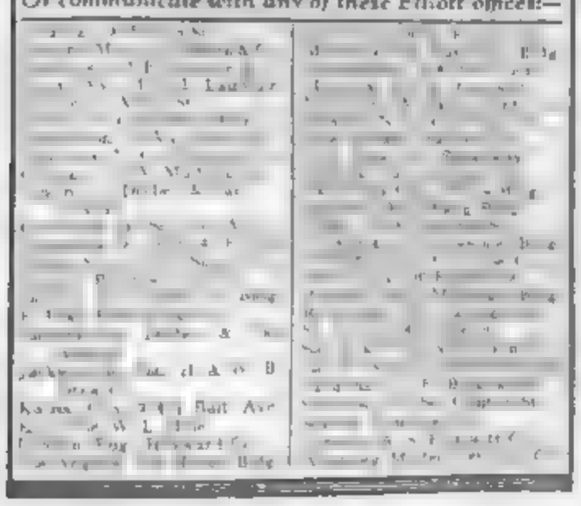

(Continued from Page 56)

"Faith," he said at last in his deep voice. "After all, it was faith that did it."

Whatever it was that did it, Ethel took her mother to Surf Beach for two weeks, Surf Beach being the place where nearly all the local people went—the nice people, you understand.

Lew Harris was at the station when they left, evidently bound for the races; but outside of a formal bow, Ethel paid no attention to him.

v

HER mother loved Surf Beach—a frail woman with translucent hands and cheeks like wax, who had to be wheeled in a chair nearly everywhere she went.

"I've always wanted to come to the seashore in the summer," she told Ethel the first night; and, looking at the horizon, mysterious with silence, and listening to the waves, mysterious with whispering, she sighed with happiness and said, "I shall remember this as long as I live."

Ethel bent over and kissed her, her own eyes wet with tears.

Staying at the same hotel was Stacey Erwin—the good little boy, you may remember, who used to wear starched shirt waists and sit near to Ethel at school. Of course, he no longer wore shirt waists; but he still kept his hair faultlessly parted and had that fine, earnest look which is generally associated with young men of promise. He was assistant teller of the savings bank back home, and in his fine, earnest way he was considering a change—wanted to go into business—was ambitious to make large deposits in a bank himself instead of standing behind a grating all his life jotting down other people's takings in their little books. He had come to Surf Beach with his mother, a masterful old lady who suspected everybody, especially females who had not yet attained common-sense heels, and had no more use for flappers flapping around her son than Old Ned has for holy water.

Ethel was paying forty dollars a week for herself and her mother. That makes eighty dollars for the two weeks. So you can see that after allowing for train fare and incidentals, there was still a balance of one hundred dollars.

"Yes, and I'm going to spend it too," she thought. "Some of it, anyway. All my life I've wanted one of those stylish dresses which show the arms and neck, and I'm going to get one now, if I never get another."

She found one in a specialty shop on the boardwalk—one of those bargains which seem to fall from heaven and are only discovered by lucky girls on the lucky days of their lucky months—a beautiful pale-claret color with milky beads. Stacey fell for her the moment he saw her in it, and took her for a stroll up the boardwalk that night before his mother had missed him. Naturally, a girl can't go strolling along the boardwalk in the evening in a claret-colored creation which shows the arms and neck; but Ethel was ready for that contingency too. After buying the dress, she still had money enough to buy a dashing-looking cape of black crêpe de chine with a wonderful ruff around the neck; and when she walked down the veranda of the hotel with Stacey she looked like something out of an opera; and if she had turned at the bottom step with a spotlight upon her and started singing Leonore—well, it would simply have been too good to be true, that's all.

Stacey fell hard.

"You look wonderful, Ethel," he said. "Honestly, you—you look like a picture on a calendar, or something."

He didn't say this glibly, or so that anybody else could hear him; but it came out tremolo, reverently, almost in a whisper; and as she listened to it—as girls have listened to such from time immemorial—in some subtle manner Ethel looked more beautiful than before.

"Shall we sit down?" he said when they came to a quiet place.

Instinctively, she had probably been waiting for that.

"Well," she demurred, "for a little while maybe."

Of course, he asked her if she was comfortable, and, of course, he asked her if she was warm, but when these two old bits were over, she chanced to turn so that he saw the moonlight on her face, and then he trembled a little—the first time a girl had ever served him so—and after that it was all up with Stacey.

And did Ethel know it? Trust any girl! Instinctively again perhaps, she grew quiet, almost distant, pretended not to notice little things that he said and did, while all the time she felt that she was listening to solemn music and was all dithery inside. Instinctively once more perhaps, she wouldn't sit there long.

"I don't know," she thought as she took off the wonderful dress that night. "There was always something nice about him; but o-o-o-h, his mother!"

Stacey's mother was on the veranda the next morning when Ethel went down. Her boy had slipped her once, but she wasn't going to have it happen again. You ought to have seen the look she gave Ethel! But Ethel didn't care; she had something more interesting to engage her attention. Sitting on the rail in a bright check suit, whom did she see but Lew Harris, beaming somewhat sheepishly the moment he saw her, and hurrying over to shake hands.

"Saw it in the paper back home that you were staying here," he said, "and thought a week or two at the shore wouldn't do me any harm either."

If they had been a little nearer they might have heard Mrs. Erwin sniff.

"She's going to use that dirty little sport as a bait to catch my boy," her sniff seemed to say. "But she can't fool me."

It soon became exciting.

That night, for instance, when Stacey said to Ethel, "What do you say to a stroll on the boardwalk?" his mother said, "I think I'll come too. I need a little exercise." At this, Lew gravely winked at Ethel, and, quite unbidden, he joined the party. As they went down the steps, the four of them, they were worth watching. With an attitude which seemed to say, "Far be it from me to separate a mother from her son," Ethel hung back, so that Stacey and Mrs. Erwin had to walk together. Ethel and Lew brought up the rear, walking more and more slowly until the others were lost ahead.

"Kind of a frost—the old lady," said Lew, but made no further comment on that. Instead he began to talk about some of the folks back home, drawling a little as he generally did, and full of a dry humor. And after that, deftly guided by a word or two, he began to talk about horses, and told Ethel some of the strangest things—about old Screwdriver, who used to stretch his neck in a close finish; and Spindleshanks, who hurt his knee and had a bit of rabbit bone grafted in with astonishing results; and Patrick XVII, who never won a race unless one of the stable boys played Killarney on a mouth-organ just before he started for the post.

"Oh, there's nothing like the ponies," he said at last, with a gesture that simply put everything else in the background. "Ever been to the races?"

"No," said Ethel in a small voice. "How could I?"

"That's so. I was forgetting. . . . Say, Ethel, you know what I've been thinking quite a few times lately?"

"No; what?"

He stuck for a moment, but that was all.

"Let's you and me get married, and then you can do as you like—see? We could move away. Live in New York if you want to. One thing sure, and you know it as well as I do—I'd always take mighty good care of you, and see you had a good time too. I ain't rich; but I ain't exactly broke either. I got eight thousand dollars with one thing and another, and it's picking up pretty fast."

It was Ethel's first proposal, and in one of the empty niches of her heart she placed a golden image of Lew Harris, never to be moved therefrom as long as she lived. But for what he asked ——

"It would soon kill dad," she somberly thought. "He wouldn't have anything more to do with me, and that would worry mother."

Lew took it well.

"Didn't have much hope, to tell you the truth," he said, fishing a toothpick from his pocket and chewing it rather bitterly. "Still, you never can tell. Things may change. I'll stick around a while, anyhow."

The next night when Stacey said to Ethel, "What do you say to a stroll on the boardwalk?" his mother kept quiet and breathed hard.

"Ah-ha!" thought Ethel. "They've had it out!" And down the steps she went with Master Stacey, quietly, inscrutably, and yet with a hesitation which is hard to define.

This went on for two weeks. On the last night they were together, Stacey was very solemn. He was going into the tire business that fall. His mother had promised to lend him ten thousand dollars, and he knew of an opening through the bank, and—well, to come right down to it, as soon as he was making a hundred dollars a week clear, would Ethel marry him?

Perhaps she thought of Lew. Perhaps she thought—far, far off—of the smell of grass, of the wave of excitement that passed over the stands as the horses swung around the curve. She certainly thought of her mother, and perhaps of other things, some of which can't be told. In any event, she did what many a girl has done before and many will do again. She procrastinated—wouldn't say yes and wouldn't say no.

"I can't leave mother—you know I can't," she said; "but maybe—some day ——"

"I love you, Ethel," he said, and cried when he said it.

Every girl feels at least some measure of love for the man whom she can move to tears, and before she knew what she was doing she had kissed him.

"Now remember," he said when he found that he couldn't get another, "you've promised ——"

"No," said Ethel, getting up.

But *nota bene* if you please—she didn't say it very loudly.

vi

THAT fall Stacey went into business. He often used to go and tell Ethel how things were going. They laughed together at some of the things the clerks did and the funny things that some of the customers said. But they didn't laugh so much when the business began to go badly, when tires that had been bought high had to be sold low, and unexpected competition started across the street.

Not only that, but her mother was worse—altogether a bad winter for Ethel. She still read the paper to her mother, though—still had time now and then to glance at the sporting news.

One day she met Lew on the street.

"Doing anything with the ponies lately?" he asked just before they parted.

"No," said Ethel shortly.

"You'll come back," he told her. "Everybody does."

Ethel didn't like that.

"Who do you think will win the Jumps tomorrow?" he asked.

You must remember that she was both slightly cross and nervous, or perhaps she wouldn't have answered at all.

"Rameses III," she said.

"Want me to put any on for you?"

"No!"

"All right. I'll put a hundred on for myself, and you'll be jealous when you figure out how much I won. Much obliged for the tip. I need a winner pretty badly right now."

As a matter of fact, Rameses lost—came in a poor fifth in an indifferent field.

"Everything's going back on me lately," mourned Ethel when she saw it in the paper.

Worse was to come with the spring. Within the same fortnight her mother died, the Erwin Tire Company shut up shop, and Aunt Grace, an unmarried sister of her father's, came to live with them—a woman whom Ethel had never liked.

She stood it as long as she could—the emptiness of her mother's room, the austerity of her father, the grimness of Aunt Grace—and then very quietly, and just a little bit doubtfully, too, if the truth were told, she married Stacey Erwin, who had returned to his position at the savings bank.

"I think we need each other," she told herself; "and, anyhow, I'll have a home of my own."

vii

MARRIED life is full of ironies. You either have to laugh at them or they get you. But even admitting that, you can imagine how Ethel felt when she discovered that Stacey's mother was to live with them.

Girls never know what's going to happen to them when they marry.

"You see, mother had twenty-five thousand dollars when father died—enough to live on," Stacey told her, "and I lost ten of that when she lent it to me. Of course, I'm only drawing thirty-five a week now at the bank, but when I get to be teller I'll have a hundred a week; and I'll be able to pay mother back and we'll live by ourselves then, if you'd rather."

If she'd rather! Every girl who reads these lines will know whether Ethel would rather!

It was really funny, though, about Stacey's mother. She started right in as a

(Continued on Page 60)

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GINGER ALE

Continued from Page 58

chaperon—as a demon chaperon—disapproved of all love making, frowned at the idea of two people sitting in one chair, once even said "Ethel!" in an awful voice when that poor child, absent-mindedly enough, happened to pull up her stocking in front of her husband one evening. In addition to this, Stacey's mother worried easily and things had to be kept from her. She suspected this and hunted—hunted in bureau drawers and old pockets and vases, even now and then in Ethel's private things.

"I always seem to have something," sighed Ethel one day.

Which seems, at times, to be the general human lot.

"I think she's worrying about her stock," Stacey told her once when they happened to be alone for a few minutes. "The fifteen thousand dollars she had left was in Santa Fe bonds. It only paid 4 per cent, but it was safe. Well, anyhow, I had her sell the bonds and put the money in Agricultural preferred stock. That pays 7 per cent instead of 4, but there has been some talk of passing the dividend. It would worry her to death if they did. So if you see anything in the paper about Agricultural passing its dividend, you just burn it up. Whatever happens, we mustn't let her worry. She's awful when she gets that way."

"It must be nice," said Ethel with a tinge of bitterness, "not to be allowed to worry."

"She's always been that way," said Stacey.

"Yes," said Ethel. "That's all right. But what if they do pass the dividend? Won't your mother know then—when she doesn't get her money?"

"Oh, she'll get the money somehow," he vaguely answered.

"I don't see how."

Stacey didn't say anything.

Ethel began to watch the paper. On July first, the Agricultural Company passed its dividend; but on July second Stacey told his mother that the interest had been deposited in her account.

"M'm—that's funny," thought Ethel. "He must have guessed a puzzle beginning with E," for, having fooled others, you see, she was rather hard to fool, herself.

Another quarter day came and went. Again the Agricultural dividend was passed, and again the money was deposited in Mrs. Erwin's account. She may not have worried about it, but Stacey more than made up for her.

Of course, he tried to hide it; but no man can worry much and keep it from his wife. He was a long time going to sleep nights, and when he did drop off he sighed to himself—deep, hopeless noises that raised Ethel on her elbow and probably made her heart as heavy as his. And now and then, just before he awoke—pale and worn, as though he had been working instead of resting—he said "Ah-h!" or "Aye, dear!"—nothing illuminative as a rule, but once he said "Awful! Awful!" And another time, "God knows, I must put it back."

"I know," said Ethel to herself then, nodding her head as she leaned upon her elbow. "It's that money." And a few moments later, when Stacey awoke, she kissed him and comforted him and finally said, "What is it, honey, that's worrying you so?"

"Nothing," he said, and tried to turn away from her.

"No!" she said, and held him as though her arms were a refuge and all outside was storm. "It's the money, dear, isn't it?"

"What money?"

"Those dividends."

He didn't say anything, but she could feel his breast filled with an unuttered sigh, and her arms tightened.

"What have you done, Stacey?" she whispered. "Tell me. Have you—borrowed it?"

"M'm," he said.

"From the bank?"

"Oh, let go!"

"No: I shan't let go. . . . Have you borrowed it from the bank?"

"Yes," he said, irritably enough.

"Do they know it?"

At first he said, "Of course they know it!" more irritably than before.

"Sta—cey ——"

It wasn't the word; it was the tone of her voice that moved him—unutterably deep with love and compassion.

"No," he finally said in a dreary voice; "they don't know it. That's the trouble—don't you understand? The examiners may be dropping in any day now."

Again she soothed and comforted him, her arms his only refuge while all outside was storm.

"How much is it?" she whispered at last.

"Five hundred and thirty-five dollars," he told her.

She repeated the amount.

"Why, that isn't much," she said, kissing him. "I might be able to get it myself maybe from dad, even. So don't you worry about it any more. It isn't worth it breaking yourself down the way you are."

"It isn't myself I've been worrying about," he said; "it's mother."

Ethel pulled a wry face in the darkness—almost wished she hadn't kissed him.

"Isn't it funny?" she silently asked the shadows around her. "Isn't it funny, though?"

By which she was probably asking if life wasn't funny—a question that comes to all young wives now and then.

VIII

AS SOON as Stacey left for work in the morning, Ethel looked at the paper. She glanced at the headlines on the front page, passed to the fashion columns, looked at the department-store ads, let her eye roam over the comics; but in the end, with a gesture that had something of fatality about it, she turned to the sporting pages—a section which she had generally shunned since she had married Stacey.

Yes, there it was with all its old-time glamour, its caricatures and sketches, its column of wit and poetry, its masterful stories of masterful contests, its snappy headlines. "Drogheda Fools the Talent Brunet Filly Wins at Six to One."

"Drogheda," thought Ethel, beginning to sniff the grass again. "That must be a new one. I don't think I have any record of her."

She was halfway down the column when Mrs. Erwin came in, only disapproving and worrying at such a waste of time.

"When I was a girl ——" she began.

"Yes, I know," said Ethel without looking up from the paper; "but you aren't a girl any longer."

"What's that?" demanded the other.

"Pa's hat, you heard me! Run away now and worry somebody else. I'm busy."

It was a dreadful thing to say, but Ethel's blood was up and she would have gone for a lion that morning. Naturally, one word led to another—as they sometimes will in the best-conducted families—but in the end Mrs. Erwin retired discomfited to her room.

"You just wait till Stacey comes home!" were her last words.

"Yes, that's right!" Ethel shouted back. "Save it up for him and worry him! Let him have it as soon as he comes home, so he can't eat his dinner; and then let him have it again at bedtime, so he can't sleep! I'd be ashamed if I were you!"

If anything, the explosion did her good, reduced her latent pressure and prepared her for the activities of the day; but it was some little time before she could return to the paper.

"M'm," she said at last. "A steeplechase this afternoon. I always used to be good at those, and they generally have long odds."

Among the entries was Brightwaters—good old Brightwaters whose coiled-spring legs had carried Ethel and her mother to Surf Beach for two weeks, and had started the chain of circumstances which had just ended in a door being slammed upstairs.

"Wouldn't it be funny now if he won again!" breathed Ethel.

She had long since thrown away her printed record of past performances; but a few weeks before, unrolling a pair of old blue stockings, she had come across that little morocco book in which she had once made notes of her own. She now turned to this again and opened it at the B's.

"Brightwaters." Yes, there he was. "Won. Jumps. Todd 1 m. 18—1. Heavy Rain."

"Looks like rain today too," she thought, glancing at the clouds that were rolling across the sky. And as a distinct little thrill ran over her, she couldn't help adding, "You'd almost think it was meant to be!"

Which is another of those things that can be read both ways from the middle.

Ethel's next action meant business. She removed the false bottom from an old candy box and uncovered one of those little hoards painfully accumulated from the housekeeping money, which nearly all sensible wives have hidden somewhere for use

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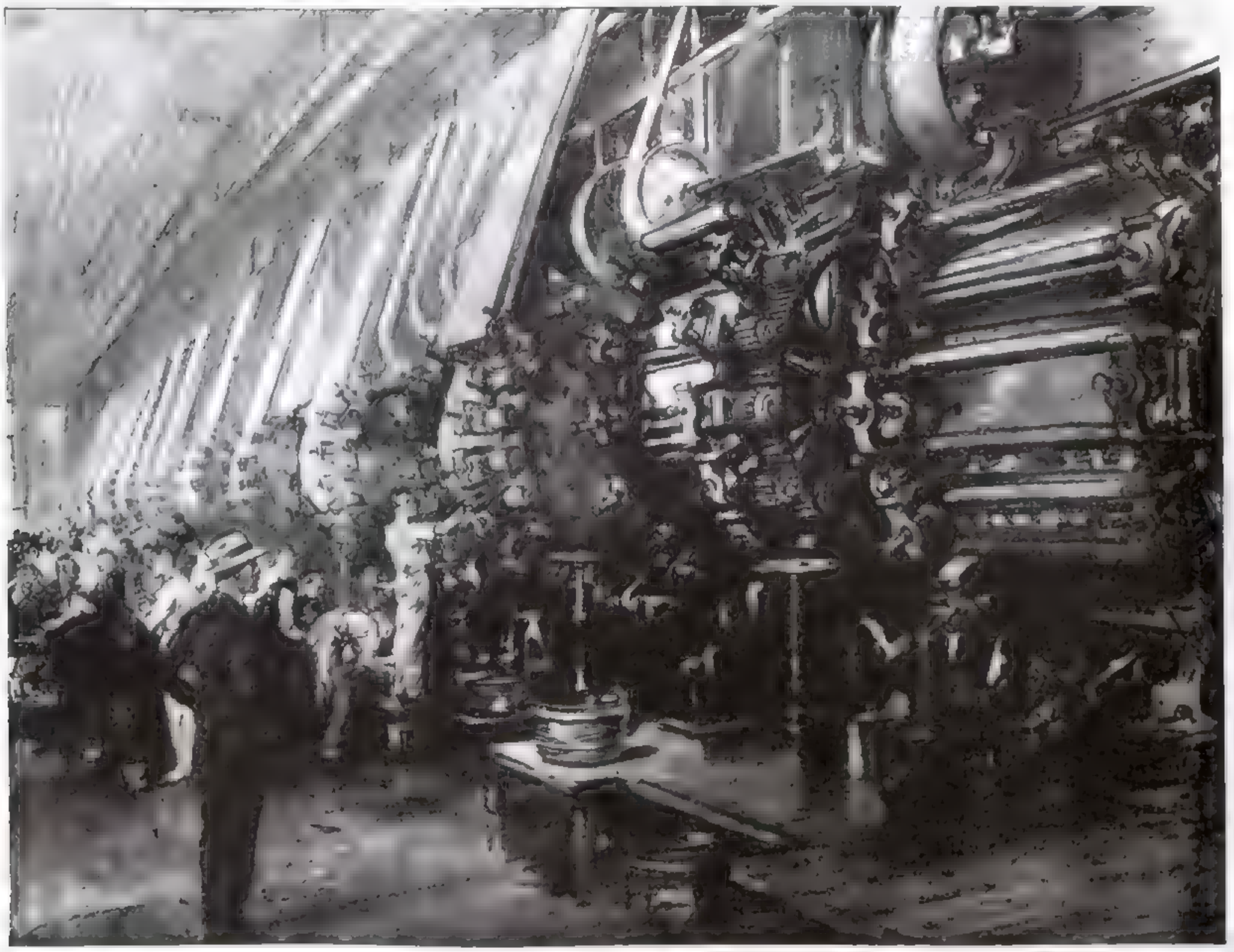
THE IDLE MACHINES



THE business had grown and was counted successful. A new factory had been erected. New and costly machines were added to care for the production required by peak sales. Yet with a year's output larger than ever before, the books showed profits to be dwindling steadily.

This was the problem with which the manufacturer was struggling as he came into the mill. There was the familiar din and bustle, but before him two units of the battery were silent — idle for lack of orders.

These idle machines dislocated the whole scale of cost percentages. To shut down one machine threw an extra burden of overhead on the others. With two not working, the rest of the battery staggered under the whole load of costs—rent, power, interest charges, wages, selling expense, administration.

The profits of the business lay entirely in selling the output of the last few machines.

Production on unknown merchandise, like mercury in a thermometer, must ever rise and fall as trade demands blow hot or blow cold.

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(Continued from Page 60)

in case of emergencies. She counted it twice, and each time it amounted to forty-two dollars. The two-dollar bill she left in the box as a nest egg, and then she went out to find Lew. She found him in his Smoke Shop, and as luck would have it, he was alone—a rather splendid figure in his white flannel trousers and silk shirt with ruffled garters around the sleeves. Moreover, he had just been to the barber's, and smelled of bay rum.

"What on earth ——" he began.

But Ethel had no time for that.

"Quick, Lew," she said, "before anybody comes. I want to bet on Brightwaters in today's steeplechase. Do you think—do you think you could do it for me?"

"Guess so," he said. "I wasn't going out myself today, but old Frank Cody's running a handbook. I guess I can fix it through him. Any idea what the odds are?"

"Fifteen to one, the paper says. And here's forty dollars."

He took it after a quick glance at the window.

"All right," he said. "I'll 'tend to it. Good hunch, is it?"

"I think so."

"Better than Rameses?"

But a customer came in then and Ethel slipped out, her heart heavy at the memory of Rameses, her mind disturbed at the thought of her indirect association with Frank Cody, a sporting gentleman, who had been arrested more than once for keeping a gambling house.

"Still," she thought, "he'll never know. He'll think the money belongs to Lew. And now if it only rains good and hard——"

It rained a little, not much, Ethel consoling herself with the hope that it might be pouring at the track. You can imagine the way she felt toward evening. The afternoon papers were printed too early to carry the results of the races, and when Stacey came home she was afraid to go out and telephone, fearing that if Mrs. Erwin were left alone with Stacey she would immediately start telling him of their trouble that forenoon. So she had to wait till morning for the paper. She was standing up when she turned to the sporting page, but she was soon glad enough to sit down.

In a race which seemed to have been devoid of any exciting features, Brightwaters had finished fourth.

IX

"NOW what am I going to do?" Ethel asked herself when the first feeling of numbed dismay had passed.

She didn't find the answer that day—nor the next. Once she thought that Lew would probably lend her some money if she asked him, but—well, Lew was getting sophisticated with his gartered sleeves and glossy hair. She put that thought behind her, at least for a time. It was on the third day that she thought of Mrs. Erwin's certificate of Agricultural preferred.

"Listen, honey," she whispered to Stacey that night. "Couldn't you get hold of it some way, and borrow money on it? Wouldn't it be better to owe the money to your mother than to the bank?"

"I tried that," he whispered back. "She won't let me have it. She keeps it hid. Of course, you can't very well blame her, after the money I lost for her in that confounded tire business; and, of course, I can't tell her what I've told you."

"No, no," she eagerly agreed. "That's a secret, just between us two."

The next day in a fine, detached manner, Ethel looked around a bit—under Mrs. Stacey's mattress, in her rolled-up stockings, in her bottom bureau drawer, even behind some of the pictures—but she didn't have much chance. She could only work by fits and snatches when she was alone, and that wasn't often.

Meanwhile the sporting news continued to hold her attention. Brightwaters was to run again, being a steady performer and the steeplechases none too frequent. Ethel nearly had a monomania on him.

"He's bound to win. I know he'll win," she told herself over and over.

On the morning of his race she went out in the rain to a shady jewelry store on Flagler Avenue—one of those queer little shops with dirty windows and cobwebs and a big black spider behind the counter where he can't be seen from the street. When Ethel came out there was no engagement ring upon her finger; but in her hand bag was fifty dollars, and ten minutes later she was giving this to Lew.

"Brightwaters again," she said, "at the best odds you can get"; and thanked her lucky stars going home because she nearly got wet through.

Toward afternoon the sun came out, and Brightwaters lost again, coming in seventh.

The next night, looking up from her sewing, Mrs. Erwin suddenly said to Ethel, "Where's your ring—the diamond ring that Stacey gave you?"

One wrong step, and you see how the thing goes on. What else could Ethel do but answer as she did?

"It's at the jeweler's," she said. "The stone was loose."

"That's funny," said Mrs. Erwin, biting off the thread, her eyes never leaving her daughter-in-law. "You never said anything to me about it. What jeweler's did you leave it at?"

"Smith & Seddons," said Ethel after a moment's hesitation.

It was the hesitation that did it.

"I'll be going past there in the morning," said Mrs. Stacey in a fruitful voice. "I'll drop in and see if it's done."

"No, you needn't," said Ethel sharply. "It won't be ready for a week. I'll get it when the time comes."

Stacey looked up in growing wonder at the tones of their voices, little knowing that here was another of those puzzles of things beginning with E—E for Engagement Ring, and E for Enmity, and E for Eruptions drawing nearer and nearer with every sharp glance of the eye.

X

EVERY day Mrs. Erwin watched Ethel a little more closely; every day she questioned her a little more sharply about the ring. Ethel almost grew to hate her—hated her voice, her walk, even the way she drank her tea—and that is an awful thing.

"Have you seen your father yet—about that money?" Stacey whispered one night.

"No, dear; not yet. Why?" she quickly whispered back.

"I wish you would—if you could," he said, speaking as though his lips were thick. "I think the examiners are coming next week."

"I'll see him tomorrow," she promised.

Of course she knew it was useless. Her father seldom had five dollars, let alone five hundred and thirty-five. But in the paper that morning she had seen that Brightwaters was to run again in the last steeplechase of the season, and this time—oh, she knew he was going to win!

Fate favored her.

The next forenoon Mrs. Erwin said, "I'm going to Smith & Seddons to have a pin fixed," and gave Ethel such a look as she went out.

"She's gone to ask about the ring," thought Ethel; "but, anyhow, she'll be away for nearly an hour."

A few moments later she was in Mrs. Erwin's room.

"It's here somewhere," she thought. "I'm sure it is. Just as sure as I am that Brightwaters is going to win today. Now where could she put it? Somewhere, of course, where a burglar wouldn't steal it. Now what's the very last thing in this room that a burglar would steal?"

Slowly, thoughtfully looking around, the pillows on the bed caught her eye, clean, starched, creaseless, surely the very last things that a burglar would put in his bag.

"I wonder!" breathed Ethel.

She drew the pillows from their slips and shook a little when on the second one she saw signs of stitches in a corner of the ticking. Something rustled next among the feathers. Ethel went for her scissors, a bright red spot on each of her cheeks.

Yes, it was there all right. A certificate for one hundred and fifty shares of Agricultural preferred, made out in the name of Mrs. S. Erwin.

"The 'S' stands for Sarah, but it might as well stand for Stacey too," thought Ethel, her pulses beating like little trip hammers. "Anyhow, I'm going to try it."

She sewed up the pillow and put it back in the slip, working as fast as she could and wondering what awkward questions might be asked her at the bank. But when she reached the bank—not the savings bank, mind you, where Stacey worked, but the First National on South Street—things could hardly have happened more smoothly.

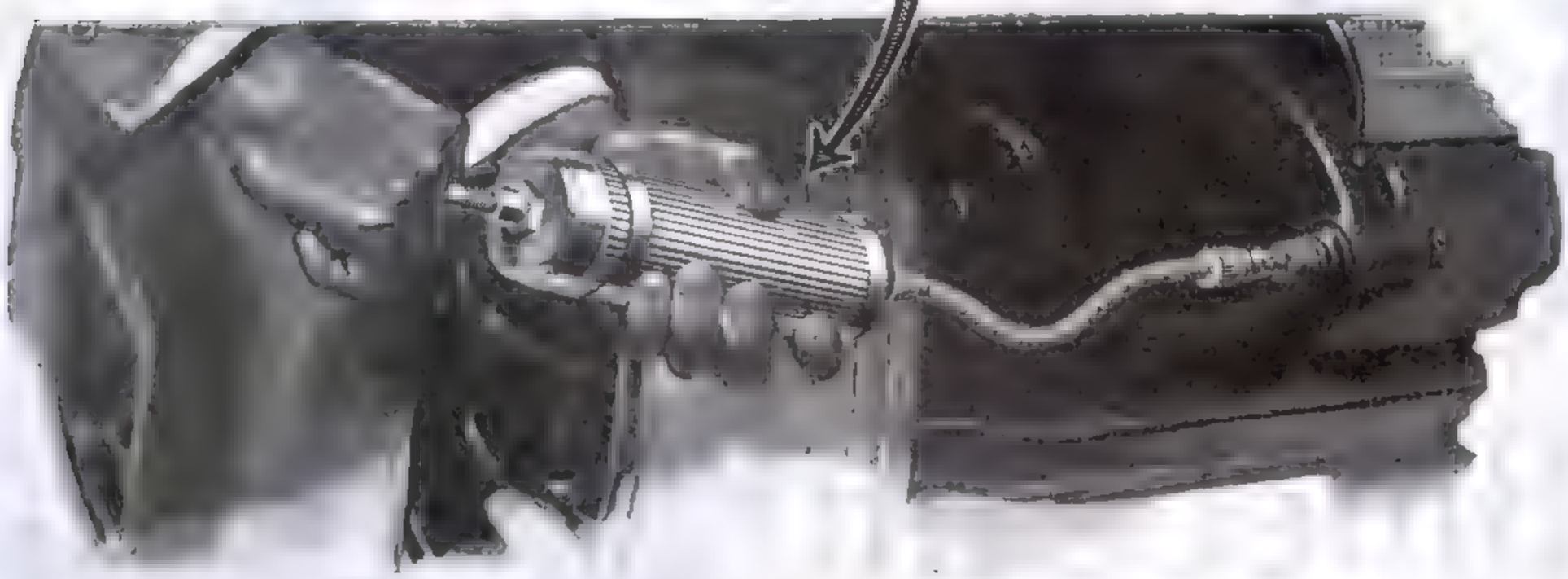
"Could I borrow five hundred and thirty-five dollars on this?" she asked Mr. Van Doren.

"You certainly could, Mrs. Erwin."

That would clear Stacey, but it wouldn't get the certificate back; and as soon as

Continued on Page 65

30 minutes *of this* —every 500 miles



—*will probably cut your repair bills in half*

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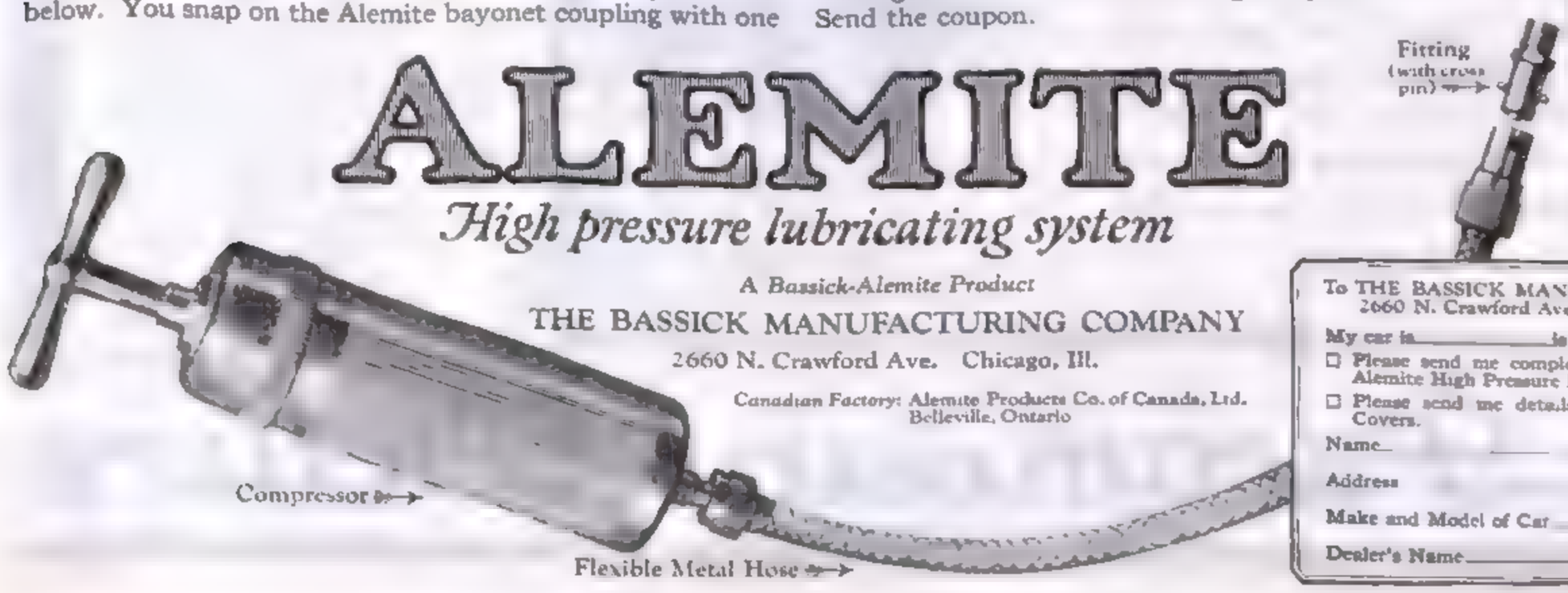

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If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

It's a Paramount Picture

(Continued from Page 62

Stacey's mother discovered her loss—Ethel shuddered to herself. No; to clear Stacey; that was only half doing it. She had got to win money enough to pay this loan which Mr. Van Doren was about to make to her, so she could get the certificate back and sew it up again in the pillow slip.

"Could I borrow a thousand?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes," he said. "I don't see why not."

"All right then," she said. "I—I'll take a thousand."

She watched the certificate being placed in an envelope to go in the bank's safe together with her note; and as soon as she had the money she counted out five hundred and thirty-five dollars and took it to Stacey.

"Will you please deposit this?" she said, pushing it through his little wicket. "I haven't brought my book, but you can enter it some other time." And with a clear-eyed look of love she added, "I think you'll find it right when you count it."

Her next visit was to Lew's. At first she had meant to give him fifty dollars, but perhaps the odds would be less than before. Fifty might not be enough -or a hundred. Then just before she reached his store, she had one of those feverish hunches which have brought so much trouble into the world.

"Bet it all!" something seemed to tell her. "The horse is going to win, isn't it? Or why do you back him at all? Bet it all, if you're going to bet any! Bet it all or none!"

Lew whistled when he saw the size of her roll.

"All on Brightwaters," he repeated "Some little plunger, aren't you? Guess I'll go down to the track myself this afternoon and see that you get a run for your money."

When Ethel reached home she was just in time. Mrs. Erwin had returned five minutes before, and the first thing she had noticed when she stepped inside her room was a curly feather on her otherwise immaculate carpet. Now a curly feather sometimes suggests a pillow, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. In short, it was only a matter of seconds before she discovered the fresh stitches, and after that ——

"A thief in the house—yes, a thief!" These were some of her gentler expressions. "A dirty, common, low-down thief! You and your ring -why, they never even heard of your ring! But things like these can be traced, young lady, and just as sure as I'm standing here, I'm going to have the thief arrested who stole my stock. And I'm going now—right now—and get things started!"

She banged out, and Ethel began to see how soon something would happen.

"The money for Stacey, I don't mind that a bit," she thought, her heart heavy, her legs trembling; "but when it comes out what I did with the rest ——"

Perhaps she could still find Lew and stop him.

Outside it was raining again—leaden clouds and weeping skies in keeping with her mood.

"If he's gone," she thought, "I'll have to go after him and stop him. They'll put me in jail sure if I have to tell them that nearly five hundred dollars of the money went—went—went ——"

She couldn't finish, but went out into the larger shower, thankful that the rain was keeping the streets empty, thankful that she could hide her head beneath her umbrella and gently howl, more or less convulsively, unobserved.

XI

LEW had evidently caught the 11:07. At least he had left the cigar store with that intention and he wasn't at the station. The next train for the city left at 12:58, so Ethel had plenty of time to sit in the waiting room and watch the rain and feel herself grow clammy, inside and out, every time Denny Moran, the station cop, looked in at the door. Once he was called to the telephone, and Ethel almost saw the handcuffs on her wrists, almost felt herself being led through the town to police headquarters. Her train came in then and she slipped aboard, taking a seat on the other side from the station and hiding her face behind a newspaper. She got away all right.

"Now if I can only find Lew before the race!" she thought.

That, however, was more easily wished for than done. She had to wait in New York and the train that carried her to the track was a local. So with one thing and another it was after four when she finally reached the cavernous grand stand and began wandering around its concrete mazes looking for Lew.

Once a throng of men rushed past her, wet but willing, and looking up at a blackboard they made notes on their programs.

"Fourth Race," read Ethel, looking up at the blackboard, too; and turning to the man next to her she said, "Pardon me, but is this the steeplechase—this fourth race?"

"Yes'm," he said, still marking the starters. "This is it."

"The race where Brightwaters is entered?" she persisted.

"Yes'm, that's right," he said, consulting his program. "He's Number Six."

Ethel fairly flew around then, looking for Lew—up and down the grand stand, in and out of the refreshment rooms, out in the rain and back again. Somewhere a bugle blew, and a line of sodden-looking horses walked in the distance and formed a line on the other side of the track. And was there any excitement? None! Or smell of grass? None! Or electric ripples running over the crowd? No; none of these. The line of horses began to move; somebody said to his neighbor, "They're off!" and the next moment, turning to watch them, Ethel caught sight of Lew standing on some steps with a pair of field glasses to his eyes, making him look like some goggling monster in a state of sardonic surprise.

"Lew!" she said, running over to him. "Did you—did you bet it?"

"Sure I did!" he said, staring at her in astonishment. "Sure I bet it!"

"All of it?"

"Sure—the whole bundle! Just like you told me. Got fifty to one, if that's going to help any. The bookies didn't think he had a chance."

Again he became the goggling monster in a state of sardonic surprise.

"Lew!" she said, shaking his arm. "Listen! I don't want to bet. Quick! Can you get the money back?"

"Not a chance! Brightwaters is way in the rear." He offered her the glasses. "See? The jockey in a red cap on a black horse."

She wouldn't take the glasses, but could only stand there, a picture of woe, this girl who had once thought herself so clever with horses.

"Damn it!" exclaimed Lew, goggling through his binoculars again in right good earnest.

"What's the matter?" Ethel asked, miserably enough. "Won't he run?"

"Run? I'll say he'll run! He's just passed three—and now another—and now another! Whoe! Look! He's fourth now!"

Straining her eyes, Ethel could just make out a red cap bobbing up and down in a distant tidal wave of galloping horses. They reached a hurdle and went over it like a sea over a reef.

"Damn it!" cried Lew again. "He's second now! If you had only played him for place! Cleopatra's ahead! See her? Half a dozen lengths ahead and running stronger every jump. G-r-r-r-h! Look at that horse run! Cleopatra's race, all right."

Ethel could see it easily now. Cleopatra was leaping over the wet turf as though her feet had wings, while Brightwaters splashed behind, an easy second but hopelessly out of first money.

"Cleopatra," she heard somebody say behind her. "Cleopatra," said somebody else. And again, "Sure! Cleopatra wins easy."

"Wait a bit," said Lew. "There's one more jump. She may go down."

The last jump was in front of the grand stand a hurdle of brush with a water-filled trench behind it. Cleopatra reached the jump, gathered herself together and went over like a bird, lightly landed on her feet and was off again toward the winning post.

"It's all over," said Lew sadly.

Ethel closed her eyes and prayed.

"Look!" Lew suddenly shouted. "Look!"

Galloping forward to victory, Cleopatra had splashed into a puddle where the water had made the grass treacherous, and the next moment she was half down, was struggling to regain her balance, was down on her knees, and finally, after one frantic struggle, was kicking over on her side.

"Does that count?" asked Ethel breathlessly as Brightwaters rushed past the winning post an easy first.

"Does what count?"

"Does Brightwaters win?"

"I'll say he wins!" His fingers unsteady with excitement, he performed a sum in multiplication on the back of his program. "Fifty times four hundred and sixty-five. That makes twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars you've got coming to you. You'll have to take Solly Greenbaum's check, I guess; but that's all right—it's just as good as money."

XII

ONE night a week later Ethel came downstairs to show Stacey her new dress.

"Great!" he said. "Come here and I'll kiss you."

"Mind now," she warned him, "you mustn't crumple the dress."

As you can see from that, there wasn't any demon chaperon present to hamper the proceedings.

"Did you read mother's letter?" he asked, after he had been reasonably careful not to crumple the dress.

Ethel nodded.

"I knew she'd like it better," she said. "It must have been nearly as hard for her here as it was for me."

"I'll bet she's glad she got her ten thousand dollars back," said Stacey, "and her stock sold, and everything turned into good safe bonds again!"

Squirming a little, Ethel picked up the paper he had laid aside when she came downstairs.

"What were you reading?" she asked. "The financial news?"

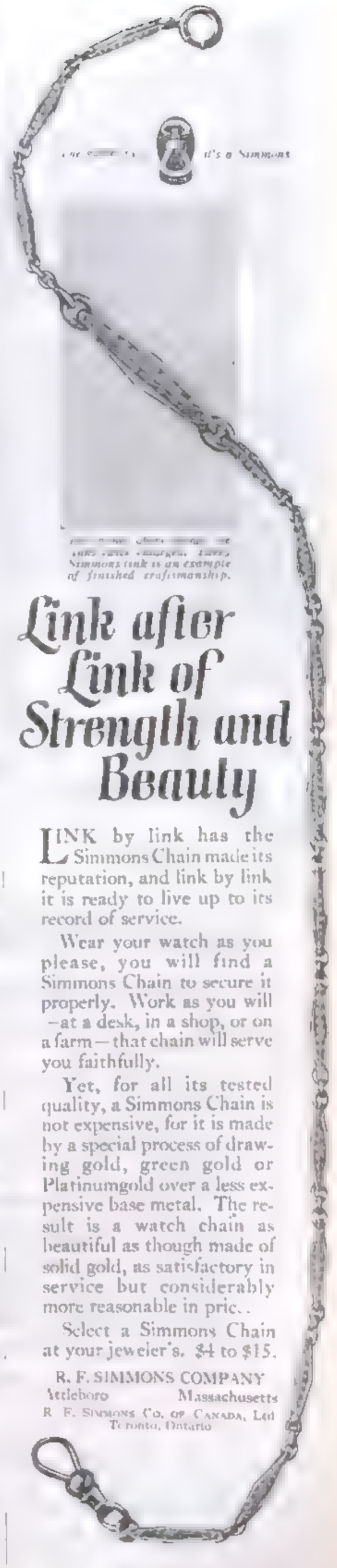
Instead she found the paper opened to the sporting columns.

"'Brilliant Crowd Sees Candlemas Win,'" she read.

"Had any hunches lately?" he asked, with a fine appearance of carelessness.

Her answer may have been a triumph of feminine logic, but if you had been there to hear it, you would have known that all the king's horses and all the king's men could never have changed her mind again.

"No, sir!" she said. "I have not! The way poor Cleopatra lost that race after she had won it so hard—I'll never try to pick a winner again as long as I live!"



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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 24)

embassies and legations before the war found them a comforting point of refuge during those uncertain days; and now that reconstruction has set in, with all the complications of political and industrial and commercial affairs uppermost, our missions are steadily increasing in importance. Where formerly those who came to an embassy wanted to be presented at court or given letters of introduction to important personages, the visitor now arrives on much more serious business and finds himself invited to make use of the specially devised departments which are capable of helping him in the direction in which he is most interested.

Undoubtedly all this has created a reaction at home which has found expression in the recently discussed Rogers Bill, a bill presented to Congress for "the reorganization and improvement of the foreign service of the United States and for other purposes."

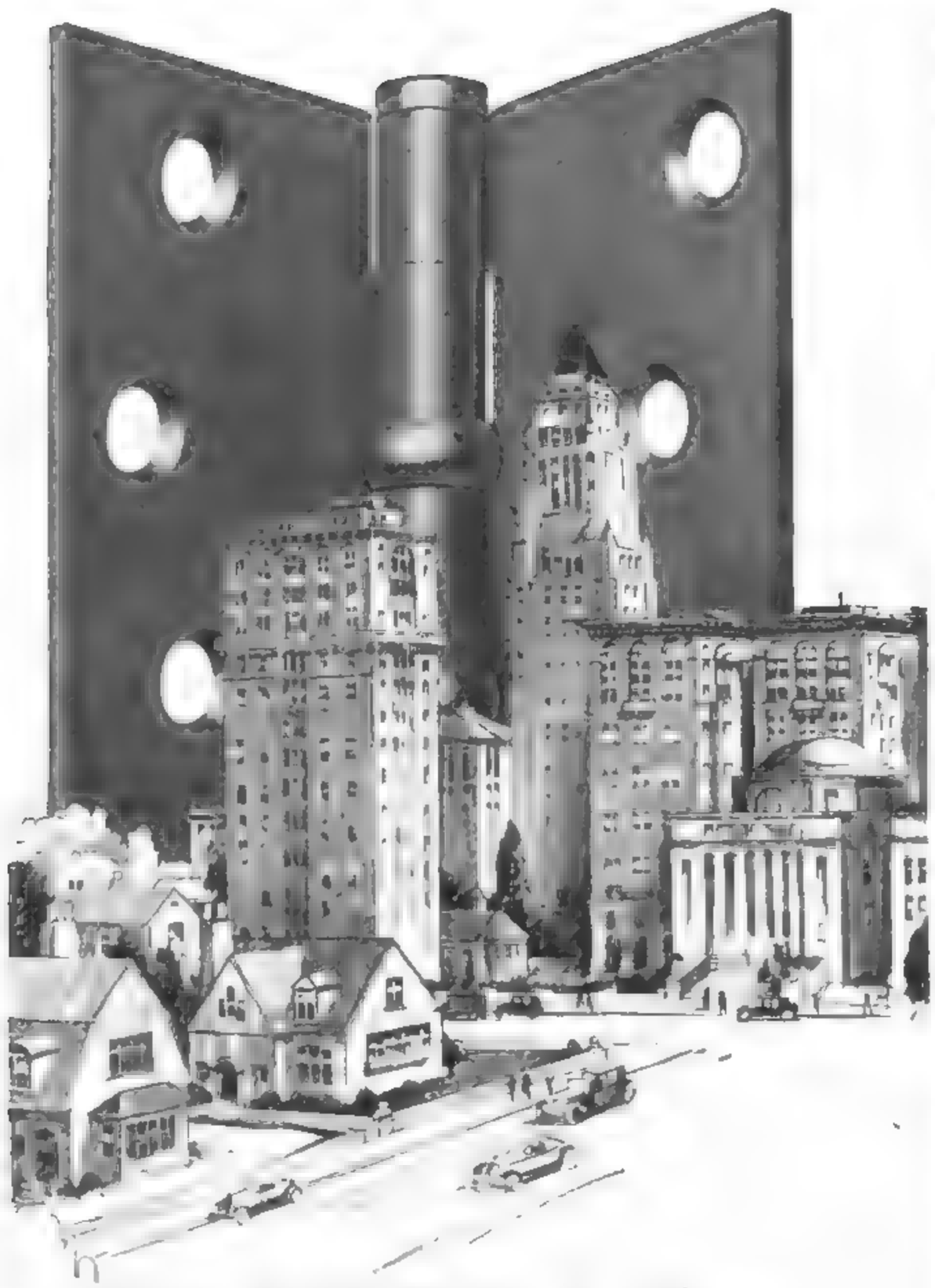
The four important provisions of this bill are:

The adoption of a new and uniform salary scale, with a view to broadening the field of selection by eliminating the necessity for private incomes and permitting the relative merits of candidates to be adjudged on the basis of ability alone.

The amalgamation of the diplomatic and consular branches into a single foreign service on an interchangeable basis. This would relieve the limitations of the present consular career and effectually coördinate the political and economic branches of the service.

The granting of representation allowances, which would lessen the demands on the private fortunes of ambassadors and ministers and render it practicable to promote a greater number of trained officers to those positions.

The extension of the civil-service retirement act, with appropriate modifications,



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Only thus shall you behold McKinney Plaza. But let your fancy conceive what a marvel it would be!

Snug bungalow and stately mansion. This great hotel's imperial splendor, and yonder titanic campanile of trade. That magnificent structure, the pride of its public——

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to the foreign service. This has become necessary for maintaining the desired standard of efficiency under the merit system.

It would be well for anyone contemplating entering the foreign service to read this bill carefully and to study the discussions of it, which are embodied in a pamphlet printed by the Government Printing Office at Washington and entitled Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs Before the House of Representatives on H. R. 12543. During these hearings the present Secretary of State, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, made this statement regarding the foreign service, which explains the effort now being made by our Government to place this service on the basis which everyone who has considered the matter seriously will heartily agree is the right one:

"We have today more than twice as much work in the Department of State as we had before the war. It is not only double in volume but far more important with respect to the quality of the work demanded, because of the problems presented in every part of the world, because of the intricacies of the questions left by the war, because of the kaleidoscopic character of conditions all over the world, the instability which is unfortunately presented to us in many parts of the world. You have the minimum of diplomatic service required when you have the maximum of stability. You have the maximum service required when you have unstable conditions, new developments and a constant need for the protection of American interests. . . .

"There are some who have the idea that because of the increase of facilities of intercourse—by cable, by radio, and in every way by which communication is made easy—the importance of the diplomatic agent is diminished.

"That, from my point of view, is a very erroneous conception. The more you develop the facilities of intercourse the more you develop the very situation in which the need for an agency is increased, because you multiply the opportunities for questions to arise.

"There is not any business house of importance in the United States who, in any matter of difficulty, will send a wire if they can send a man. They will send their wire and the man. It is, of course, a matter familiar to everyone who has had any wide connection with affairs that the personal contact in the last analysis is the vital and determining contact. I might send an instruction; I might write out in detail, textually, just what is to be said; but much will depend upon the man who presents that, upon his manner and his experience, and whether he is persona grata—whether he is a man who has won the esteem and confidence of the foreign office with which he is called upon to deal. . . . "

The Necessity of a Staff

"This great country cannot afford to be represented by any service less than the best attainable. It is not an expensive service. When we consider the responsibilities resting upon the Department of State, the vast interests of our citizens and of the nation itself that are at stake, I think it is the least expensive service in the Government. . . .

"Now what do you need to make this service more efficient? I am not talking here about ambassadors and ministers. It will not be for a moment questioned that we ought to have the opportunity—that the President should have the opportunity—to call distinguished citizens, men of wide familiarity with the business and politics and affairs, well-read, cultivated men whose personality gives prestige to their country wherever they may be. The President should call such men to service at foreign posts, particularly at the more important posts. But a man of that sort, I do not care who he is, cannot function without a staff. The more intelligent he is, the more skillful he is, the more he appreciates the necessity of that staff.

"Take a lawyer in a busy office crowded with clients, at the front rank of his profession, with men coming to him with the most important concerns—does he sit there as a repository of all knowledge, depending upon his individual efforts, which he must put forth between calls on the telephone, between interviews? He has a trained staff, and the more skillful and able he is the better staff he will have, not to supply what he gives—no staff can do that. No one could give his intelligence, his acumen, his analysis, his ability to deal with complicated situations, calling to his aid experiences which others know nothing of; but he must have the technical aid, the researches necessary to the particular case, the information as to the office precedents as to all matters which go into the final action for which he will be responsible. I do not have to argue that to men of affairs. So that however skillful or able the ambassador or minister may be, you do not get rid of the necessity for a staff. . . .

"What should that staff consist of? Of course it should consist of men who have natural aptitude and knowledge of languages. I think our ministers should know the languages. Certainly there must be someone who knows the languages of the countries where they are, and who knows their history, knows all those things which constitute the common law of any office or department. I mean by that the world of things that have been done—the routine, the hundreds of interviews, the revelations of attitudes, disclosures of motives, expostions of personalities. . . . To accomplish these results you must have men of career, and unless you provide for the career, what would happen to a young man who enters the service?"

The Salary Range

"I speak now candidly and directly to you: What do you offer to a young man who has no fortune, who has just got God-given abilities and a desire to serve, who is interested in international relations, who has the qualifications that come through specializing in history, in languages and in study of world politics? What would lead him to enter upon a diplomatic career now, when all that he sees before him is a salary at a maximum of $4000? He knows, however, that by having an Executive who is keen for the service of the country, he may have a remote chance to get an appointment as minister. He may get it, but in the main he cannot look forward to it, and, otherwise, he has got there a limit of $4000. . . .

"I do not go at all upon the theory that men of spirit, of high ideals, are entirely influenced by money or money considerations. It would be a sad day for our country if our best young men had no other ambition. It is not true that they have no other ambition. Of course, you cannot compete with what engineering will give or what the practice of law will give or what the practice of medicine will give to the brightest minds. It would be folly to attempt a thing of that sort. But this country has always been able to draw upon its best blood to a considerable extent because of the desire for distinction, the desire for cultural opportunities, for the relations that are congenial; because of the ideal of public service that a technical opportunity of a professional sort or a business might not satisfy.

"That is the reason why during the last generation or two generations, when America has jumped forward, when great fortunes have been developed, and the country has expanded in every way, you have had men in the schools, in the church, in various activities where pecuniary considerations were not dominant. Of course, our colleges have had to meet the new exigency; they have had to readjust their salaries. Our universities have had to meet it. We have had, in various ways, to meet the higher expense and the increased competition under conditions at this day. . . .

"What is necessary to give a man an assurance that he will be able at least to live, that he will be able to get married, that he will be able to support himself according to reasonable and modest American standards? Is it too much to lay down the maximum for the very best at $9000, at this time? Well, if I thought I should have to argue that question, I should despair of any consideration of the department. It cannot be possible that I must argue this—that for a man who has chosen his career, who year after year sees his friends at college get rich about him, a maximum of $9000 and a minimum of $3000 should be considered excessive. The maximum will only be, of course, for the best men of long service. It runs down to $3000. . . .

"It is not a good thing for the diplomatic service to be recruited, even on a merit basis, exclusively from men of families of fortune who can afford the life on the present basis. When I say that, I want to say that I am the last man in the world to deny

(Continued on Page 69)

You can measure Aircore mileage with a ruler

The patented spearhead shape of the hollow center in the Kelly Aircore gives it practically the same resiliency as a pneumatic tire. The Aircore has the additional advantage of being sturdy, dependable and long lived.

IF resiliency were the only quality necessary in a truck tire, the big pneumatic would have no competition.

There are, however, many conditions under which the use of big pneumatics is impracticable. It is to meet these conditions that the Kelly Aircore has been developed.

Possessing practically all of the pneumatic's resiliency, the Aircore has none of the big pneumatic's uncertainty of service. After an Aircore has worn down a fraction of an inch you can, by comparing the amount of wear with the rubber left above the hollow core, compute almost exactly how many more miles the tire is going to give you. You do not have to worry about punctures and blow-outs; only the natural wearing down of the rubber controls the amount of service an Aircore will give.

If you need high resiliency in your truck tires, either pneumatics or Aircores will give it to you. But if you want high resiliency *and* long, sure service, then buy Aircores.

The Aircore is especially recommended for:

1. *Front wheels of all trucks.*
2. *Rear wheels of light and medium capacity trucks.*
3. *All four wheels of high speed trucks.*
4. *All four wheels of moderate capacity trucks running over rough roads which have heretofore occasioned excessive truck repair expenses.*

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THIS is the first public announcement of the perfection of a vastly superior product—Chain Link Fence Fabric, Heavily Hot Zinc-Coated After Weaving.

This new process eliminates entirely machine abrasions of the zinc or galvanized coating on the wire during the process of weaving the fabric; it also makes possible the deposit of a zinc coating several times heavier than that possible under the old method.

Thus the life of Cyclone Chain Link Fence Fabric is multiplied many times.

All careful buyers of fencing will immediately appreciate the economy and advantages of specifying Cyclone Chain Link Fence Fabric Heavily Hot Zinc-Coated (or Hot Galvanized) after weaving.

More detailed information will be mailed upon request. Write nearest Offices, addressing Department 21.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas
Oakland, Cal. (Standard Fence Co.) Portland, Ore. (Northwest Fence & Wire Works)

CYCLONE FENCE

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 66)

the fine ambition, the qualifications, the creditable work of our young men of families of fortune who have not tried to add to their pecuniary competency, but have made it available for public service. I do not know what we would do today if it was not that we could draw upon men who not only have the advantages of culture and refinement but who have private means and can afford to enter the service and are selected because of their ability and not because of any fortune they may have. With all credit to them, however, it is a great mistake, utterly undemocratic, for the Government so to arrange its affairs as to exclude others. . . .

"This is not an extravagant proposal. This is an effort to make reasonable classification which will give an opportunity, first, to put men where experience shows their best fitness lies, and next, to make a career attractive within limits so that those who enter the service may feel that if they are reasonable and modest they can get along just as our boys want to get along if they are normal; that they can have a fair livelihood and a reasonable position in the world."

The bill has many interesting questions besides that of increasing the salaries of secretaries. One which has caused considerable discussion and has brought out a number of varied opinions is the clause which provides for the interchange of the diplomatic and consular services—that is to say, an arrangement by which men entering the consular service, if found more suitable for the diplomatic, will be changed to it, and vice versa. Under the provisions of this bill the diplomatic and consular services will be known as the Foreign Service of the United States. Personally I find the clause regarding interchange from one service to the other exceedingly practical. By it a young American can enter the consular department, and if he shows himself more suited to the diplomatic can be shifted to it; and the one who finds he is better adapted to consular work can be changed to it.

Diplomats and Consuls

There is considerable distinction between the two branches of the work. Both are exceedingly interesting, and though my experience has been confined to the diplomatic, it has brought me naturally in close contact with our consular representatives. Of the two, I should say that it would be less difficult for the average American young man to enter the consular service than the diplomatic; in one sense the former is more really American than the latter.

Diplomacy demands a certain social experience without which a man finds himself somewhat embarrassed. In spite of the changes and a simpler life developed by the war, there still remains in diplomatic intercourse a great deal of form and ceremony that must be observed if one wishes to be successful in it; and it must be admitted that American life does not exactly prepare one for this existence. Unless one has a natural aptitude for it, unless one has a keen social sense—even a liking for such things—one is very likely to be bored and awkward in such surroundings. It can hardly be called a democratic existence, as it affords privileges as well as restrictions, and—more on account of traditions than actual conditions—confines one to a certain group that expects certain things.

Again, a secretary in the diplomatic service has obligations that do not exist to such an extent for a consul. He must keep up a nice house, he must entertain, he must give a considerable portion of his time to the amenities of life through which he meets people, develops contacts and thus, through social intercourse, makes himself persona grata to those who are important in governmental affairs. A consul, working more in the field of commerce and business relations, is thrown in contact with a somewhat simpler, if more real, social class; he is expected neither to maintain a large house nor to entertain elaborately, and in a way is much less open to criticism than a diplomatic secretary.

This difference in the two services is less noticeable in republics than in monarchies. In the latter the secretary has a position at court, whereas the consul has not. This distinction is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand. Two men coming from the same town, the same social class, having been educated at the same college, may arrive at the same capital, and the one in diplomacy will have all the advantage of a wide social entrée where the consul will have comparatively none. This distinction has often caused considerable ill feeling—it is even at times exceedingly embarrassing; but it has to be accepted as a fact in those older countries that have built up class differences which do not exist with us.

The present consul-general to London, Mr. Robert Skinner, made some interesting remarks on the foreign service when discussing the Rogers Bill. He said:

"This bill is a business bill. Its outstanding purpose is to protect, encourage and assist our commercial and other business relations abroad, which are so intimately intertwined with our political relations as to be practically inseparable. It attempts to provide a better business organization of our foreign service. . . . It gives the Executive power to cut out duplication and to coördinate various activities, and it lays the foundation for a trained personnel from whom the President can draw, if so disposed, those higher diplomatic officers who, under the Constitution, can be named by him as he deems best. I frankly say, as one of the men from the field, that we hope in time he will find it to his advantage and convenience to select those higher officers from the trained service. . . .

"It introduces one novel administrative feature, not novel in the practice of other countries but in our own; and it is the vital feature of these proposals. That feature is the destruction of the wall now existing between the diplomatic and consular branches of the service—a perfectly useless wall, the only obvious effect of which is to tend to create a caste among officeholders, a wall which prevents your diplomatic secretaries from obtaining a working knowledge of business affairs, prevents your consuls from obtaining an insight into the processes of central governments, and deprives the Secretary of State from employing available talent where it may most usefully be applied. . . .

"The men now in office cannot be changed in their characters or habits of thought by this or any other bill. You are legislating only incidentally for them. But ten or fifteen years from now, if this bill passes, you will have created a new, a more efficient class of public servant, true to type, like the splendid fellows who come out of the military and naval academies; men who, while possessing a proper appreciation of the amenities of life, will also have an equal appreciation that ours is a business country, with whose varied concerns they will be familiar and capable by their habits, instincts and desires of giving such assistance as a well-conceived foreign service may render. . . .

"Now you are not going to find men of this sort full-grown, like Jove. Perhaps there was a time when our foreign representatives, being amiable and intelligent, were adequate to every probable situation. I can recall the sign on my own door twenty years ago—Office Hours Ten to Twelve and Two to Four—and not much going on, at that. It is different now. I remember hearing Mr. Page in London, shortly after the outbreak of the war, exclaim almost pathetically that his predecessor had had a very good time."

Ambassador Davis' Advice

"'Of course they had a very good time,' said he; 'but they had no work to do.'

"And there you have the key to the need of this bill. There is work to be done, and somebody must do it, or try to do it, and it is for you to decide whether it shall be well done or indifferently done or poorly done."

A former ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. John W. Davis, in speaking in favor of the Rogers Bill, said:

"Speaking generally, of course, the diplomatic branch of the foreign service is the first line in the country's defense, and the consular is the spearhead of the country's trade. . . . I am quite aware of the fact, and I assume we are all aware, that the man on the street really does not appreciate the importance of either of these services. Speaking from my experience in Congress, and subsequent service in the executive department and in the diplomatic corps itself, you constantly run into the most astonishing ignorance of what the service is, its importance, or what it really means.

"There is a prevailing impression, I know, that the diplomat's chief duty is to attend pink teas and escort dowager duchesses around at ceremonial occasions. Most people think that the consul does not come into action until somebody gets arrested in the port in which he happens to be residing. I am sure that is a quite prevalent point of view. . . . Manifestly, if we are to get good men in the service and hold them after they get there, we must set them to work under conditions that are agreeable, that will stimulate their personal ambition, and that will induce them to remain in the service after they have had the experience which makes them valuable.

"Over and over again, while I was in London, young men and good men in the diplomatic service would come to me in great personal concern and ask me frankly whether I thought they ought to stay in the service. I always asked them what their financial condition was. If I found that they had no, or at best meager, resources beyond their official salary, I told them with great regret that I thought they were doing an injustice to themselves, and that at the earliest opportunity they ought to leave the service and get into something that was not a blind alley. I did that because I felt that the time would come when they would want to marry, in the normal course of affairs, and would have children to take care of; and I knew they could not hope to raise a family on the salary they were receiving, and that the time would come, as it comes to all men who stay too long on salaries, when they would find it difficult to get away and would drag out the rest of their lives in discomfort to themselves and discomfort to their families."

Nothing could furnish a more complete answer to those young Americans who wish to enter the diplomatic service of their country, and yet must rely upon their Government to furnish them with a living wage, than the remarks of these experienced men. The hope of making the foreign service a career apparently lies in the passage of the Rogers Bill.

Many young men have asked how they should go about preparing for the diplomatic and consular service. There are special courses in most of our larger universities. George Washington University and Georgetown University have extensive courses on this subject; the American University has a course; Harvard, Yale and Princeton, I understand, have special courses; the University of California offers an elaborate course; in fact, it is not at all a difficult matter to find opportunities for obtaining instruction in those subjects required by the Department of State.

Foreign Service Examinations

As for the examination, the pamphlet issued by the Department of State entitled American Diplomatic Service, which can be obtained upon request, includes information for applicants as follows:

"Diplomatic-service examinations to obtain candidates for possible appointment as third secretaries are not held at stated times, but only when the needs of the service require. These examinations are held in Washington only. No one may be examined who is not specially designated to take the examination. Traveling and other personal expenses connected with the taking of examinations must be borne by the candidates. A general notice of examinations is announced through the public press. Notice is not sent to all applicants individually, but only to those designated for examination.

"Blank forms of application for appointment may be had upon application to the Department of State. Application for appointment should be addressed to the Secretary of State. They must be made in the handwriting of the applicant. An application is considered as pending for a period of two years. After such period has elapsed without favorable action thereon, another application with indorsements will be necessary to obtain further consideration.

"Applicants for appointment, in their correspondence with the department, should always sign their names as given in their applications, without enlargement or contraction. An applicant should be particularly careful to give his legal residence correctly. The department does not undertake to determine what an applicant's legal residence is. Originals of all indorsements listed in the application must be filed therewith, copies thereof not being acceptable. Indorsements may not be withdrawn while a person remains an applicant, or while he is an officer or employe of the Department of State.

"A candidate is not designated for examination with a view to his assignment to a particular post, or a particular part of the

Whiz Auto Top Dressing will make your old top look new and add years to its usefulness. It dries thoroughly over-night and there is a kind for tops of leather, Pantasote and other imitation leathers and a kind for mohair.

It is only one of the many *Whiz* friends of every motorist—"The *Whiz* Handy Manual" is another—a very valuable one—you'll find a need for it every day—it is brim full of helpful suggestions on how to care for your car—how to reduce costs and get maximum performance—how to find motor troubles and fix them—send for it—it's free. Just say on a post card "Send me your book 24."

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WELSBACH HEAT

Heater in fireplace is No. 29 with andirons. Equipped with 8 glowers. Finish, oxidized brass or oxidized copper.

THE CLEAN, INSTANTANEOUS, REFRESHING heat thrown out into your room by the Welsbach Heater immediately envelops you in the most welcome comfort you have ever felt. For Welsbach heat is gas heat at its best.

The crisp frostiness of late Autumn, the damp chill of early Spring demand Welsbach heat in your home. Placed in the rooms that are used most, Welsbach Heaters will save coal for you. They give you all the charm and color of an open fire with no carrying of fuel, no smoke or ashes. And in Winter, those hard-to-heat rooms can be made entirely livable. Your

Just a quick turn of the key and your Welsbach is lighted. No matches, no fuss, no pilot light.

Welsbach
GAS HEATER

dispels the chill at any hour of the day or night, *and you pay for only the heat you use.*

A convenient self-lighter does away with the need of hazardous matches. Saves time and trouble and gives you always a quick, sure light.

Welsbach construction, based on thirty years of experience and research, affords the greatest volume of heat from the gas consumed.

Welsbach Heaters are supplied in decorative fire-place patterns and portable types. Prices up to $40 east of the Mississippi. See the complete Welsbach line at your dealer's or the Gas Company. Insist on the genuine.

Self-Lighting
Radiant
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Odorless
Economical
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At your dealer's and the Gas Company

WELSBACH COMPANY
Gloucester City, N. J.
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"MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY"

world, but in order to determine his eligibility for appointment to Class Four. A secretary may be assigned to any post where, in the judgment of the department, his services will best serve the public interests.

"The Government does not maintain a school for the training of candidates for the foreign service; does not recommend any special institution; does not suggest a list of books to be studied; does not furnish a course of study in any school.

"No special training is accepted in lieu of the prescribed examination, and no transfers without examination are made to secretaryships from other branches of the government service.

"The department publishes no list of vacancies and is not able definitely to forecast when vacancies in the service may occur. The only set of examination papers which can be furnished to applicants is the one printed in this pamphlet. Appointments of secretaries are made only after a physical examination of candidates to determine that they are physically qualified to live in any part of the world. The written language examinations include papers in French, German and Spanish only, and no other language will be accepted in lieu of these. An oral examination is also given the candidate in the language selected by him in his written examination to test his ability to converse in that language. He may also present in his oral examination any other language with which he may be familiar.

"Dependent upon the number of candidates, the examinations last from three to six days. The written part of the examination covers a period of two days of six hours each. The first two subjects are given on the first day, and the remaining subjects on the following day, probably in the order presented in sample examinations in this pamphlet. The ratings in the various parts of foreign-service examinations are not published or furnished to candidates, the only figure given out being the general average received by successful candidates, this figure being given such candidates when they are notified that they have passed the examination."

After this general information follows a list of questions suggestive of those comprised in the examinations. The first subject is international law; the second, diplomatic usage; the third, modern languages; the fourth, natural, industrial and commercial resources and commerce of the United States; the fifth, American history, government and institutions; the sixth, modern history—since 1850—of Europe, South America and the Far East. At first glance this list seems rather formidable; but to a college graduate, even to a man who has made the best of a high-school education, this impression will not last long.

Duties of a Commercial Attaché

Perhaps the only two really unfamiliar subjects are international law and diplomatic usage, for almost everyone who has gone to school at all has a smattering of some modern language, some idea of American and European history, some conception of the resources of the United States. So, on the whole, it would seem that with a year's preparation, concentrating on international law and modern world politics, one should have no difficulty in passing the examinations.

Another phase of the foreign service which should be interesting to all young Americans is that branch which has to do with our commercial relations with foreign countries, which is not a part of the Department of State, but is under the direct control of the Secretary of Commerce. This trade service is now organized under the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and, since the war, has developed into one of the most important parts of our foreign service. Practically every embassy and legation now has its commercial attaché and trade commissioners, and the work carried on by them is not only extremely interesting but of tremendous value to our country.

The British have been perhaps a little more interested in this branch of foreign service than we have; in fact, they are much more inclined to develop closer relations between the head of the mission—that is to say, the ambassador or minister—and the commercial attaché than we are. Not only do they see that he has every opportunity afforded him for obtaining valuable information, but they also see that he has the proper social entrée—always an important phase of foreign life. It was interesting to me to find that the commercial attachés of the British embassies in Rome and Tokio—and in several other places—were considered as much a part of the embassy staff as the secretaries.

The development of this side of our foreign service is increasing each year; it offers a permanent career; the salaries are already much better than those paid to diplomatic secretaries, ranging from $3000 to $5000 for trade commissioners, and from $5000 to $7000 for commercial attachés. The chance for promotion is most encouraging, an instance of the quick appreciation of good work having been shown recently when two young women who entered the service as clerks were promoted to be assistant trade commissioners—one in Peking, the other in Berlin. On the whole, anyone who is considering entering the foreign service would do well to turn his attention to this side of it as well as to the consular and diplomatic branches.

The functions of the foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce are described as follows:

"The primary duty is that of investigating and reporting upon economic conditions and trade openings in the territory assigned to them. They are constantly forwarding reports by cable and mail to the Department of Commerce for publication and distribution to the American business community. The second function of the foreign representative is the rendering of specific practical assistance to American business interests. Our foreign representatives are constantly receiving requests from American business firms and are called upon to aid American business men traveling abroad or the agents of American firms engaged in foreign trade. The third function of the foreign representative is serving as commercial adviser to the American diplomatic mission located in the territory assigned to him. The entire staff of each foreign representative is always at the disposal of the chief of a diplomatic mission on any commercial or economic matter that may arise."

The Diplomat's Wife

No discussion of diplomacy would be complete without some reference to the part women play in it. Some people have gone so far as to suggest that if we are going to have special courses in our schools and colleges for this profession these courses should include instruction for wives of diplomats—that they play just as important a part in the career as men. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that they play an even more important part. There are numerous instances where the wife of an ambassador or minister has had everything to do with his success or failure.

Especially is this true of American women, who today have taken a rather unusual place in the world. They are looked upon by the foreigner as something entirely new in civilization and a dominant factor in American life. A French author has gone to great length to show that the problems of the New World have created a place for woman which is a reversion to those primitive days when there was little distinction between the sexes; when of necessity women were hardy and capable of the same effort as men; when working side by side, combating the elements, constructing dwellings, following the chase and living in the open made of them a physically strong race; and ends his theory with the suggestion that successive generations of increasing civilization had weakened woman until, in the effort of settling a new continent, she once more regained her pristine power.

Whether this theory is correct or not, the fact remains that an American diplomat's wife, like her primitive ancestresses, works side by side with her husband; and when she arrives at a new post she is looked upon with perhaps keener interest than her husband.

If she comes up to expectations—which generally comprise being very well dressed, given to entertaining and possessing an unusual amount of energy, with the freedom necessary to exercise it—she is at once very much sought after.

A diplomat's wife can make or ruin her husband's career. She can make the house attractive, she can make it a rendezvous for the entire diplomatic corps, she can make it a home for the younger secretaries, and, by being herself interesting and attractive, can

(Continued on Page 73)

DOUBLE-TRACK THE *GOOD-MORNING* ROAD

The man to his work, the wife to her tasks, and the children to school or play—

And an extra bathroom to untangle the rush hour jam—to double-track the *Good-Morning* road!

We have come to the day of more bathrooms—to the end of the illogical idea that one house meant one bathroom just as it meant one roof.

Today, houses great and small are being designed or remodeled with the thought that the number of bathrooms should bear *some* relation to the number of those who use them.

Why not ask the Kohler dealer for his advice? See for yourself how small a space is sufficient for a delightful modern bathroom. Obtain actual cost figures—your guesses are apt to be too high. And examine Kohler fixtures attentively. You can buy nothing finer than Kohler Ware with its unsurpassed enamel and its charm of distinguished design.

Our booklet of Kohler Ware, which we will gladly mail, will show you many styles of Kohler fixtures for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries.

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Look for this name, unobtrusively fused into the enamel of every Kohler fixture. It is your guaranty of genuineness and of these distinctive Kohler qualities—(1) the beautiful snowy whiteness of the durable enamel, (2) the *uniformity* of that whiteness in every fixture.

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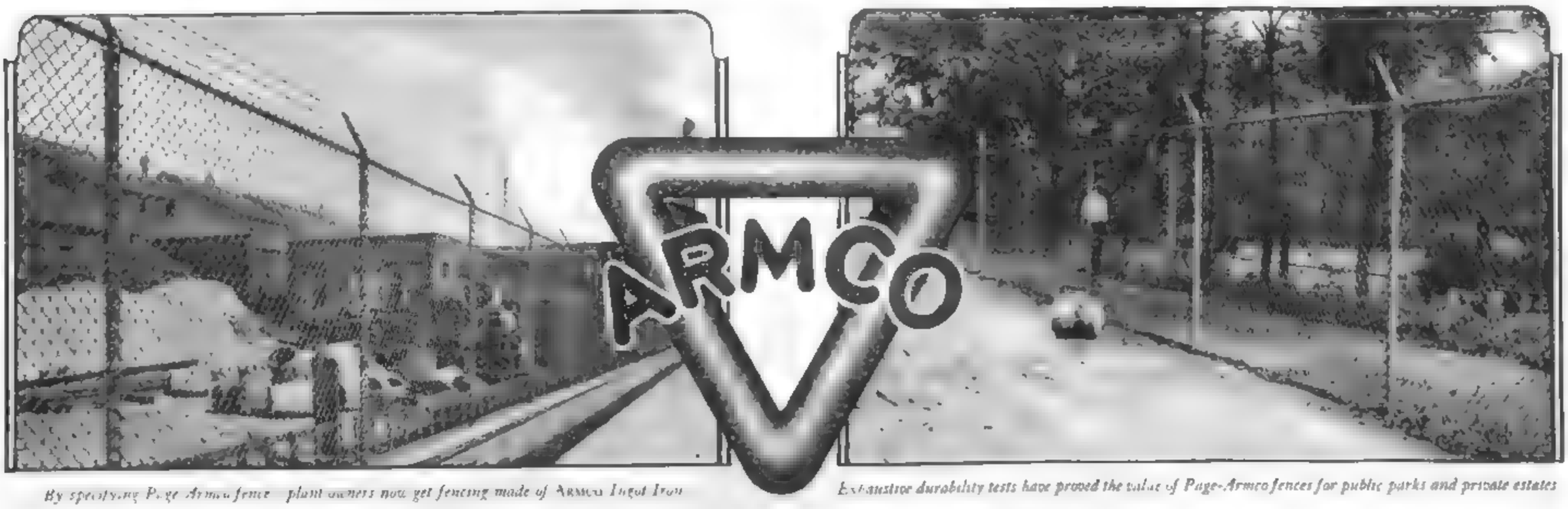


By specifying Page Armco fence plant owners now get fencing made of Armco Ingot Iron

Exhaustive durability tests have proved the value of Page-Armco fences for public parks and private estates

How the American farmer brought about the making of "the iron that resists rust"

Householders and manufacturers also made great savings when the farmer demanded better wire fences

IN the days of our grandfathers, wire fences invariably outlived the men who put them up. Year after year they resisted the attacks of the weather.

But, about twenty years ago, farmers discovered that the wire fences they built were attacked by rust within a few years. Fence bills were mounting too high.

Letters began to pour into the Department of Agriculture at Washington, complaining of the rapidly rusting fence wire.

What is the cause of rust?

The Government conducted a thorough investigation into the cause of rust by analyzing samples, both of the old-fashioned and of modern wire. The results were published in a bulletin which stated, "It would be natural to suppose that the easiest way to correct the trouble would be to cut down, in the process of manufacture, as much as possible the impurities that are present, but the difficulties in the way of doing this will now be understood."

A copy of this bulletin found its way into the office of The American Rolling Mill Company in Middletown, Ohio. At that time this was a small concern, dedicated to the production of high-quality materials.

The company accepted the challenge set forth in the Government's bulletin. They set themselves the task of removing the impurities in the metal and of producing commercially pure iron in large quantities—something that had never before been accomplished. Extensive laboratories were established; new methods of manufacture were devised; millions of dollars were invested in mills and mines.

Iron at its best

The final result was ARMCO Ingot Iron, a product so incomparably purer than any other iron made in commercial quantities that it is now known the world over as *the iron that resists rust.*

Page fences—made of ARMCO Ingot Iron—are both decorative and durable

Today the farmer can have wire fences that last even longer than the fences his grandfather put up.

The Page Steel and Wire Co., of Bridgeport, Connecticut, are the only manufacturers authorized to make fencing of ARMCO Ingot Iron. Today Page-Armco fence installations throughout the country—for industrial plants, public parks and gardens, private estates and farms—stand as proof of the economy and protection of fences that endure.

Near every industrial center there are Page distributors who are equipped to supply and erect fences made of ARMCO Ingot Iron. For the names of those nearest to you write Page Fence & Wire Products Assn., 215 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., or write us direct.

The reward of purity

ARMCO Ingot Iron contains less than one-sixth of one per cent of rust-promoting impurities; it is many times purer than steel. The purity of ARMCO Ingot Iron makes it dense and gives it a smooth, even surface. Thus it will take a coating of zinc (galvanizing), which becomes almost one and inseparable with the base metal. This makes ARMCO Ingot Iron most highly prized by sheet metal workers.

Ask for and identify iron things by the ARMCO brand—it is your assurance of economy.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 70)

draw people to it who will be of immense help to her husband in an official way.

The traditional idea that more can be accomplished in a friendly, unofficial conversation than in cut-and-dried official discussions is just as much a fact today as formerly; and it is in setting the stage for this informality that the woman becomes so important. If a man knows that he can drop in any afternoon, have tea and gossip lightly over current events with a charming woman, he is going to be on much more friendly terms with that mission than with one where he is not expected unless he is formally invited. More important agreements have been arranged in this way than in the stuffy precincts of some dismal foreign office.

English diplomats' wives are particularly successful in helping their husbands in official life; but then—again different from us—they take diplomacy as a very serious career and prepare for it as a life work. I was once told the story of a British diplomat who fell very much in love with a girl who had been brought up on a country estate and had had little social experience. When he told his family that he wished to marry her they said it would be perfectly foolish of him to do such a thing; that the girl would ruin his career; that she was in no way fitted to be a diplomat's wife. When she found out the nature of the objections that were held against her she immediately began to prepare herself for the life her future husband was leading. She went to Paris and lived there a year, and thus perfected herself in French; from there she went to Berlin and spent another year learning German; and all this time she was reading and studying the history of diplomacy.

Then she returned to England, showed that she was quite capable of being a diplomat's wife, married her faithful lover and eventually became one of her country's most distinguished ambassadresses.

Would an American girl be willing to do as this girl did, to make her husband's career a success? Somehow I am inclined to doubt it; yet think what a tremendous impression she would make in a diplomatic corps if she could discuss in French or German the Agadir Incident, the Treaty of Vienna, the various ramifications of European diplomacy during the eighteenth century, the policies of Bismarck, or—to bring the matter quite up to date—the League of Nations.

How many of us—both men and women—try to discuss this last gesture towards improvement in international relations without once having glanced at the original document!

The woman's part in diplomacy is tremendously important. Women represent a refinement in civilization; unfamiliarity with accepted forms is not forgiven them as it might be in a man. Nothing in the world exposes a mission to more ridicule and unfavorable comment than to have the infinite number of details carelessly attended to. The sending out of invitations, the leaving and returning of cards, the assembling of the right people at the right time, the avoidance of gathering together people who are neither socially nor politically sympathetic, the proper seating of guests at table, the thousand and one little things that must be looked after so scrupulously and which a man has no time for—all these things are done well or badly according to the ability of the wife.

When in Rome——

The story goes that one very popular ambassador of a foreign country was recalled because his wife never returned the cards left for her. We are inclined to think that such details are trivial and unimportant, because so little formality exists at home; and we often create unfavorable impressions just on account of our indifference—sometimes prejudice—to accepted forms.

I remember once having some friends arrive in Rome to spend the winter. They said they wanted to meet Italians and go into Roman society, and asked to be given some hints about customs there. When I told them they must leave cards with all the Italians to whom they were formally introduced, they said they couldn't think of doing such a thing: that at home the stranger waited to be called on by the native; that if they left cards for someone they had just met it would be exactly like bidding for an invitation to the house or to dinner. No, they would not observe Roman customs if they were as silly as that. No amount of talking had any effect upon them—such as when in Rome do as the Romans do; while in a foreign country, following the etiquette of that country is only courtesy, whether we privately consider it idiotic or not.

But my efforts were of no avail; they soon left in disgust, complaining bitterly of the fact that I had become so Europeanized that no one would ever take me for an American.

I do not see that observing the customs of a foreign country necessarily expatriates one; and surely we are just as intolerant of those people who come to America and try to force European customs on us as they are with us when we refuse to accept their formalities.

Of course, I admit that one does not have to go to an extreme and adopt everything, whether we approve of it or not. No one who arrives in Turkey feels it an obligation to acquire a family of seventeen wives in order to become persona grata. Surely we shall lose none of our American characteristics in refraining from an attempt to revolutionize the whole social fabric of a European capital when we arrive in it—a social fabric which, incidentally, is a few centuries older than our own.

The reputation of our missions is often made by some member who feels it his or her duty to spread American customs broadcast, even against the wishes of the people among whom the mission is situated. The story is told of one minister's wife who said she would not change her custom of having supper at night just to please the diplomatic corps; she had always had supper at six o'clock and she was going to continue to have it at that hour; those who came to the legation could call it dinner if they wanted to, even though they had scrambled eggs and fried ham and a good big cup of coffee served right along with the other things.

A Message to Carry

Another lady became famous because she insisted upon doing her marketing on a bicycle; another made a somewhat unusual reputation for herself by asking a queen how her husband was getting along. When the queen replied that His Majesty the King was quite well, and then asked the diplomat's wife how her husband was, the American lady was quick enough to see the point and replied with dignity that His Excellency the American Ambassador was never better. Another gave a rather unusual impression of the way American women dressed by appearing at a ball clothed in an American flag covered with edelweiss—the former to show from which country she came, the latter to denote that her last post had been Switzerland; and still another, whose knowledge of French was somewhat limited, in explaining that every American woman prepared herself for some sort of profession, was asked what hers was, and replied, "*Moi, je suis nourrice.*"

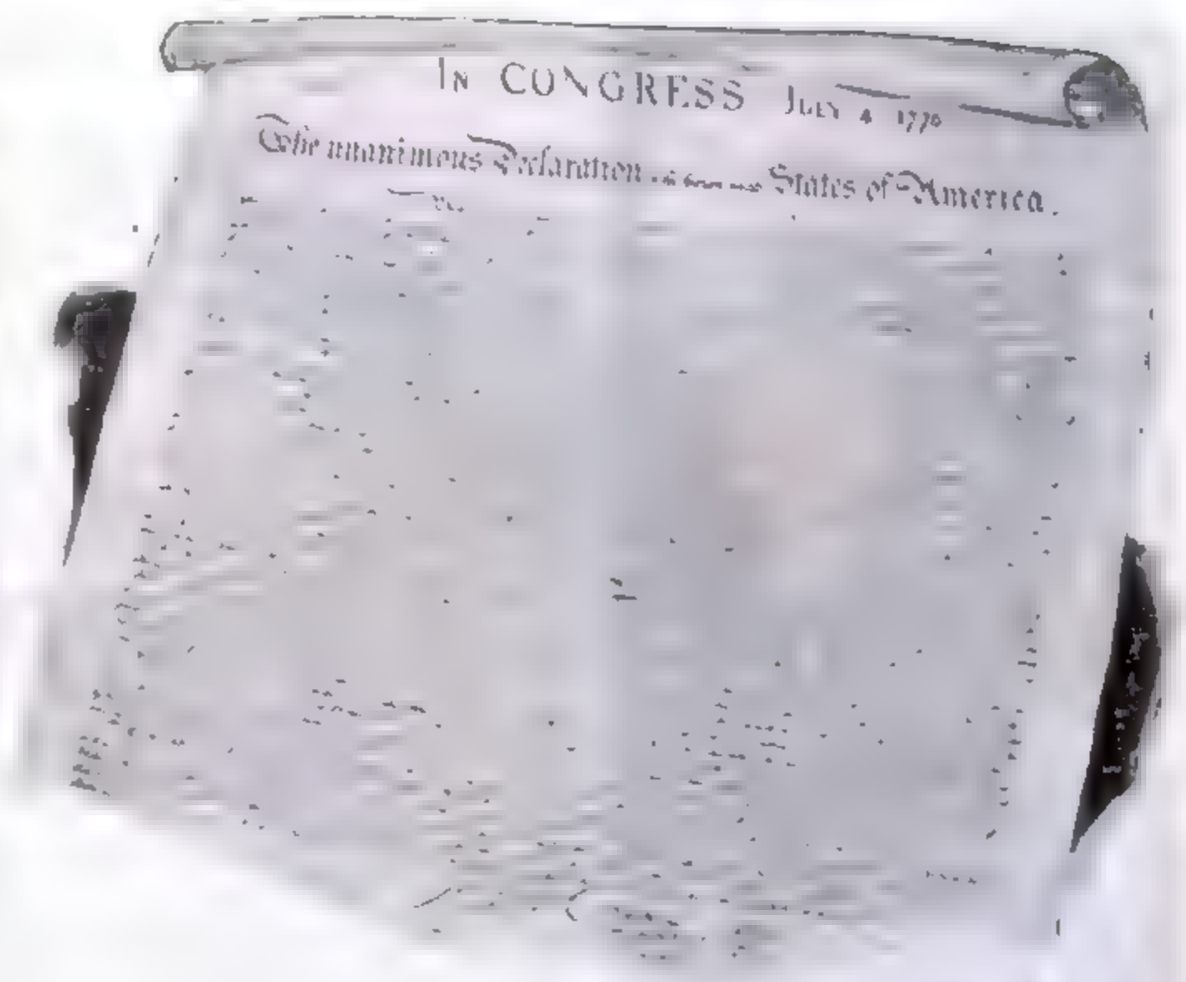
Foreigners have a good deal of fun recounting stories about us—more, I'm sure, than ever reach our ears; but we can tell just as many about them. There are just as many provincial types among the diplomats of other nations as there are among ours.

On the whole, we have much more to be proud of than ashamed of.

Some have complained that I have written only of the pleasant side of diplomacy; that I have left out all the disagreeable incidents that must surely be a part of such a career, as of every other. As a matter of fact, diplomacy probably offers a pleasanter and more diverting existence than any other career that I can think of; and surely, if one views it from a patriotic standpoint, nothing could possibly offer a higher mission than going out to the nations of the world and carrying our message to them.

And we have a message to carry—one of cheerfulness, eagerness and energy; one of good fellowship, helpfulness and equal opportunity; one of clean sentiments, youthful simplicity and an extraordinary freedom. I have no intention of making the eagle scream—he is quite capable of doing that unaided—but fourteen years away from my own people and my own country have made me realize how very lucky I am to have been born an American.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of a series of articles by Mr Richardson.



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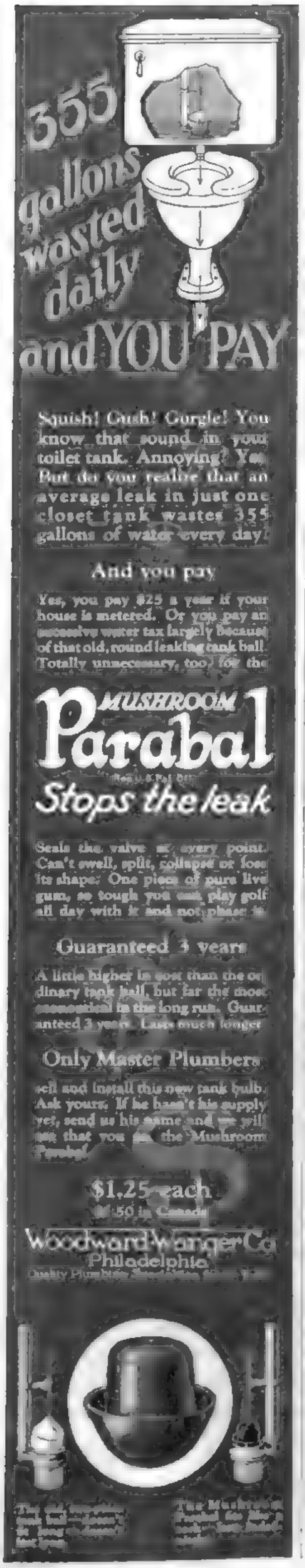
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OUR FOREIGN CITIES

Continued from Page 18

around a small mountain of unfinished pants, when suddenly—Bang! Bang! Bullets spatter the wall. Passers-by dive alertly towards doorways. He sees two men dash out from a jewelry shop, smoking guns in hand, and start blazing away *ad lib.* It's a hold-up—but what should he know about that? He sees those shiny black things in the men's hands spurt flame from a little round hole; he hears shouts, screams; a blue-coated cop on the job stops in the middle of a lunge, plugged straight through the midriff; he looks surprised and puts a covering hand up to his heart. The thieves jump into an automobile and dash off, training guns upon the crowd.

Mamma drags him on, chattering volubly; he screws around his neck to take another look at the bull. He lies very still in a crumpled heap, like papa's overcoat when it slips down from its nail to the floor. That bull, mamma informs him, is dead. He can never get up and walk any more. He screws round his head for a final look. Why can't he get up? Because he was killed by a bullet from that shining little thing which spurted that pretty flame.

The whole affair is over in a minute; but while it lasted it was a perfect whiz-bang of a reel. And the bull didn't stop it this time as he had with the woman fight. Instead, something had stopped the bull. What was it stopped him so quick, right in the middle of a leap, and made him look so surprised? The child laughs, recalling that astonished look of a man suddenly facing death. He plods on, still clasping the load of pants, his mind visualizing the scene. He wishes he could see it again. He wishes he could hold in his hand that little black shining thing that spurted flame from a hole. That night, after supper, he relives it again with sister, using a clothespin for a gun. He is the hold-up man and sister is the cop that gets shot with a big bang-bang.

Not all the reels in that great vivid moving picture of the street which passes daily before his eye are such splendid thrillers as this; but there are enough. There is the bootlegging raid in which they chased each other—who chased each other he does not know; it is all a vague "they," though instinctively he identifies himself with the pursued—up and down dark stairways and out across the tenement roofs. And then there was that other—a sudden wild scream overhead waking him in the dead of night; a shot; silence; silence while he lay wide-eyed, clutching mamma, who had reached out a protecting hand; then tramping feet on the stairs past his door, and the heavy, unafraid voice of the bull talking an unknown tongue.

As the Twig is Bent

There was also another reel; but it wasn't so exciting, for there had been no killings in that. One morning the street suddenly got full of people, men shouting, women weeping hysterically; they swarmed like angry bees. His mother, hurrying along, holding him by the hand, was weeping with the rest. They crowded in front of a house and began to shout and thump on the door. Mamma said there was a bad man inside who had stolen all their money away. Well, why didn't that bad man dash outside with a gun in his hand? Or why didn't they chase him with guns? But nothing happened at all. And presently a cop shouldered his way through the crowd, shouting some words the child could not understand, and the mob broke up sullenly and went home. Mamma explained that the cop said the man wasn't behind that door at all; he had sneaked off on a big ship with the money of his mamma and the neighbors and sailed away in the night.

These were his preschool days. A tenement flat, swarming with children and boarders who at night took up every inch of floor space, stepping over his pulled-out trundle bed by mamma on their way to their own beds, spread out on chairs, sofas, the floor, or even at a pinch the stationary kitchen tubs. His escape from this overcrowded communal existence was the city street; and in the main, those first years, he heard very little but his own tongue—in the home, on the streets, in the shops and in the newspaper from which occasionally his brother read aloud scraps at night before he himself went out into the street.

And yet there was another strange pattern which was constantly ramming into this familiar pattern of his little world. There were bulls and other people who occasionally walked through his street speaking another tongue. Americans. The Americans wore strange clothes and spoke a strange language that nobody could understand, even though you got up quite close. The neighbors looked after them suspiciously, shook their heads, and winked behind their backs at their outlandish clothes and talk. Nobody ever told the Americans anything when they came snooping around to see who shot the cop; they shut up like clams and winked behind the Americans' backs—like this. For the Americans didn't belong to his world. They had no business down here.

That was one of the earliest lessons he learned—to be suspicious, skeptical, closemouthed to everybody outside his own little group. Nevertheless, even before school days, he picked up a few of the foreign American words. The first one he learned was "Sure!" He ripped it out scornfully, gleefully, knowingly, at everybody and everything. One day, dodging through the crowded street traffic, he narrowly avoided the crushing wheels of a thundering motor truck.

The irate driver, crashing down his brakes, bent far out and bawled, "Hi, you little hellion! Do you want to get killed?"

"Sure!" mocked the child, scuttling off.

Modern Arabian Nights

And once at the foot of the elevated stairway he picked up an American lady's fat purse and stood coolly rifling its contents when the owner, marking her loss, turned back, snatched it from his hand and cried out, "You bad, bad little boy! Do you know where you'll go when you die?"

The child, enraged by her tone and the words he could not understand, retorted, grinning impudently, "Sure!" And he ran off, shrieking at the top of his lungs, "Sure! Sure! Sure!"

But there is one American institution which the child of the foreign quarter loves. That institution, it need not be said, is the moving-picture theater. For in the majority of these film houses in the sections which cater to the alien taste—unless there be some kind of community or settlement-house regulation, which is very rarely the case—the pictures are of a type which joins naturally into the street-life pattern that has already made its impress upon the childish brain cells. Not necessarily bad in themselves, these plays are often just incredibly cheap, trashy, melodramatic—scenes of violence with a moral tacked on at the end; crude narratives of crime and bloodshed; serials loaded to the guards with hold-ups and running street fights; wild bad men of the border, sheriffs, yelling cowboys. Many of them depict a struggle against the law; in many the villain is triumphant until the final reel.

Seen through the eyes of a child of American parentage, background and tradition, these pictures may be harmless enough, for they are realized, so to speak, even though the child may be unaware, in their own atmosphere and proper historical frame. But to the child of the immigrant, with no social background of history, and without parental guide, these pictures depicting the pioneer growth of the country, the magnificent conquering march of law and order over our vast untamed hinterlands, are quite another affair. To him they are in very truth living, breathing America, here, now, as is.

How should it be otherwise, isolated as they are by language and habit, and cut off as if they were still in their Old World native villages from contact with American homes, American modes of thinking and ideals?

On the radiant square of that silver screen they behold American kids—live kids of their own age, with American mammas and papas, American cats and dogs, and Mary the American maid serving an American breakfast of grapefruit, while papa reads an American newspaper and mamma pours the coffee, talking American talk which is duly flung on the screen. And then, a few minutes later, in another or the same reel, they see hold-ups, gun plays, hard-boiled outlaws shooting up the town, bank and train robbers, stern, ambidextrous sheriffs, and scoundrels of low and of high degree—the whole lurid Diamond-Dick-of-Deadwood-Gap sequence—spread out before their avid eyes. And all these splendid, glorious creatures in collision with the law wear real honest-to-goodness American pants and shirts, swagger like real Americans and talk real American talk.

So this is America? Sure, it's America, kid! Can't you see it with your own eyes? Sure, that's the way Americans act! If it wasn't, would they put it that way in the picture? And to be sure, why shouldn't all America be the same as their own little slum street? Why shouldn't all Americans act like the bootleggers and illicit drug venders and hold-up men and blackjackers, whose ways they already know? Thus the great lie is forged, and forged by the very logical method of inferring the unknown from the known. It is this early misapprehension, modeling their conduct upon a mistaken notion of what America really is, which is the first step-off into many juvenile crimes.

A child sneaks into that palace of modern Arabian Nights—the moving-picture show. He gropes his way to a seat, slumps down therein, and straightway is transported by four or five gripping reels. The explanatory subtitles are over his head; but the mad, frenzied fights, the splendid bang-bang, the blinding flashes, the spatter of bullets, pierce him through with delight. And now intervenes a long, dull subtitle which explains that this story is laid in the Western pioneer days before the advent of the law; it hints that the bold bad man is a thorough-paced scoundrel who is going to get his at the hands of the sheriff by and by.

But all this overhead stuff is lost on little Mister Alien. Look at him! Slumped down in his seat he squirms restlessly, stares solemnly at the screen, shuts his eyes, opens them, waiting for the tiresome, undecipherable symbols to pass, and his whole bored attitude speaks plainly as words: "Go off! Beat it, you old spotty black stuff! Who wants to look at you? And come again, you fine, big, cross-eyed man with a black mustache like papa's and the pretty little popgun that spurts fire!"

A Matter of Interpretation

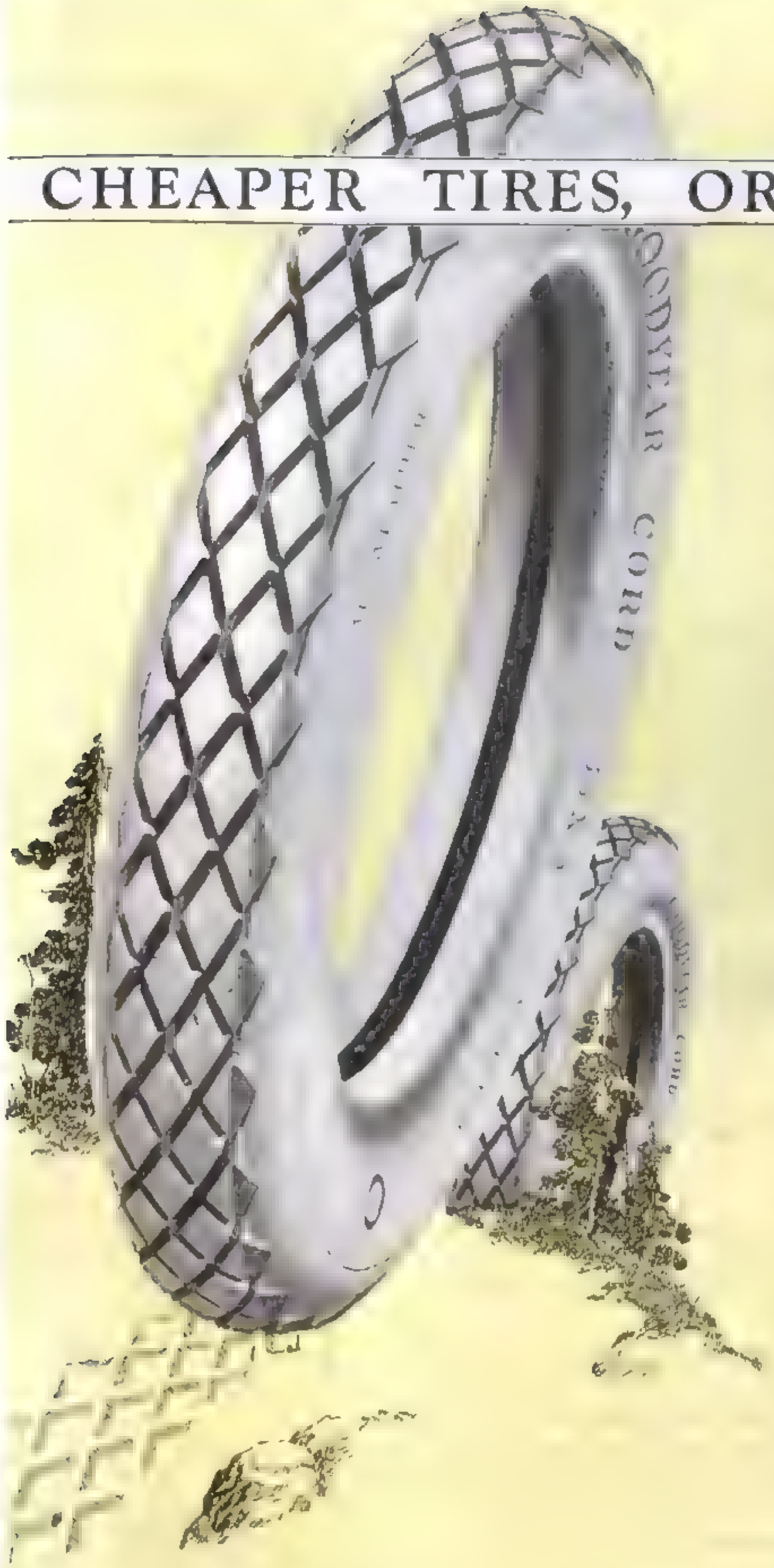
Aha! There he comes, sneaking like an Indian, revolver in hand. See little Mister Alien sit up with a jerk, eyes agleam. Now the bulls have got him trapped in that house. But no. Pop! Pop! Bang! Bang! He's hit the bull; the bull is down. Hot stuff! Hooray! The bold bad man dashes from ambush, leaps to the sheriff's steed and gallops off, leaving little Mister Alien trembling with joy, his eyes fixed upon a blank screen on which emerges the meaningless legend: "The next reel of this remarkable serial will appear tomorrow. Don't miss it!"

But little Mister Alien is satisfied. That's the way life happens in his street, the thrilliest parts are always the chopped-off reels. He stumbles out, his head whirling with delightful sensations, his fist gripping the handle of an imaginary death-dealing popgun. How easy that bull went down! Sure, he went down easy! But you gotta act quick, because the bull packs a popgun too.

In Chicago, Pittsburgh and New York I visited the moving-picture theaters in the overcrowded foreign sections. In no case did I find a picture that was downright immoral, vicious or unclean; but many were cheap, flamboyant, and depicted violent and lawless conduct that might well lead to misapprehensions as to American life and ideals in the mind of an untutored alien child.

"The dangers of city life to the immigrants," says Professor Commons, "cannot be too strongly emphasized." He declares that the records of the charitable institutions of New York City show a very high percentage of aliens who are applicants for charity. "However exaggerated these statements," he continues, "they indicate to an alarming extent the abject penury brought on by immigration of these backward and semi-intelligent peoples. For it is mainly the immigrant and the children of the immigrant who swell the ranks of indigents in our great centers. Those who are poverty-stricken are not necessarily parasitic; but they occupy the great borderland between parasitism and industry,

(Continued on Page 77)



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(Continued from Page 74)

and if they continue parasitic they swell the ranks of the criminal

"School," he adds, "helps. Compulsory education is a fine thing for the immigrant child. But it is the community more than the school that gives the child his actual working ideals and his habits and methods of life. And in a great city, with its separation of rich and poor, this community consists of the slums, with its confusion of foreign races and the worst of America. He sees and knows surprisingly little of the America his schoolbooks describe. The American churches, his American employers are in other parts of the city; and his Americanization is usually left to the schoolteacher, the policeman and the politician—themselves often but one generation from Europe."

This destiny-shaping street life, brushed in here very lightly and with many sinister black shadows expunged, is the most powerful factor in the early environment of the immigrant child. His heritages, the salient characteristics of his parents, I have described at length elsewhere. To his parents he cannot go with his difficulties, his gropings, his moral confusions, for they know even less of this strange New World and its patterns than himself. Employment for long hours at low-grade work and small pay prevents them from taking advantage of educational advantages or sharing in any real sense in American life; and moreover, they lack intelligence, initiative, and are deeply, instinctively hostile to change. Their shining virtues are patience, obedience, industry, a frugality running into avarice, and a simple, devout faith; and in their own land of rigid caste distinctions these virtues carry them through. Their defects are that they are not highly individualized peoples, and they cling with blind, unswerving devotion to traditions, no matter how destructive those traditions may prove in another set of circumstances.

A Forcing Bed for Crime

They are not, you see, survivors; for survivors are made of plastic stuff and yield themselves to change. And as a considerable portion of these good old patriarchal traditions deals with severe parental discipline and the laying on of hands, absolute control over courting, working, and all moneys earned by jobs, and in general strict obedience to father, the titular god, in matters both great and small, no matter what kind of gruesome old grouch and tightwad father may prove to be—it can be readily imagined that the family stage is set for tragedy. And stark tragedy it often is, without sufficient brains or sympathetic comprehension to avert catastrophe. For family relationships among these simple peasant folk have not altered much from olden days, and altruism is a delicate flower which does not bloom in harsh peasant soil.

In America, with the lure of the streets and the great unknown New World calling in their blood, this Old World pattern cannot be clapped down on these youngsters in all its rigid entirety; and yet the parents try. Ensue violent scenes, recriminations, beatings, strong-arm methods, visits to teacher and the court, and even barring of doors against naughty little night gadders so that mere children are forced out upon the street. Neither parent nor child is wholly to blame; though undoubtedly the low-grade intelligence of the peasant, his pig-headed obstinacy, his inability to comprehend, compromise or change, added to his intense frugality, render tragedy almost inevitable.

Upon this aspect of the situation, Professor Commons writes:

> The amazing criminality of children of immigrants is almost wholly a product of city life, and it follows directly upon the incapacity of immigrant parents to control their children under city conditions. Boys especially, at an early age, lose respect for the parents who cannot talk the language of the community, and who are ignorant and helpless in the whirl of the struggle for existence and are shut up in stores and factories. Example after example might be given of tenement families in which the parents—industrious peasant laborers—have found themselves disgraced by idle and vicious grown sons and daughters. Cases from charitable records show these up. Even the Jews, who train their children in lessons of self-sacrifice, see them breaking away.

Thus the street and the rigid home environment collaborate to make a forcing bed for crime. The Old World pattern of life and the new—or, to be exact, the cheap, tawdry imitation which these alien children take to be the real American pattern—ram and jam into each other at every angle and turn; each family circle becomes a battlefield—and happy is that immigrant home which cannot name a victim of this Old World-New World clash.

It should be emphasized at this juncture that it is not the better class nationals and immigrants, the skilled workers, the merchants, traders and members of the petty bourgeoisie whose children are subjected to this terrific strain; for this latter type of alien, in the vast majority of cases, does not settle down in these foreign-colony tenements. He has margins, both material and mental, and a far greater degree of individuality and enterprise; and so he finds a home in a better neighborhood, makes friends with the residents, and mingles almost immediately with the great American stream. And this, of course, is the proper, normal transitional road which all alien children should travel.

Unfortunately, this normal mode of transition, the settling of alien families in the midst of American neighborhoods, is not possible with peasant immigrants who have been accustomed to live in small, intimate, face-to-face groups and to have their conduct and morals and modes of thinking predetermined by these groups. It is natural and inevitable that they should continue that group association in America, for it is what gives them a sense of self-respect, solidarity, satisfaction of their egos and a feeling that they are worth while. Thus the necessity of the parents for this communal life becomes the instrument of damnation for their children.

In Old World Traits Transplanted is given an illuminating instance of the collision of these two patterns and the family split which ensues. A Yiddish mother grieves over her wayward daughter.

"My daughter," she says, "came to America, but she did not meet with luck; and it happened that our condition improved, so we wrote to our child to come home. We wrote one letter after another and we begged her to return, but she did not want to. She wrote that she liked America and she did not even think of returning home."

And so they followed her to the new land. The plaint continues:

"But soon I realized that my big pretty daughter is not the girl I knew; she has changed entirely. During the few years that she was here without us she became a regular Yankee and forgot how to talk Yiddish. When strange people come to us my daughter will not say a single Yiddish word. So I ask her, 'Daughter of mine, talk Yiddish to me and I will understand you.' She says that it is not nice to talk Yiddish and that I am a greenhorn. And that is not all. She does worse things. She does all the things that I do not want, that cause me the greatest heartache. And she argues with me. She says that because I and my husband are pious and have a Jewish home, she can never invite a boy acquaintance to her house; she is ashamed. She makes fun of me and her father. She calls us greenhorns and is ashamed of us. Once I saw her standing on the stoop with a boy, so I went up to her and asked her when she would come up and eat something. She did not even reply, and later when she came up she screamed at me because I had called her by her Jewish name. But I cannot call her differently. I cannot call her by her new name."

Old Versus New

Here is a very clear example of the warring of the two patterns. The mother cannot change her Old World habits and religious customs, even to the extent of compromising on a new name before strangers. The daughter, on the other hand, with her false assumption that she has become Americanized simply by changing her name, putting on American clothes and talking American talk, has thrown overboard the fine Old World virtues of filial love, obedience, and the tenets of her faith, and yet has nothing solid or characterful of the new to put in their place. Her fate in such conditions, unless sheer blind luck intervenes, is almost as certain as that of a man who, unable to swim, discards his life preserver and jumps overboard in mid-ocean.

Still another example of parental inability to control the children in city life—a woman writes to her sister:

> *Dear Sister:* I write as to a sister and I complain as to a sister about my children from the old country—those three boys. They will not listen to their mother. If they would listen they would do well with me. But no, they wish only to run everywhere about the world, and I am ashamed before people that they are so bad. They arrived—from the old country—and I sent them to school because it is obligatory to send them; if you don't do it the teacher comes and takes them by the collar. So they have been going, but the oldest was annoyed with the school. "No, mamma, I will go to work." . . . I got certificates for the two oldest ones—"Go, if you wish." They worked for some time, but they got tired of work. One went with a Jew to ramble about corners and for some days was not to be seen; I had to go and search for him. The worst one of them all is Stach; the two others are a little better. They were good in the beginning, but now they know how to speak English and their goodness is lost.
>
> I have no comfort at all. . . . Stach has been bad, is bad, and will be bad. So long as he was smaller he remained more at home. I begged him, "Stach, remain more at home with your mother." No, he runs away and loafs about. Well, let him run. . . . He can read, write and speak English quite like a gentleman. You say, "Beat!" In America you are not allowed to beat; they can put you in prison. Give them to eat, and don't beat—such is the law in America. Nothing can be done; if he is not good of himself, he is lost.

Too Rapid Transition

Here again is revealed the disaster of too rapid transition—the throwing away of old ideals of conduct with no knowledge of the real inner standards of the new, and relying on the life of the streets to furnish a competent model. The boys, naturally, escape more quickly than the girls from the restraints of home. For one thing, the latter are held more tightly and expected to work until marriage and contribute their earnings to the upkeep of the home. Upon this industrial phase Miss Odencrantz, in an investigation for the Russell Sage Foundation, writes:

> The younger generation goes to school, but the parents who had spent their early youth in Europe, where compulsory education is still in its infancy, were in many cases unable to read or write. Failing to appreciate the value of education, they often kept their children home on the slightest pretexts, and no effort was made to keep the children in school longer than the law required. When the child reaches fourteen, it is asked to contribute a few dollars toward the family budget. . . . The boys' wages were irregular, but this was not all the fault of industry. Some of them were shiftless—loafers and ne'er-do-wells. The boys usually paid board, possibly about one-half their wages or less, and kept the remainder for their own purposes. The fathers also made certain reservations in contributing to the family budget. "They don't give all they make," the wives explained. "Women don't expect it; they're men."

But, on the other hand, it is assumed as a matter of course that the girls shall hand in their pay envelopes intact—and they do. Thus, unlike many of her sisters of other races, these women, by going out to work, do not achieve that economic independence which is often thought to be the chief motive in impelling modern women to take up a gainful occupation. The girl takes her bread winning more seriously than does her brother, who for the most part is only too ready to throw over his work on slight provocation and loaf around on the plea that he cannot find his own kind of work.

After they have reached working age, the boys are free to come and go as they wish and to spend money without question as to the purposes to which it has been put. They are their own masters, and often the family does not know the details of their lives, either at work or at play. The result of this freedom is not always fortunate. A number of the men in the group investigated became shiftless ne'er-do-wells, and several younger boys got themselves into scrapes with gangs which landed them in the reformatories. Only one family in forty-eight spent any part of its money on education. It was felt that as soon as legally possible the child must go to work.

This report might well stand for all the peasant immigrant groups, for it very fairly represents their attitude on the equality of the sexes. The girls are more strictly held than the boys, and thus less exposed to corruption from the life of the streets.

It is in this transitional period, with the Old World pattern of conduct ripped and torn away and contemptuously flung overboard, together with the solid Old World virtues of honesty, industry, thrift, and with no new ideals to take their place, that these children of alien peasants come to the crossroads of crime. And it is due to the innate sanity of life itself, to the profound constructiveness of evolutionary law, that far more of these youngsters with shallow brainpans, with emotions unleashed and old landmarks and guides of conduct washed

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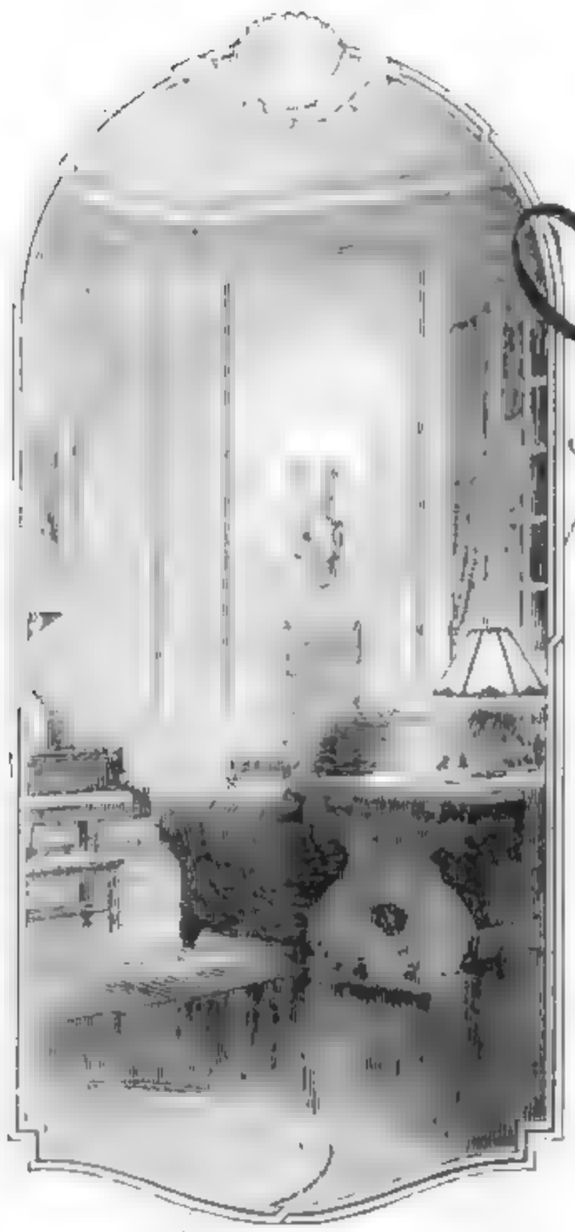

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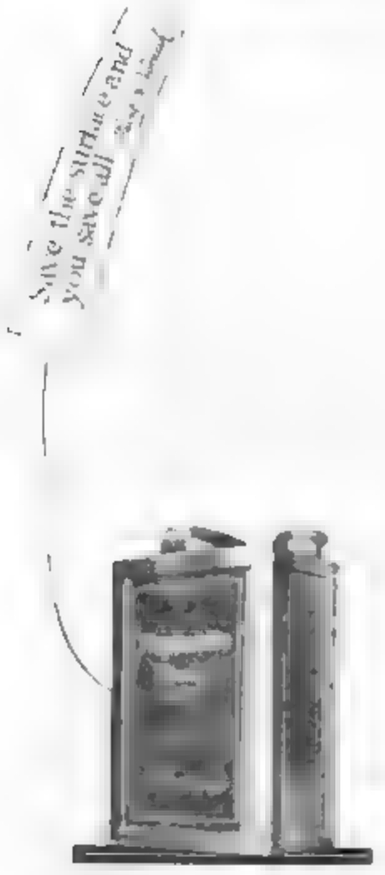

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out, do not crash upon the rocks. Enough do—more than enough, more than the community can afford. For it goes without saying that there may be magnificent human stuff in some of these foundered kids.

For example, a girl sneaks off to the movies with her gentleman friend; her father, a crusty old peasant, inflexible as pig iron, bars the door; the girl is squarely up against the alternative of spending the night in the street or with her beau; she chooses first the former, then eventually the latter, but without the formality of the wedding ring. Thenceforth her fate may be summed up in the old phrase, *Facilis descensus Averni*. Or there may be men boarders in the flat, forever under foot. And one day, in that flat, a marriage feast is celebrated—with wine. In the course of a month or so father turns his girl out upon the streets. These are little vistas down hell. They are the outer vestibule of corruption and crime.

Upon no one feature of this situation can we place the finger and state firmly, "This is the chief cause of deterioration; eliminate this factor and all will go well." For the mischief of life is that qualities which are good and benign in one set of circumstances are absolutely destructive in a different set, like electrical power misapplied; and the utmost we can say is that the Old World pattern out of which these peasants fashioned a comparatively happy existence is the very pattern which, in the new environment, destroys them and their offspring. The long and the short of it is that for the intense modern industrial struggle they are unfit. Not superficially unfit, for they have muscle and brawn to sell; but fundamentally, psychically, socially unfit. That is the root of the whole trouble, and not to admit it frankly, but to go around Robin Hood's barn seeking palliative remedies which do not remedy, is simply to mark time.

On the question of crime among the children of the foreign-born, Professor Commons writes:

> Statistics reveal that the foreign-born show an actually lower rate of criminality than the total native-born. This is true, for immigration now excludes criminals. But the native-born children of immigrants show a proportion of criminality—5886 per million—much greater than that of the foreign-born themselves—3270 per million—and 70 per cent greater than that of children of native parents. So the tendency to crime among juveniles, instead of being less for children of the foreign-born, is nearly twice as great as that of children of American parentage.

The comment of Mr. Jett Lauck throws light upon a particular department of vice.

"The investigations of the United States Immigration Commission," says Mr. Lauck, himself a member of that commission, "seem to show very clearly that the keepers of disorderly houses and those most actively engaged in the work of procuring inmates for those houses, in this country and abroad, are either aliens or the children of aliens."

Ex-Commissioner Todd, of Ellis Island, in a recent statement dwelt on another phase of unfitness.

Who's Who in the Institutions

"Our asylums," he said, "are filled with the foreign-born and their children. In New York State, 46 per cent of the insane in institutions are of foreign birth. Is that a fair charge against the taxpayer? Supposing it is, does it not clearly demonstrate the need to refuse further admission to the mental defectives of other countries? Then there are the border-line cases. The doctors tell us these are the most dangerous. You or I might not notice a border-line case. We might not see anything wrong about him, whereas we would detect the out-and-out mental defective or the insane. And that border-line case conceivably would marry, and there would be children who would inherit his weakness, probably in an aggravated form."

That the above official statements are only too lamentably true is proved by the appalling roll call of foreign names in our state prisons, reformatories and criminal dossiers at police headquarters.

We come to the question of industry. How do these second-generation youngsters make out as workers? How do they tally up with their peasant parents, the common laborers, privates in the vast pick-and-shovel army who, sluicing into this country by millions during the last generation, have built up industry to its present high pinnacle of prestige, and pulled out, on the whole, precious little for themselves? They sowed, others reaped; and this on the merciless evolutionary logic that "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." They are the great hath-nots of the world—the fellows who invariably get stung.

But what about the children? The girls, as has been said, tend to keep in harness, faithfully hauling their share of the heavy family load; and marriage claims them soon. But the boys—here the problem begins to show a sinister twist. First of all, in general it may be stated that when Americanization—and by that I mean real Americanization and not the assumption of a few outer rags and tags—takes place slowly and normally, the best of the old fusing with the best of the new, the youngsters of the second generation are steady and industrious, an honor to their parents and to the community which is proud of them. But all too often the fusion is not along these lines, and young chaps start out without a dollar of accrued capital, so far as their mental or moral capabilities go. They prefer to take the cash and let the credit go; they want money, but they are unwilling to take the trouble to earn it; they have a contemptuous scorn for the slow, molelike industry of their parents, and they are indisposed to follow those plodding footsteps. Reward without labor is the legend upon the haughty banners they fly. Looking around them they argue, not without some apparent show of reason, though on scant basis of fact, that Americans don't work with their hands; and that, moreover, they seem to feel superior to the foreigners who do; therefore it's un-American to perform manual labor, socially degrading, a sign of inferior caste. A cheap, false little q. e. d. The fact that the vast majority of the big industrial successes of the country have won straight up from the bottom, serving a hard apprenticeship at manual labor, means nothing to their shallow brainpans.

The Attitude Toward Work

The way they figure it is that the wise birds are those who get the worm away from the darn-fool early riser. So they lie in wait for the early risers with a gat. This feeling against manual labor as degrading, un-American and beneath the dignity of a freeborn citizen of a great republic, is growing throughout the country by leaps and bounds. It arises from a misconception as to what constitutes human dignity and freedom, inside a democracy or out. Partly, it is due to the European caste convention that a gentleman doesn't do any work.

"And in America," as one old peasant neatly put it, "every man is a gentleman."

Largely, however, it is a product of our own crazy breakneck speed. Nobody wants to pay the price of the hard, grinding labor that's necessary to arrive, but only to arrive. I sought to check up this particular angle of the industrial situation by asking what was the actual experience of the superintendent of a large steel concern near Pittsburgh in hiring offspring of the foreign-born. I quote directly from the transcript of my notes:

"You want to know what I think of these second-generation lads? Well, I'll tell you. In my opinion, America is slipping fast. It's not like it used to be; neither in industry nor out. Nobody these days wants to work. Me—I worked thirteen years in this mill, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, Sundays and holidays and Fourths of July, without a break, starting in at thirty-five cents a day, two-fifty a week—out of which I paid my mother a dollar a week for board; and you bet she came after me if I didn't ante up—before I climbed up to where I'm sitting now. The old-timer foreigners are all right. But as for their children, those birds are just trash." He waved a disgusted hand. "I'll tell you how it works. There's an old hunky out in the yard who's worked in this mill ever since he came over, twenty years ago. He's steady, reliable, fine—the best kind of stuff that's made. And I tell you right now, we're not making that kind over here. If we ever had the pattern it's lost, by gosh! Well, he sends his son to school, to be an American, to climb up and do better than his old pop. The other day that father came into this office and asked me to find a job for his son.

"'Sure!' I said. 'I'll find the kid a job. Glad to for his father's sake. We'll start him in and teach him a trade so he can always pull down good money. Want him to be a machinist?'

The father hemmed and hawed and finally got out that he guessed friend son wouldn't like

(Continued on Page 80)

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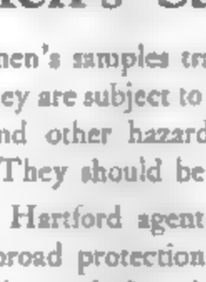

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(Continued from Page 78)

that. 'He ain't awful strong,' he explained. 'He ain't like me.'

"'All right,' I said; 'we'll cut out machinist. How about starting him in as cinder snapper?' That's getting the cinders out of the way.

"Well, no; son didn't cotton to a hard job like that. He wanted something in the office, along with clerks. A white-collar job.

"'But I don't have many of those jobs,' I explained to him. 'You know yourself how it is. The big leadership jobs the men have to fight for, sweat for, climb up from the bottom, go straight through the mill. If your son's got guts, he'll climb.'

"But the old fellow shook his head and went away. No use offering a real job to his son. He knew it as well as I. And that's what's the matter with the jazz kids of these old-timers—they won't work. What they want is to raise hell, run a fast automobile, wear squeezed-in-at-the-waist coats, silk socks and fancy sport shoes, and manicure their nails. They won't give themselves to their jobs as in the old days. Rough hands, broken nails, on your feet long hours at back-breaking tasks—for in the early days we didn't have all these mechanical devices such as overhead cranes for lifting heavy weights—you won't find the lads of today standing that kind of a gaff. And yet somehow we came through.

"But now we're up against the second generation, and I tell you it's something FIERCE. And put that in caps, please. The young feller, son of the old-timer, goes, we'll say, to school. He learns to read, to talk a little smattering of politics and sociology, and he gets the notion that the world is his private amphitheater, and industry and fat old guys like us are his little football to kick around as he likes. He's too proud to work, but not too proud to touch his old man for the price of cigarettes or to play pool. Or he goes and stands on the corner in bunches and gangs and tries to dope out some scheme of easy money by doing the other guy out of his wad. That's his noble idea. He won't consider for the vulgar fraction of a minute working for that said wad, so he schemes to get it by some other means. False notions. Oceans of pride, of cheap independence—but not enough gray matter in the little ol' bean to realize you can't get anywhere on top of this earth except by work, except by paying the price. That's fundamental principle—law.

"I could put up with their cockiness; I like to see cockiness myself; live, snappy kids sailing along with their taffrails awash, showing a speed that blows the hair off your head—but they've got to have stuff in their beans. You'd better check up with a T-square that nautical figure, but maybe you get what I mean.

"But these other guys—the everlasting gall of 'em! They stand on the corners—I've seen 'em standing there a thousand times—and they see a worker from the mill drive by in his little tin liz. And they say: 'Gee, look at the big fat lobster! He rides and we walk. He ain't no better than us. He ain't never been to school, and yet he rides while we foot it and take his dust.'

"The man who passed them in his machine may be a worker that's been with us ten or twenty years, saved his coin, bought a house in the country; and after his day's job in the mills is done, he washes up, changes his clothes, gets out his tin lizzie, steps on the gas and drives home with the best of them to his wife and his kids. You couldn't tell that guy in a crowd from a multimillionaire—for that's the original stuff our multimillionaires are made of, believe me. But he doesn't belong to that second-generation gang. A few of those manicured, fancy-sock sports on the payroll can disintegrate a whole plant, pull its work standards down."

"And what is the remedy?"

"Don't ask me," he growled humorously. "Ask some of those pedagogue birds. They're running that end of the show. And I'll say they're running it into the ground, the way it looks from this chair. But if I were to suggest anything, I'd say teach them in school an honest respect for their parents, the old-timers who've helped to put American industry on the map; and, second, teach them an honest respect for work, and especially manual work—the kind that gets your hands dirty. Teach them you can't have ease, automobiles, a whaling big fat wad without paying for them by sweat and toil. The trouble is they've got the notion that work that's hard on the finger nails carries a social blight. They're spoiled, and doubly spoiled because the Almighty docked 'em on gray matter at the start."

It should be appended at this juncture that for the above situation industry has largely itself to blame. In the not far remote past, and even in the present, if our congressional reports be true, some of our greatest industrials have aided and abetted the unrestricted importation of cheap labor, of raw man power, human muscle and brawn, without regard to citizenship values or intelligence; and now industry is reaping the reward of such reckless extravagance in the shape of prize packages of young industrial misfits and good-for-naughts which the superintendent ably described. Not in England, Germany, France, Italy or in any European country do the great industrial concerns depend on foreign labor to man their mills; they use their own workers and still manage to get results. The hour is about to strike when the industrials of America will be forced to do likewise, for the human wastage and the high cost of the old improvident methods are no longer to be endured. The immediate advantage derived from such indiscriminate importation is offset by the permanent injury done to our democratic institutions and ideals.

Thus far we have touched lightly on the early environment, heritages and certain of the criminal and industrial tendencies exhibited by the second-generation children of immigrant peasants living in the foreign sections of our great industrial centers. Turning away from what appears on the surface to be a severe arraignment of the second generation, and yet in reality is not so, but rather an analysis of underlying causes of deterioration—for how shall we treat a trouble unless we know something of the nature of the disease?—we come to the constructive end of the problem, the remedy to be applied. What must be done?

Restriction and Education

First of all, it now seems pretty clear that for some time to come we cannot handle more than a very limited percentage of that particular type of alien which tends to segregate in colonies and shows slight powers of assimilation. For democracy is not simply a magic outer garment to put on; it consists in training peoples to think and feel in a certain fashion, and to submit themselves to certain restraints imposed by all for the common good. But such training takes time; for nobody can it be done overnight; and for the peasant who comes from a country without self-government, it goes without saying that the process of training is bound to be more painful and laborious, and consume a greater period of time. Such being the case, it is self-evident that of those who are hardest to train, who show least natural aptitude, who fight and kick and reject, or are too slow-witted to comprehend, the numbers must be severely limited—lest we come in time to be not a republic at all but a clinic. Already the republic, in these congested foreign centers, shows unbalanced, abnormal signs. And that is mainly because the flood of peasant immigration from Central and Southeastern Europe during the past decade, both as to quantity and quality, has proved extraordinarily difficult to assimilate.

If we are indeed the melting pot of the world, at least we have the right to decide what kind of metals shall go into the pot to make the best alloy. The fact is our democracy is still something of an experimental station; we are still too imperfectly organized, underfinanced and undermanned to handle these peak loads of wretched, handicapped European peasants who crowd to our shores. We do not succeed, as the previous articles in this series have shown, in lifting them up to our own standards, and inevitably our standards are blurred and dragged down. It is much better business from every point of view—save perhaps only that of the avaricious mill owner who wants to get rich overnight—to take on fewer of this particular class and then do a better job on them.

That is Remedy Number One. Remedy Number Two deals with the public schools, which are our great agencies of Americanization and more potent than all the other organized social forces playing on the immigrant child added together and squared.

"The work of the public schools in a great city like New York," says Professor Commons, "cannot be too highly praised, and without such work the future of the immigrant child would be dark. In fact the children of immigrants are better provided with school facilities than are the children of native Americans."

This is due to the fact that the children of native Americans are scattered over a broad area, while the immigrants are concentrated in the big industrial centers where the elementary public schools are better kept up.

"Were it not," he continues, "for compulsory education, the child of the peasant would be the helpless victim of the ignorance, the frugality, the industrial instincts of their parents. As it is, they drop out of the schools at the earliest age allowed by law, and the hostility of foreigners to protective factory legislation and child-labor laws is as intense as that of the most reactionary employer."

This general statement is upheld by Lauck, in his immigration report, in which he notes that retardation in school is prevalent among the children of the foreign born.

"The highest degree of retardation," he states, "was among the South Italians, 48.6 per cent of which show retardation in the grades. Next come the Poles, with 48.1 per cent."

The greatest difficulty in the true nationalization of these diverse race elements is the comparatively high age at which most of our Central and Southeastern European immigrants come to us; and for those over twenty-one, and thus past compulsory schoolage, little can be accomplished educationally, though great and persistent efforts have been made, both by public and private institutions, through night schools, Y. M. C. A., settlement and industrial classes, to get across to them the rudiments of the American point of view. But the percentages of the aliens who attend remain discouragingly small.

But for the alien child of school age the prospects are increasingly bright. The public day schools, trade, vocational and continuation schools are practically given over to the problem of how best to Americanize him. Most of the states are aroused fully to the seriousness of their obligation in this respect and have extensive programs of Americanization under way. The danger here lies in too hasty or drastic action, in believing that, by the imposition of strict legislative measures and compulsions, national unity can be achieved.

But religion and language are very stubborn facts; they cannot be cast aside like a worn-out pair of shoes. And uncompromising advocates of force in the matter of language would do well to recall the history of Germany in attempting to suppress the French language in Alsace-Lorraine. The right of peoples to speak their own tongue and to send their children to private or parish schools where they may receive religious instruction is absolutely indisputable in our democracy—and, moreover, it is in the large an excellent thing. And the state, far from obstructing these schools which gather in the children of the native-born, should exhibit toward them a broad, tolerant sympathy and coöperation, leavened with common sense, maintaining firmly, however, the while the equally unquestioned right on its side to see that scholastic standards in the private or religious institutions are maintained as high as in those of public schools; and, furthermore, to demand that the English language, save only in the matter of religious instruction, be made the medium of instruction in all subjects, and that the goal of all schools, whether public or private, be the inculcation of lessons of citizenship here in America.

Lastly, through her educational system, America must show herself as she really is, and aspires to be, to these alien peoples, so they may be brought through love, gratitude and admiration to make her ideals their own. By protection, by justice, by sympathetic appreciation of their many and serious handicaps, by steady opportunity offered to lay hold of this great fellowship of democracy, she must prove to these aliens already within her gates that, with good will toward all and malice toward none, she stands willing to make good her world challenge that a government of and by and for free peoples is not a mad, hare-brained scheme but a feasible enterprise.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Miss Fraser. The next will appear in an early issue.

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RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.
(2) Your operating conditions.
(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.
(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this Audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to see that the desired results are continued.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

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Boston	St. Louis
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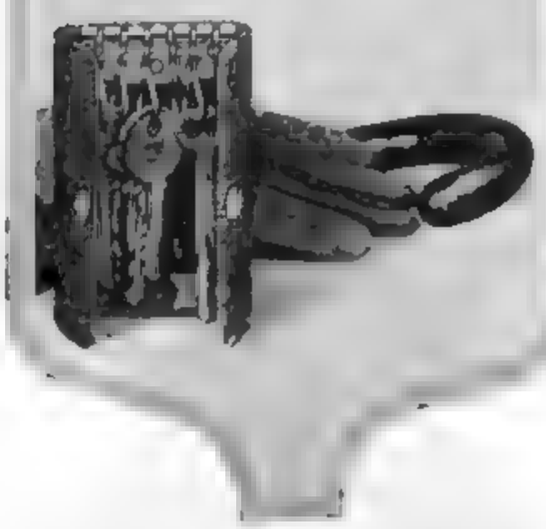
Rochester	Minneapolis
Albany	Des Moines
Dallas	Kansas City, Mo.
	Oklahoma City

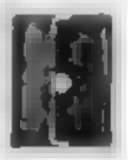
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Correct



"CORRECT" because it is good taste, as well as good sense, to carry a Buxton Keytainer. Fashioned of rich leather and fine gold, its beauty as well as its usefulness makes it a necessity to fastidious people. There is a Keytainer in just the style and leather which best matches a gentleman's wallet and cigarette case—or a lady's handbag.

A KEYTAINER keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find; and protects your pockets and clothing. In many styles and prices from 30c. to $11; in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys. There's a style, a size, a price that you'll like.



THERE is a special type with a convenient pocket for small important papers such as your lodge card.

All Buxton Keytainers have the patented revolving humped hook, which prevents the loss of keys and makes them easy to turn.

Organize your keys—protect your pockets with a Buxton Keytainer.

Write for your copy of the illustrated Book of Buxton Keytainers.

Dealers: Write for details of $10 introductory assortment

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BUXTON KEY-TAINER

Reg U.S. Pat Office

ISIDOR ISKOVITCH PRESENTS

(Continued from Page 27)

having gone for the day. I shall expect you in person in my office in thirty minutes, with a full statement of your affairs."

Bang went the receiver at the bank's end of the wire, and a sudden pallor hit the sensitive nose of Sam Black and turned its blue to a greenish gray.

Power—that was the keynote of Tennyson Guldengeld's existence. Power, and somebody to wield it on; else why have power?

It was a puny hand for thunderbolts, and a nervous hand, for Tennyson, at twenty-eight, was a confirmed neurotic, a hundred and nine pounds of petulance, a man like a fragile girl, with the pouting lips of a spoiled child, and an ego that left him all, all alone in a world of inferior minds whose only mission was to bear the scourge of his gleeful lash. Perhaps it was because he was so weak and puny both of soul and body that he so loved to inflict pain on those stronger than himself—or weaker—but whatever it was, it was so apparent in him that Sam Black, coming dutifully into Tennyson Guldengeld's private office, after being kept waiting twenty minutes for effect, took one look at the fifth vice president and decided that the only course open to him was to stall for time, for there would be no mercy or sane compromise with this immature Jupiter.

"I guess you don't understand the relations of the Earthwide with this bank, Mr. Guldengeld," he explained with an attempt at an ingratiating smile. "We've been doing business together for a long time, and the bank holds my total business for security. We extend these loans from time to time, as may be necessary, and it has become so much a habit that when I spoke over the phone I did not realize that I might be speaking with one who had not had the time to take the pains to become thoroughly acquainted with the history of our transactions."

Very well satisfied with himself after this long circumlocution, so couched as to avoid giving offense from any angle, Sam Black again attempted an ingratiating smile, and laid a neat little typewritten statement of his financial condition before the young financier, and rubbed his hair vigorously with his handkerchief; for the heat in this office was worse than in his own, and it prickled his scalp intolerably.

"I don't need this statement; it's the bunk," said young Mr. Guldengeld, tossing it aside contemptuously and pouting his girlish lips three successive pouts to make his contempt more visible and emphatic. "I know all about your financial condition, Mr. Black. I was in the motion-picture business several years. I was assistant manager at the Climax; I stepped up to become general manager at the M. P. C.; I stepped up from that to be general manager and vice president of the George B. Luna Studios; and stepped up from that to become an officer of this bank, where I can use my knowledge of the motion-picture business to the bank's advantage. I've been over your affairs thoroughly, Mr. Black, and you're bankrupt in everything but the name. You've been doing business on a bluff for a couple of years now, and in the last year you've fallen behind so far that you'll never catch up, unless you have some resources that are not visible to me. Now what are you going to do about this note?"

The veteran motion-picture magnate stared at the boy wonder in marvel.

"Well, you seem to know all about it, Mr. Guldengeld, so you can say as well what we should do as I can," he said finally. "You can't get blood out of a turnip, you know."

Alas, he placed too much reliance in that well-known natural phenomenon, for Tennyson Guldengeld, glaring at him in sudden nervous dudgeon superinduced by the desert wind, suddenly smacked his two puny fists on the edge of his desk, and leaning forward, said with explosive viciousness:

"No, Mr. Black, that isn't what we do with turnips! We mash 'em! I'll give you twenty-four hours to make an acceptable settlement on this note or I'll start foreclosure proceedings, on this and other demand notes and past-due mortgages covering the entire Earthwide!"

"You'll do a fat lot, you will, you piking little upstart!" yelled Sam, jumping from his chair, and seeing no further need to conceal his real disposition. "I know your record! You were bought into every position you ever held with your father's money, and you failed at all of them, and any action you take against me will be rescinded as soon as I get in communication with any of the responsible heads of this bank! The next time you're in a position to make me trouble, go ahead and do it without bothering me, because I'm a busy man and have enough troubles without being annoyed with kids that want to play at being in business!"

So saying, Sam Black grabbed his hat and his statement and strode out, with his nose chisel blue; whereon Tennyson Guldengeld immediately fell into a fit of passionate petulance at being so defied, and, deciding not to grant the twenty-four hours' grace that had been so scorned, called up the bank's attorneys and ordered a suit in foreclosure filed at once. Had any of the older members of the bank's firm of attorneys been at their desks, they might have proceeded in leisurely fashion until they had obtained a secret sanction from the older heads of the bank; but they, having earned their ease, had left early to escape the heat in bathtubs and by other devices, and only a junior member was left; who, being zealous to handle big things and make a name for himself, grabbed his hat with great enthusiasm in spite of the sweltering heat—and the deed was done.

An hour later, as young Tennyson, having closed his bank with due ceremony, was about to depart, President Dennison and the first vice president, Mr. Blair, and Sam Black strode into the office, the first with his face pale, the second with his face purple, and the third with his face blue, and a stormy session began that was to lap well over into the night watchman's trick.

It was nine o'clock when young Tennyson came home, haggard and disheveled, his eyes dull and his lips drooling. On the steps of the patio he met his father and David Schusshel, friends and cronies for a lifetime, and passed them so strangely distrait that Meyer looked after his son with a vague unrest that had been growing less vague and more unrestful through the years. He had been urging David to stay, but now he desisted; and David, who had been almost on the point of turning back for a game of pinochle, sensed his worry and decided to go.

"You gave me too good a dinner, Meyer," he declared with great heartiness, intended to conceal the fact that he had his own opinion of Tennyson, "so I guess I'll go home and count up my money. You know I have to pay you a fortune in a few weeks, Meyer. I'm going to lift that whole mortgage on the Luna Studios, and then my business is clean. I don't owe a dollar."

"I wish you'd keep the money, David," urged Meyer. "I'd rather have my interest than my capital any day when it's in such safe hands."

"So would I," laughed David. "That's why I'm paying you off."

On this the old friends shook hands and parted for the night, and Meyer went into the house, wondering what new brain storm had inflicted his son Tenny, the baby of the family. He found his baby waiting for him in the library, and that petulant person was pacing up and down in a nervous fury.

"Father, it's a good thing you put me in that bank!" he shrilled, shaking a quivering finger at the towering, big-boned Meyer, who, at his patriarchal age, with his broad shoulders and his black whiskers and his white teeth, looked far the younger and the more fit of the two. "Your money isn't safe in that bank! Take it out! Sell your capital stock and be rid of it!"

"Well, well," said the unexcitable Meyer; and he lowered his voice with a backward glance at the portieres, for there was a caller in the cozy little drawing-room reserved for intimates of the family. "Suppose you run up and refresh yourself, Tenny, and we'll talk this over quietly by and by."

"It isn't a matter for talk; it's a matter for action!" returned Tenny, his voice rising. "It's Sam Black, of the Earthwide! He's into the bank more than they'll ever get out, and they know it! But they stopped my foreclosure on him tonight in time to keep it out of the papers, because they don't dare foreclose. They wouldn't know what to do with the property if they took it over, because the minute it ceases to be a going concern it's a dead loss. I even offered to run it myself, to save their money!" And Tennyson's voice broke with the passion inspired by their refusal to accept this generous offer. "They're too rabbit-hearted to take any decisive action, although Mr. Dennison did say to Black, in my presence, that if he knew where he could find a buyer he would foreclose the next minute."

In the cozy little drawing-room sat Miriam Guldengeld, a young girl in a cool-looking white chiffon; a thin little thing, with no great claims to beauty except her youth and her big black eyes, but with a marvelous faculty for listening to business talk, and with a proper sense of the cleverness and future eminence of Isidor Iskovitch, who sat by her side in the comfort of agreeable understanding

At the conclusion of her Uncle Tenny's speech, the beloved granddaughter of Meyer Guldengeld turned to Izzy with a smile, and he turned to her with a smile, and they looked at each other for some seconds in highly pleased thought, as if someone had handed them a surprise too pleasant for words; then they both laughed softly, and Izzy's bony hand came down on Miriam's slim little hand with a squeeze of elated fellowship, as he said half whisperingly, "Hot dog!"

III

IT WAS the second day of the wind, and a coating of fine white dust lay on everything this morning, on desks and chairs and papers, and even puffed like tiny clouds of grayish mist from the very clothing one wore. It was pasty on the tongue, smarting in the nostrils, stinging to the eyes and irritating to the dispositions of one and all, except Isidor Iskovitch, who, armored and sustained by the fact that this was the dawning of his great day, perhaps, was impervious to all else. Early to work, was Isidor. The janitors were the only ones ahead of him in the office. He went for his own mail and sorted it, and by the time David Schusshel drove out to the plant to look it over complacently and lock himself in his quiet office for the rest he had missed in the hot night, Isidor Iskovitch's day's work was done and he was ready for bigger things—for the culmination, in fact, of his whole year of planning, a culmination happily hastened by the influence of the weather on Sam Black.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Before the once-walloped incipient magnate broke his big news to his wily chief, he shot a barbed secret that had lain in his quiver for three weeks.

"Say," he shrilled, bouncing in on the peaceful David in fuming indignation, "do you know Sam Black has stole Julius Bimberger?"

"He's what?"

"Got him under contract! Sam's had him signed up for over a month. Julius leaves us on the first."

"No, by golly! Julius leaves us on the seventeenth, and that's today!" yelled the Old Man, forgetting about the wind, but retaining all the grit of it in his disposition. "Get me off a telegram quick to Andy Lochlaren that Julius is to be jumped out of the office by surprise, before he can take a piece of paper with him; and if Andy can provoke him into a fight so he can be arrested, so much the better. The dirty loafer! Hurry up! Get me that telegram away!"

"Sure," said Izzy, taking up a telegraph pad from the corner of David's desk. It had been right under the Old Man's nose, but he had not noticed it. Now he grabbed it out of his G. M.'s bony hand.

"I want to write it myself!" The grit of the top leaf set his teeth on edge as he rested his hand on it, and he tore off that leaf with an oath so rare in him that its use told forcibly how the barb had struck deep, and rankled. Julius Bimberger was the general sales manager. In the lean years before Izzy took hold, he had almost been fired for incompetency; but with the improved sales value of the M. P. C.'s product during the past five years, Julius had become a great salesman. "I hope they both starve together, dammit! And I wouldn't give either one of 'em a piece of liver if I owned a stockyards! Rush this!"

Grinning, Isidor dashed back to his own office with the telegram, leaving the Old Man to rankle in solitude; for an ingrowing

(Continued on Page 85)

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

There are over one million fortunate homes in the United States where it is possible to reach into the air and bring right into the bosom of the family the finest entertainments and educational influences of the world—practically FREE!

The air is full of fine things. The invisible waves cross and recross without interfering one with the other. A radio-receiving set brings them home to you whenever, and as long as, you wish.

Here you are tuned up to an eloquent speech on "Abraham Lincoln"; it is beautiful, but pathetic. By a slight shift of the dial, which tunes you on to another wave length, you can listen to words in another tongue; a Spanish song from Cuba, or perhaps an announcement in French from Montreal. Another slight turn of the dial and your home is filled with harmony from a popular concert, or you are listening to a sermon by a famous preacher.

Your theater is the air—no admission fee—no dressing and taking the street car down town—no worry about an over-crowded house—no buying tickets in advance.

Your set may bring you one of those miraculous surprises which so thrill you with the power and extraordinary possibilities of radio.

In Lost Harbor, Alaska, recently a family listened to a concert from Station KSD in St. Louis. There have been times when WEAF at New York has been heard plainly 2,450 miles away at Albany, Oregon. These are some of the unusual gifts that radio may hold for you. And the air is full of these wonderful things you should not miss.

Statesmen delivering messages of world import—Grand Opera as distinct as if you sat in a box—baseball and football games play by play—latest market quotations—notes on fashions—lectures on an infinite variety of subjects—forecasts of the weather—a symphony orchestra, or a superb organ recital.

These are only some of the aeolian harmonies of which the air is full, and which you may freely enjoy if you have a radio receiving set, which reaches into the ether and brings you your heart's desire.

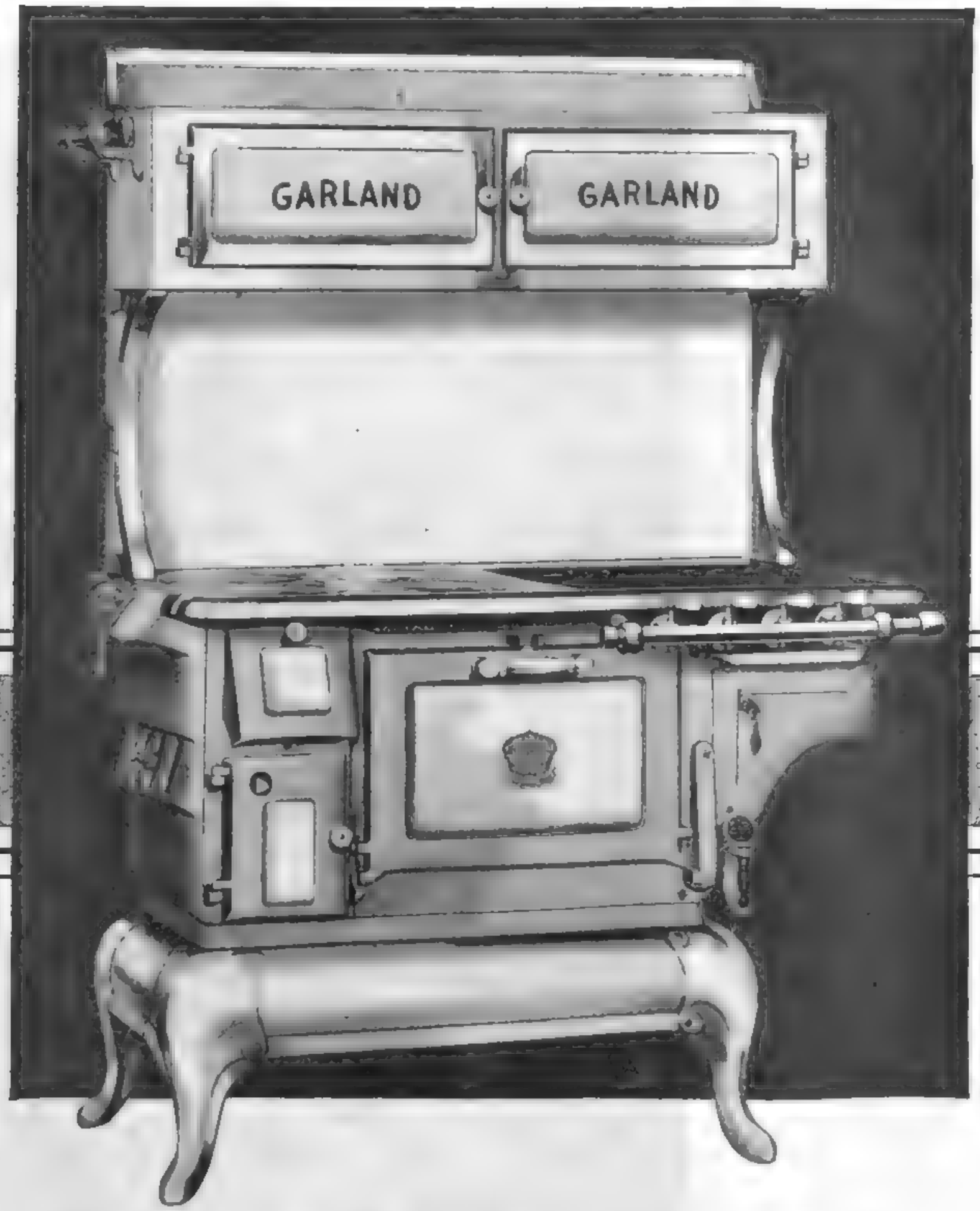
A good radio set puts you in tune with the great soul of humanity; your home and family are brought into contact with the heart of the world. Buy a good radio set of *reliable* manufacture, and bring the modern miracle into your home.

* * *

The battery is the vital part of any radio receiving set. Eveready Batteries—especially made for Radio—serve better, last longer, and give better results.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"



GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES

Garland combination three fuel range, burning gas, coal and wood.

Scores of new merchants are selling Garland Ranges

The reason so many new retail merchants are adding Garland Stoves and Ranges as their leader is easy to understand.

While Garland has been the accepted standard for more than fifty years, never in this half century of leadership has it offered such a variety of designs or such values in economy and service.

The beautiful new Garland models—finished in full porcelain enamel—not only add charm to any kitchen but have the advantage of always being spotlessly clean.

Go to your local Garland dealer today and see for yourself why the Garland line is breaking all sales records.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS - COAL - ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 82)

grouch festers much more deeply than one that is kept to the surface by talk. He figured that about thirty minutes would be the proper time for his next and final step; and having nothing to do but wait, he denied himself to all callers, not wishing to take any minor distractions on his mind just now. Going to the window of his office, he looked out with something of regret across the huge acreage of the M. P. C. to the mountains, which were dim and misty today in their clouds of driving dust. All that gaudily fashioned conglomeration of architectural husks scattered about the lot, as if some Titan's child had dropped them in play and left them there to shake and creak and flutter their loose rags in the dust storm from the desert, had been part and parcel of him for these nine years past. Many of them had taken shape and form under his eager eyes, some he had planned himself. A thousand workers swarmed through the streets and alleys and roadways of the busy place, and he knew them all, by name and by good fellowship, from jumper-clad laborer to chiffoned star. Now he was, he believed, about to throw off this garment of his business growth, as one discards an old coat that has done good service in much inclemency, and a sadness came on him. This was because, for a brief space, he must remain idle, and could allow himself the rare luxury of sentiment. He glanced at his watch. He still had twenty minutes—and just then the door opened slowly and Prue stood there. Prue, a pathetic, broken thing, with nothing but eyes—just great, gaunt, haggard eyes—and in their clear blue depths such acute agony that Izzy, before he asked a question, hurried to her and took her limp and unresponsive hand and led her to a chair. It was she who broke the silence, in a dry, monotonous voice, looking at him with those great, gaunt eyes which had not wept:

"Have you seen the papers?"

Izzy shook his head, but he did not look away from her eyes. He could not. They held him, and he waited. She took from her handbag a clipping and gave it to him.

Henry Lord Candysh, referring to the separation between him and his wife, known on the screen as Prudence Joy, had nothing to say, it seemed, his mouth being sealed by the obligations that rest on a gentleman. He could not announce, at this time, whether divorce proceedings would follow, but he was positive that the breach was irreparable.

Izzy looked up from the clipping, puzzled.

"Why, Prue, I didn't know there'd ever been a separation talked about!"

"Neither did I," she returned, still in that dead, monotonous voice; and her smile was appalling. "This is the first news I had of it. Yesterday he left me to telegraph for steamer reservations. He was going to take me to England, he said, after I told him my contract was not to be renewed, and he would beg a reconciliation with his mother." Her laugh was more appalling than her smile had been. "Then I gave him that check to deposit for me, and he kissed me good-by, and I haven't seen him since. He—he kissed *me* good-by!"

She laughed again; then suddenly her laugh turned into a shriek, and her lips twisted into a ghastly distortion that gave her all at once the expression of some distressed and unlucky drab of the streets. Izzy, shocked to the depths of such emotions as were in him, groped about for something normal to say, and landed on the inanity of "Did he bank the check?"

"No; he wasn't near my bank. He probably went to yours and cashed it. My bank called up this morning, and I told them I couldn't meet that overdraft. It's the first time I ever failed to pay an obligation, but that doesn't matter. Everything is gone. That might as well go too. I'm gone. I'm as good as dead. I don't know why I came to you, Izzy, except that you were the first and the only thing I could think of. It was just automatic, my coming out here; just natural."

Something queer went on inside Isidor Iskovitch, a boy who had devoted himself single-heartedly to one purpose in life. He had never smoked, never drunk, never permitted himself the indulgence of love or dalliance; but had conserved everything in him to the one great objective of becoming the most powerful figure in the motion-picture industry. Standing at the corner of his desk, however, looking down at Prue and jingling his keys in one pocket and his change in the other, he suddenly blurted:

"Look here! You ain't through yet. Maybe you done all you can, but I ain't. Here's where I gotta take hold and you gotta brace up. I still got some money." He gulped a couple of times. "I'm gonna dig into it. I'm gonna send you away some place where nobody knows where you are and where nobody must know who you are. You gotta take care of yourself and put on about twenty pounds. You're too skinny to do anything the way you are. You gotta ride and boat and play tennis, and wear yourself out every day so you can eat and sleep. You weigh yourself every morning, and when you got twenty pounds more than you have now, let me know; then everything else'll be all right, or you won't be able to gain the weight." He gulped again several times, for now came the hardest effort of all: "Then I'll get you a job."

There, he had done it! He had broken the mightiest oath in his business career! He was saddling the People's Pictures Corporation with a has-been, when it had been intended that only established money-makers and comers were to go into that perfect and fool-proof organization. Suddenly Isidor Iskovitch, who had for nine years studied himself and his capabilities for becoming a phenomenally successful motion-picture magnate, studied himself much more critically than he would have studied any candidate for admission into his hard-grinding machine; and he had a depressed feeling that he had not the complete capacity for success. He had a fatal flaw, a flabby weakness. He had allowed sentiment to interfere in his business, when even love had failed to divert his mind from its fell purpose. He was too young to know that this very weakness, big enough to break a hole in perhaps the hardest armor any young business man had ever forged about himself, was his saving grace, arising out of the warmth that would give him sympathy to know instinctively what would move the hearts of men. For the present he was in a sort of disgrace with himself; but the deed was done, and he was no person to turn back.

"You was all packed to go to England. Now you go and lock up your bungalow, and don't leave any address. You come back here, and I'll have everything all fixed where you're to go. But you gotta promise me one thing—you'll never have anything more to do with this Candysh! You'll forget him! You'll put him right out of your life!"

Prue looked up, pale to the lips, and she was silent for a long time.

"Izzy, I have to be truthful with you. I always have. I have to tell you something I'm ashamed of. I can't tell you how ashamed I am of it. I can't forget him."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"You don't mean to say you—you still love that dirty, rotten, low-down, ornery loafer, after all he's done to you!"

She still looked steadily up at him, with her great, gaunt, dry eyes, while he stood stupefied. It was incredible. He could not believe that any woman could be like that, and yet here was the proof. Even in the very midst of this astonishment there came to him the vastly illuminating thought that it is because we are as illogical as Prue and himself had both revealed themselves to be in this interview that there are such things as stories and plays and the pictures by which he hoped to make his fortune, and just how much of his understanding of the weaknesses and frailties and helplessness of the great heart of humanity dated from this moment in that little office could not be told, but in time to come, whenever he was affected by any great emotion in story or drama or picture, it was to be somehow associated with a wind shrieking and moaning and rattling at all loose things, and a suffocating blast of desert heat.

"All right, Prue. I'm gonna stick by you, even at that, and take a chance. Get a hustle on you!"

After all, he was rather a marvelously constructed young man, for no sooner had Prue gone than he wrote a check chargeable to cash in his private check book, without even pausing to recalculate the amount of power thus lost, sent it to the business office to have it turned into currency for him, then erased the occurrences of that twenty minutes from his mind as clearly as if they had never existed, and, walking into David Schusshel's office, said:

"Well, here's your chance to wipe out all your scores against Sam Black. Mr. Schusshel, if you'll jump quick, like you used to when you was young, you can go right down to the Producers and Distributors Trust Company and merge the Earthwide into the M. P. C., and throw Sam Black out on the back of his neck!"

"By golly!" David stared at him. "What's happened?"

"We got him licked, that's what's happened!" And Izzy's voice rang with an impelling enthusiasm, to which the Old Man began to respond with almost painful reluctance, for though he was headed toward a goal he had long desired, he saw himself in advance being dragged up the steep hill at breakneck speed, in the blistering heat. "We hammered that sucker till he's caved in," went on Izzy. "He's so far behind his bank commitments that he can never meet 'em, and the Producers and Distributors Trust Company stands ready today to foreclose on the Earthwide—if they can find any responsible party to take it over."

David Schusshel blinked.

"By golly, that's a big bite to chew off!" he speculated, his lifetime of business caution speaking freely through him without any effort on his part.

"It might be for some, but not for you!" vociferously returned Izzy, his enthusiasm rising still higher. "Here's where you take the place you ought to have in the motion-picture industry, Mr. Schusshel! Here's your big opportunity! Here's where you roll fifty-six branch offices into twenty-eight, two plants into one, two ten-million-dollar businesses into a twenty, and two of the oldest producers in the business into just David P. Schusshel, president and proprietor of an organization producing a greater volume of pictures than any other concern in the industry! Hot dog!"

Thus launched, Isidor Iskovitch began firing the ammunition he had been laying up for a solid year, and by the sheer force of his youthful vitality he carried David Schusshel along before him. On a cooler day, and a less enervating day, David might have withstood this vigorous onslaught which was forcing him into a stupendous obligation and a business gamble, both, at his time of life, unnecessary and foolish. But outside howled the desert wind, and through the screens there blew a steady stream of hot, enervating air, and David's resistance was low—and he fell.

"Call up Meyer Guldengeld," he said at last. "If I'm going into this thing it'll tie up every dollar I can raise, and I won't be able to clear off that mortgage of Meyer's."

Izzy could have told him that it was futile to ring the Guldengeld residence in the hope of finding Meyer; but, being a dutiful employe, he called up, nevertheless.

"Meyer's out of town," he reported. "He went away early this morning with Miriam for a day's outing."

David lit a cigar and pondered, while the again potential magnate waited with bated breath, for this was the crucial moment; then, carefully considering matters, he laughed.

"We won't need to get out the rest of the educational features. It'll be the M. P. C. presents Professor Hallam's folk dramas. That was how Sam Black was gonna give himself class to get in it with the M. P. C."

"That sucker's in the class where he belongs," chuckled David, suddenly lifting his head; and he stuck his thumbs in his belt and set his head cockily, while his wishbone shirt button strained at its leash. "I don't need to see Meyer Guldengeld. He told me only last night he'd rather have my interest than my capital. Call up Mr. Dennison at the Producers and Distributors Trust Company and tell him I'm coming down to see him. By golly, I'm where I am today because I wasn't afraid to take a gamble! I'll show Sam Black where to get off! I'm going over to his lot and change all the Earthwide signs on the big fence to M. P. C. Why, Izzy, this'll be the biggest one-man deal ever put over in the motion-picture industry!"

IV

SANTA BARBARA lies nestled snugly about a beautiful incurving reach of the blue sea, and in the mountains above it, leading down the coast, is a winding drive, narrow and perilous, which clings here to the side of a peak and rounds a cliff there and crosses a cañon yonder, affording now a fairylike glimpse of the distant ocean and again a deep vista of rugged sylvan beauty, at all times gaspingly close to the edge of a crumbling declivity. Altogether it is a wonderful drive for anyone with a stout heart, and it was here that little Miriam Guldengeld brought her doting grandpa to admire the beauties of Nature, having first stopped in Santa Barbara to telephone Isidor Iskovitch.

VOGUE

always knows

There are so many new, so many charming things. Which will you choose? The long straight coat . . . or the one that flares at the knee? A tiered frock? A frock with a lift at the front? Doeuillet's tunic frock? Chanel's little straight line things?

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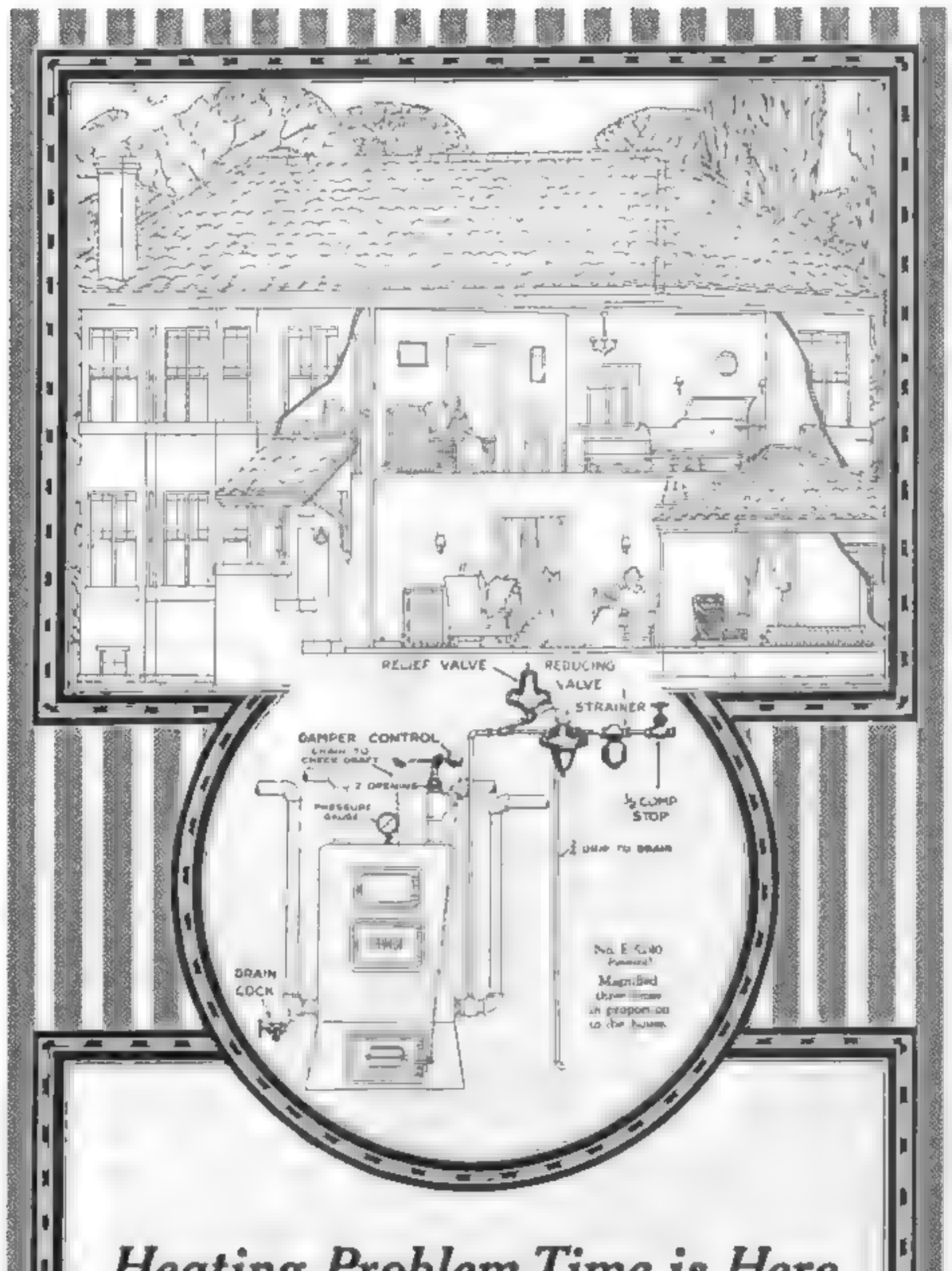

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It was not, however, until their lumbering big limousine, at a dizzy height above a depthless cañon, was creeping cautiously around a curve too short for its wheel base, that Miriam, her black eyes glowing with her share in this great day's momentousness, observed:

"Grandpa, I had Izzy on the telephone back there, and he tells me that David Schusshel has just closed the biggest one-man deal ever put over in the motion-picture business."

"David is a very smart man," returned her grandpapa perfunctorily, drawing himself small and leaning sharply up grade as he looked sidewise down into that yawning pit, for, though age may be courageous, it is not, like youth, foolhardy. "I wonder how long this drive is until we get back on the level road."

"Not so very long, I think. . . . The deal Mr. Schusshel went into, grandpa, was the absorption of the Earthwide." A pause for the shock. No shock. A stone, dislodged by a rear tire, had just gone bounding down into the abyss toward a house that looked like a toy building block. "He signed a contract with Uncle Tenny's bank, putting up a very large cash forfeit, that on the foreclosure of the mortgage on the Earthwide he would take it over and assume all obligations. Listen, grandpa! And the foreclosure suit on Mr. Black was prepared just before I telephoned to Izzy."

"You don't tell me!" Meyer's gaze left the fascinating stone, the gaze following his mind reluctantly. "My, that is an enormous deal! It runs into the millions. It is strange that David said nothing to me of this when he was telling me about his business at the house last night."

"He didn't know it!" laughed Miriam, and her glee was the glee of a child. "It was only last night, after he left, that Izzy and I overheard Uncle Tenny tell you the news that gave Mr. Schusshel his opportunity!"

"So! I see it!" The car skidded three inches toward the crumbling edge, but Meyer never batted an eyelash. He spread his jeweled hand on his black whiskers and regarded his gleeful granddaughter sternly, even solemnly. "So! It was very unethical of Isidor to proceed on information discovered in that way. It was unethical of David to act on information coming from such a source. It was unethical of Tenny to come home and tell even me, his papa, such a secret of his business, after it had been decided not to make it public. I am very much annoyed that Mr. Black should be forced into bankruptcy from information coming through my drawing-room."

"Yes, grandpa. But you know it was in our house, too, that Izzy was cheated by you and Mr. Schusshel out of a business deal which I was very proud of him for making. Ethics—pah!"

"Well, well," said Meyer, staring at his little granddaughter in slowly dawning wonder. She was only a child, with her short bobbed hair like a flapper, and her white-and-orange sports costume; but there was something in her today that smacked of uncanny wisdom.

"And another thing, grandpa—the George B. Luna Studios was to have been my property for my income, and I don't think it was very ethical to sell it away from me. Izzy and I have both been waiting a long time for Mr. Schusshel to expand more than he could carry."

Now, indeed, Meyer Guldengeld did stare at his little flapper granddaughter. This was too deep for him. He could not believe that she meant what it seemed that she meant.

"I don't suppose I quite understand just what you apparently convey, do I?"

"Yes, I think you do," laughed Miriam. "Izzy tells me that Mr. Schusshel has used in this Earthwide absorption the money with which he meant to pay off the mortgage on my Luna Studios. The mortgage falls due in a very short time. If he doesn't pay you at that time, you can foreclose and take back my property!"

"May I be forgiven, but I did understand you!" And the highly ethical Meyer, who had founded his great fortune on his rigid principles that had inspired the respect and confidence of all men, was shocked to his very core. "It is impossible what you ask, Miriam! It was only last night that I told David not to be in any hurry about the payment; that I would rather have his interest than my capital. Can I break my word?"

"Why not?" Miriam pounced on that opening as vigorously as Izzy might have done. "He has broken his own word to you, because, in spite of your telling him he need not pay you, he promised that he would—and now he won't!"

Meyer's jeweled hand stroked his black beard for a troubled moment; then he shook his head.

"That is a sophistry. Because David Schusshel might employ bad ethics, which I do not say he did in this case, is no excuse for my using bad ethics. Two wrongs do not make a right, so there is nothing to be done in the foreclosure."

"I hate your ethics!" This rank heresy came from Miriam so vehemently that Meyer dropped his hand from his beard. Why, the tears had sprung to her eyes! "Izzy worked eight years, and saved a hundred thousand dollars, and came to you with a straight, legitimate business proposition. He would invest his hundred thousand dollars in a half interest in the Square Deal Distributing Company, if you would loan him the money to buy Mr. Luna's fourth interest in the Luna Studios, and he would give you a mortgage on that and on his Square Deal, with a sliding-scale contract by which he hoped to buy it all some day and have his own good business. You were glad to accept, because you were losing on the investment you originally made for Uncle Tenny in the Luna Studios, and you believed Izzy could save it for you, because he had made so much money for Mr. Schusshel. Then you became angry with Izzy because he did not ask to marry me, and Mr. Schusshel didn't want to lose Izzy from the M. P. C.; so you two old cronies got together, with your fine ethics, and you sold Mr. Schusshel the controlling interest in the Luna Studios, and he merged it with the M. P. C., and merged Izzy's contract with it. You and David Schusshel took away Izzy's business opportunity which he had worked for ever since he was a little boy. Now you and David Schusshel have to give it back! Do you hear me, grandpa? You have to give it back!"

"Well, well."

"You have to foreclose that mortgage, grandpa! Then Izzy's lawyer, Mr. Flackman, will dissolve the merger, and Izzy's contract goes back to my Luna Studios, in which he will then own again his fourth interest. Izzy made a hundred and fourteen thousand dollars this year, on his salary, and his sliding-scale contract, and the Square Deal, and some pictures in which he owns an interest. He only spent two thousand dollars on himself, and a hundred and twelve thousand went back into his business, some of it for signing up stars and directors and fine technical workmen for his own company, which he calls the People's Pictures Corporation for a temporary name. And, grandpa, he'll lose a lot of that good money if you don't foreclose that mortgage on my Luna Studios and set him free from Mr. Schusshel!"

"Well, well," said Meyer, contemplating his little flapper granddaughter with a new vision. He had been very much disappointed in all his sons, that they had not developed any of his financial acumen.

"Now look, grandpa, what will happen if you do foreclose. Izzy and I will merge our interests, and will have a million-dollar business in immediate going condition, with a splendid distribution already at work; and in ten years, with Isidor's ability, he will be a very wealthy man—maybe as wealthy as you, grandpa; that is, if you give me the three-quarter interest in the Luna Studios, and give back Izzy his mortgage on his one-quarter interest—for our wedding presents."

"So!" Meyer Guldengeld gazed on his little granddaughter again with a new vision, a softened vision, a very warm, affectionate vision. "So my little Miriam has everything arranged, just the way she wants it—Isidor and all."

"Yes, grandpa. The big party I am giving tomorrow night is to be an announcement party—if you consent."

Under his searching gaze the energetic little flapper, who had so boldly put her case, colored, and suddenly snuggled against her grandpapa's big shoulder; and he put his arm about her; and it may have been the enervating wind from the desert, and it may have been something else; but suddenly Meyer Guldengeld's ethics broke in the middle and the sticks flew both ways.

■

CARNATION ROYAL wore her emeralds and Henry Lord Candysh to a party at a popular road house. As luck

(Continued on Page 88)

While they're still in school teach them the importance of well-kept hair

START the children off right this fall. See that they have their hair cut and taken care of *regularly*. It's a life habit they ought to learn while they're still in school, for the sake of the future health of their hair quite as much as for their present good looks.

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(Continued from Page 86)

would have it, Gail Pierce, wearing her snake-blood rubies, attended another party at the same popular road house, this being at about the hour of night when Meyer Guldengeld, after his return from the Santa Barbara drive, was accepting Isidor Iskovitch as his grandson-in-law—and how strangely events link themselves together! Gail Pierce saw her missing Henry, beneath the vista of bobbing paper lanterns, with the big blonde of the Excelsior—and this was the great moment! All day, through heat and dust and madding wind, she had been weaving and adoring the colossal emotion with which she meant to inwrap Henry Lord Candysh; and now, without delay, she proceeded to hang it on him.

A lithe, reptilian thing she was tonight, with her hair plastered close to her skull both ways from the middle, and her boneless figure clad in a sheath-fitting black-and-purple gown. With a shriek that centered her as well as a two-thousand-watt spotlight could have done, she dashed across the floor, backed Henry and the blonde into a corner near the orchestra stand and did her scene. She was splendid in it. The other patrons of the place, practically all of them professional, admitted that Gail had done nothing better since Down to the Depths. But how could Gail as yet sue Henry Lord Candysh for breach of promise, as she hissingly threatened, when Henry was as yet in no position to make a promise which could be breached? Neither he nor Prudence Joy had as yet stated any intention of divorce. And how could Gail sue Carnation Royal for alienation of a man's affections from a place where those affections had as yet no right to be? It was only afterwards, when such matters had weight, that they remembered the side lights of this drama; that, though Gail did all the dagger flourishing, Carnation Royal had far the deadlier eye. Then also dainty little Mary Hasty, the highly emotional star of the Climax, was remembered in the proper place and time.

Mary had covered the retreat of fascinating Henry, in his stunning white-flannel dinner suit, as that affronted gentleman had escaped from the common broil. It was she who stood with him in the shadow of the tall columns of the great wide veranda and said, slightly scathingly, "Is your remittance still unaccountably delayed, Henry?"

Oh! This was business, and immediately the spirits of Henry rose to the occasion, the while his roving eye rested on her priceless pearls.

"I've been wanting to tell you about that, Mary. Had you heard that my mother is dead?" There was such tender sorrow in his tone, such a glisten in his moist eye, that for the moment Mary herself was taken in, and felt a throb of sympathy. He went on: "The remittances stopped on her illness, because it was a matter to which she had personally attended. Now the estate is to be settled, and I shall have to return to England and take up the burden of the family fortune. Mary ——"

A thrill of redawning affection in his tone, and his hand sought hers there in the shadow; but at the touch dainty Mary's hand flew up and slapped his face! An arriving party saw this, but were not quite sure of what they had seen until afterwards, when they pieced together, dramatically, fragments of what Mary then said to him, which was:

"I'm going to have that money you checked out as my business manager if I have to take it out of your hide, or Gail Pierce's or Carnation Royal's! You'd better get it for me quick, because I'm coming around to wherever you are to collect it!"

Totally disheartened, Henry Lord Candysh went out into the night. He was disappointed in life. He was an expert in his line, a man born with gifts that he had carefully cultivated, so it could not be said that he had neglected the opportunities or abilities Providence had showered on him. Similar industry and application by people possessing equal gifts in any other line would have brought highly commendable success; but Henry, one of the world's best exponents of the art of fascinating women, felt himself a failure, because he had not accumulated the independence due to his perseverance. In neither the fashionable resorts of the East nor the picture colony of the West had he emerged with any substantial gain.

Jealousy was the curse of his existence. If women were not so jealous he could build up a highly lucrative professional practice among them in borrowing money, and embezzling it; but it was a safe bet that neither Gail Pierce nor Carnation Royal would leave him any peace if he paid any attention to the other, and he was too deeply on the books of both to be able to neglect either one. Then there were Mary Hasty and those others. On the whole, it seemed to Henry, as he listened to the shrieking and the howling and the doleful mourning of the enervating wind on his way back to town, that the best thing for him would be to secure a nice little stake—say, ten thousand dollars, and as much more as possible—and go to the watering places of Europe, where, profiting by his mistakes, he could start life anew and make love more lucratively than heretofore. A splendid thought; and, like any other business man, he proceeded to put it into immediate execution. He called up the home telephone number of Isidor Iskovitch, at Mosche Iskovitch's little pants-pressing shop, over which the young potential magnate still kept his sleeping room, and learned that Isidor was at Meyer Guldengeld's. Driving straight there, Mr. Candysh sat at the curb in great patience until Isidor came out, and accosted that young man from the shadows just as he was stepping into his car to drive home.

"I want to speak to you a moment, Izzy."

"Oh, it's you!" returned the happy groom-elect, recognizing the voice in the shadows. "Well, what do you want?"

"My wife! Or satisfaction!"

"You go away from me or I'll tell you what I think of you, you dirty bum, and I don't want to waste the time!"

And the busy Isidor, who had left the Guldengeld house in all the roseate glow of dreams fulfilled, was again trying to step into his car without allowing this occurrence to upset his elation, when Henry stepped out of the shadows in his neatly fitting white-flannel dinner suit and stopped him again.

"Mr. Iskovitch, you had better listen to me. Yesterday you gave my wife a check for five hundred dollars, which I very fortunately intercepted as evidence. Today she visited you twice at your office, paid all her bills, covered an overdraft at her bank, and went out of town supplied with money which she could have received from but one source. Very well. I am philosophical about it. I could build a very unpleasant case against you if I cared to soil my hands in such an undignified manner and reveal to the world that I have been a hoodwinked husband. But I prefer to go away quietly and forget my wrongs. I leave it to you, Mr. Iskovitch, to estimate the value of your reputation, and of Prudence Joy's, and if your estimate is satisfactory we can settle this matter very quietly and without a scandal."

Young Mr. Iskovitch had plenty of time to think during this long recital. He had seen enough blackmail in his nine-year business career to know the fatality of beginning to drop good money into a fathomless pit that always yawned for more; but he also knew the pulchritudinous fatality of a scandal, and the publicity danger of a fight that might drag the scandal into the light of day. While his intellect was busy with these weighty matters, however, both his bony fists suddenly shot out together in a simultaneous thrust such as no prize fighter has yet learned to use, but which they should, as it was highly effective, catching the unsuspecting Henry in both eyes at once, to his everlasting astonishment; for it was well known that Izzy was no fighting man. He was not now a fighting man, he was merely a boy filled with ungovernable fury; and, quivering with passionate emotions beyond his control, he leaped after the fallen Henry, kicked him as he started to rise, and kicked him again and again, until Henry, rolling off the curb, jumped up and ran down the street.

Oh, well, Henry had been thrashed before!

VI

THE third day of the hot wind brought a pleasurable thrill to alleviate the enervation, for on the front pages of the morning papers was spread black-faced scandal in six sizes of type, with portraits and everything. Henry Lord Candysh, the noted dilettante, explorer, big-game hunter and medaled hero of the Great War, was suing his wife, the famous screen actress, Prudence Joy, for divorce, naming as corespondent Isidor Iskovitch, general manager of the M. P. C. and part owner of the Square Deal Distributing Company; and Henry Lord Candysh, furthermore, proposed to institute suit in a large amount against the said Isidor Iskovitch for alienation of affections.

A million tongues went wagging, a million heads went shaking, and that whole territory encompassed by the purple-topped peaks that surround Hollywood, including its suburbs of Los Angeles and Beverly Hills and other contributory towns, was thrown into a wild furor. But nowhere was the impression created by this scandal more profound than in the home of Meyer Guldengeld, where little Miriam, after one glance at the headlines, went flying to her grandpapa and threw herself into his arms and sobbed, and said that she never wanted to see Isidor Iskovitch again.

It was no more than five minutes after this when the corespondent himself, having escaped by the back door the reporters who besieged the pants-pressing emporium of mild-mannered little Mosche Iskovitch, called at the home of his fiancée with a copy of the paper in his hand, to swear his innocence and make his peace; but he was met in the vestibule by Meyer Guldengeld, a tower of offended morality and stern grandparenthood, who declared himself as follows:

"I am glad you came to my house so early in the morning, Mr. Iskovitch, for it saves me the trouble of looking you up. My granddaughter never wishes to see you again, nor do I. The business arrangements we agreed upon last night are as if they had never been discussed."

With this, Meyer Guldengeld closed the inner door of his vestibule, leaving the outer door open, and the said Isidor Iskovitch, looking long and hard at that inner door, went away; then, for the first time, he felt the enervation of that deadly, blistering desert wind that thrashed in the rustling palm leaves overhead, and whistled around the corners, and moaned and shrieked, and drove biting dust into his dry skin, and took the sap out of him generally; for, once more, after his nine years' climb, his foot had slipped at the very top and everything was wet.

The potential magnate was no longer potential. He was only Izzy Iskovitch, an employe of the M. P. C., under a contract which had yet five years to run. The happy groom-elect was no longer a potential grandson-in-law, but a despised corespondent who suddenly discovered that he had become very fond, indeed, of Miriam Guldengeld; and black rage came up in him against Henry Lord Candysh. The shrill rustling in the palms overhead seemed fraught with murderous significance.

Reporters! There they went, crunching the gravel of the Guldengeld drive, and, crouching his head between his shoulders for the first time in his life, the prominent young business man climbed blindly into his car and drove away somehow, narrowly missing destruction at every corner.

In the middle of the road three blocks away from the M. P. C. lot stood a bullet-headed, pumpkin-bellied, piano-legged boy, with a bag of peaches under one arm, a half peach in his hand and the other half in his mouth, who side-stepped with surprising alacrity, for him, to place himself directly in the path of the oncoming car; and, there being no alternative between running him down or stopping, the reckless driver stopped.

"Beat it!" ordered the boy, Izzy's Cousin Eli, his trusty office guard. "The place is full of reporters!"

Izzy set his jaws.

"What did you tell 'em?"

"Nothin'," returned Eli stolidly; then an actual sparkle came into the flat china-blue eyes of the most stupid member of the Iskovitch tribe. "I made 'em believe I was dumb!"

"I guess it pretty near wore you out to put that over. Is Mr. Schusshel there?"

"I'll say he is! He was out early, and there's somethin' the matter with him, Izzy. He goes struttin' around like a peacock, with his thumbs in his belt, and every little while he laughs about nothin'."

Oh, yes, he would! That inflammation his brilliant young G. M. had so carefully nurtured had no doubt reached his husband by now, and in the light of what had just happened to Isidor's air castles, David, with his elation, would be very difficult to endure! The grimness about Izzy's jaws increased until his teeth hurt. Then Dumdum googled through his peach:

"Say, Mr. Schusshel says for you to meet him at Sam Black's. He's going right over to the Earthwide as soon as I tell him you've come. Say, Izzy, where you gonna beat it to? You know, my father's got his repair room over the clothing shop that nobody ever comes in, and out on Uncle Abe's junk yard there's a little old shed that ain't used for anything, and the cellar under Uncle Ike's delicatessen shop would be a good place to hide, except it smells too much of pickles."

"I'm not going to hide!" snapped Izzy, thrown into an instant fury by this ignoble suggestion; but, nevertheless, he wheeled his car and started for the Earthwide, full of dismal reflection. It was the first time in his twenty-six years that he had not been free to go where he wished, and he felt like a hunted criminal.

He was trundling along dolefully near the Earthwide plant when a limousine caught up with him, and in the car, beaming, with a foolish, catlike grin, puffed up like a turkey cock as he approached the supreme moment of his existence, was David P. Schusshel, the most important man in the industry.

"Well, you made a nice mess of it, just on the day we pull off the biggest one-man deal ever known in the motion-picture business!" was his greeting to the lowly Izzy, as that forlorn boy climbed into the car with him for a conference.

"Yes."

And the boy was so abjectly miserable and dispirited, for causes which David knew well and for causes which he did not know at all, that the Old Man's heart was touched, and he patted Izzy benevolently on the bony knee.

"Never mind, we'll pull you out of it. You have to have your brain free, you know, to general manage such a stupendous business as we're going to have now."

"Yes," agreed Izzy dispiritedly, and never had that hot, howling wind of the desert so made itself felt to him, or that bitter alkali dust so stung. A fine thing he'd worked for, like a demon possessed: to load himself with twice the labor and twice the responsibility, with no chance at his own business for another five years!

"In the meantime, Izzy, Flackman telephoned me that you have to keep under cover until he and I can straighten out this mess. Be some place where we can reach you, and nobody else."

"I'm not going to hide!" And now it was a boy who spoke, overcome by the indignation of innocence. "I haven't done anything that I'm ashamed of, and I'm going to face it out!"

"Oh, hush! You make me sick!" chided David. "You didn't do anything, maybe, but it is one cinch that you gave a woman your private check, and a man that's been in the motion-picture business as long as you have ought to have known better than that anyhow. Where's your business head?"

"I ain't got any," confessed Isidor dejectedly, and climbed out of the car. "I'll telephone Flackman where I am."

"All right, Izzy, but don't get too down in the mouth. You want to remember I'm with you! Say, how about Miriam?"

"It's off. She don't want to see me any more. I just came from there, and Meyer told me never to come back."

"Meyer Guldengeld did?" And David began to worry. He tried to look hopeful, but it was of no use. "I guess you won't be at the party tonight; but I'm going, and I'll see what I can do with Meyer."

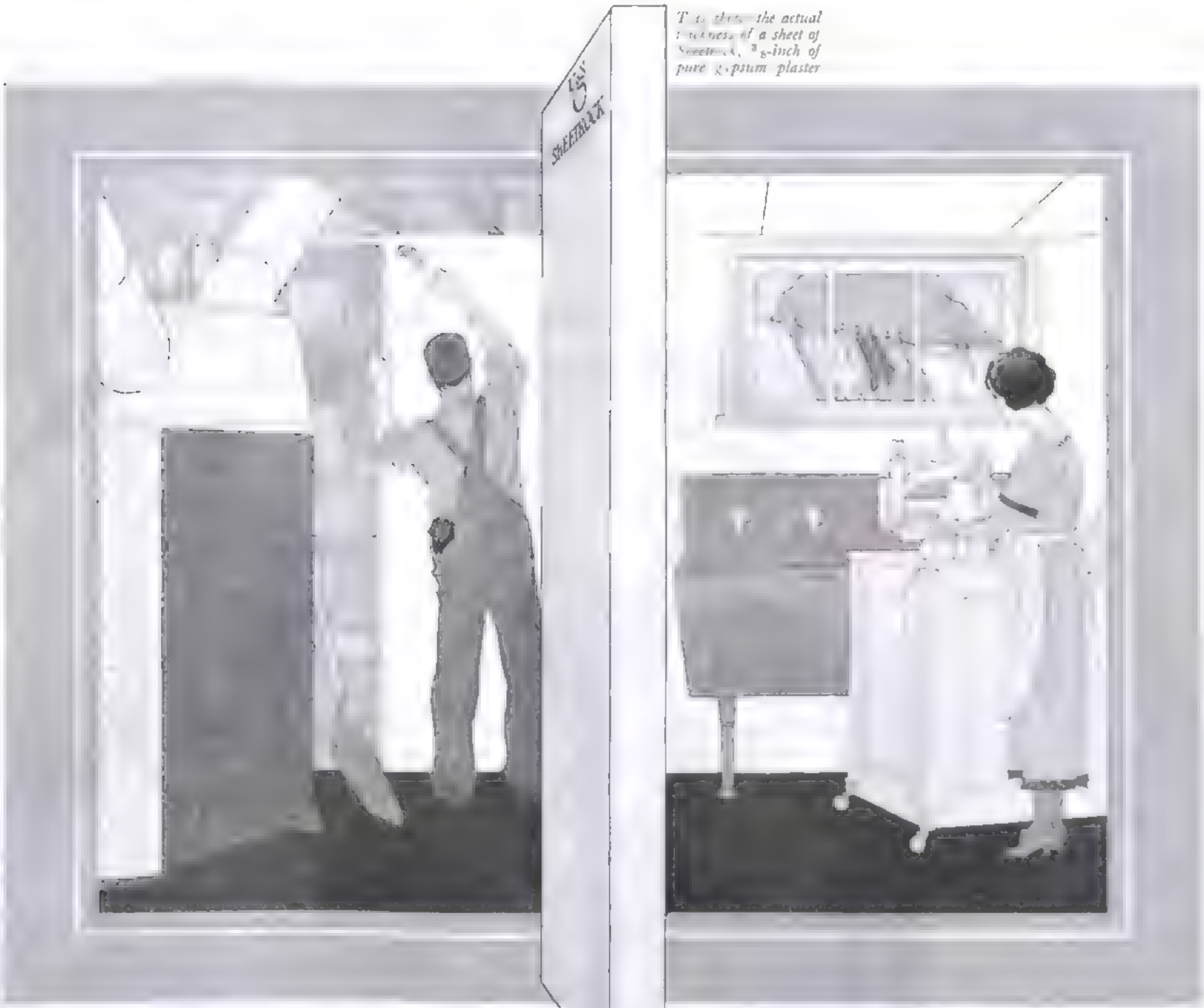
"Thanks," gulped Izzy.

David would see what he could do with Meyer, would he? That hadn't been the plan at all. The plan had been for Meyer to see what he could do with David—and, too full for utterance, he climbed into his rattly old roadster, the benevolent yellow eye of his boss beaming affectionately on him; then David P. Schusshel, again preening his feathers until they glistened in the sun, drove on to the Earthwide and sent in his name to Sam Black, and was admitted in a hurry as befitted his standing in the industry.

"Well, well, Dave," greeted Sam, giving him a keen sidelong glance, for every time these two had met one of them had lost a chunk of flesh from close to the main artery. "This is a pleasant surprise. What can we do for you?" And Sam, thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets, strutted behind his desk, for he was cocky himself today. He had heard nothing more of his note. He had licked his bank again, and that always made him feel good.

"Oh, you can't do much for me, Sam. It's all been done," returned David in his

(Continued on Page 93)



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Character— The Secret of Achievement

Ludwig van Beethoven

Born in Bonn, Dec. 17, 1770
Died in Vienna, March 26, 1827

I recognize no sign of superiority in men but goodness
—Beethoven

Beethoven! The master of all the masters! The artist whose sonatas and symphonies testify to the sterling *character* of the man himself as clearly recognized by his contemporaries and by the generations that followed

While all true art rises above the commonplace, the outstanding masterpieces in music, literature and painting live through generations because of some distinctive quality—a *"character"* all their own.

This individuality—this element of distinctiveness and distinction—marks not only the works of such master-*artists* as Angelo, Dante, and Beethoven, but also the products of such master-*artisans* as Stradivarius and Guarnerius. In music particularly, the parallel is close between progress in art and progress in artisanship:—Bach's fugues were made possible by the development of the well tempered clavichord, and Beethoven's sonatas are the direct result of the invention of the modern piano.

Hence, the House of Wurlitzer takes special pride—perhaps a pardonable pride—in its relation during *two* centuries as builders of instruments to the development of musical art.

For seven generations, *seven generations*, beginning with Hans Andreas Wurlitzer (1701 to 1752), the Wurlitzers have been making lutes, then modern stringed instruments, and in the last two generations also brass and wood instruments, pianos, orchestral harps and huge organs:—in each generation the Wurlitzer products have been directly linked with the names of the master artists of that generation. And today the craftsman's shop of two centuries ago has grown to *an institution* that *far* eclipses in *size* (and we believe is admitted to eclipse in *quality* of manufacture) any other musical instrument house in the world.

Today the Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, maintaining the artist's ideal, is making a particular success of the Wurlitzer piano.

From the upright piano and upright player to the reproducing grand, the entire line of Wurlitzer pianos—so artists of America and Europe are saying—is distinguished by *character*, character in mechanical manufacture, character in tone quality, character in that indefinable superiority that satisfies the true artist.

These pianos range from the very moderate in price to the highly expensive—and *all* bear the impress of that *character* developed through seven generations of adherence to the best ideals of the true artisan. — — The Wurlitzer piano has never been pushed and crowded to the fore. It has remained, and we propose that it shall remain, a piano set aside for the select few who seek artistic merit in its best sense.

We cordially invite those interested—whether now considering the purchase of a piano or not—to hear a Wurlitzer piano.

Drop in at any Wurlitzer store listed below or any other music store handling these pianos and ask to have some one play for you. Not the slightest obligation. We seek your opinion.

If you are interested in music you will want to *know* what the Wurlitzer Company means by *"character"* in a piano. We believe you will recognize a richness and fullness, a delicacy yet firmness of tone that spells distinctiveness, distinction, character.

Send for Booklet

Phone or write to the nearest Wurlitzer store or dealer for illustrated booklet containing description, prices and full information. You may buy a Wurlitzer instrument on a liberal payment plan

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CLEVELAND 107 Euclid Ave
CHICAGO 329 S. Wabash Ave
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DENVER 1[illegible] 658 So. Broadway
KANSAS CITY 1111 Main St
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(Continued from Page 83)

most unctuous tone, and never beamed there a kindlier light in his benevolent yellow eye. "I just came over to look around the plant a little and estimate its possibilities. It's nice offices you have here, Sam. Only I don't like the color so good. It's white and gray. A man could lose an awful lot of money with all this gray around him. I think I'll change it to white and rose."

As he said this he moved closer to the end of the desk. Sam, taking his hands from his pockets, turned his letters upside down.

"Yes, I guess—if you live long enough and I die quick enough," he grinned, taking refuge in facetiousness while he waited for the knife flash he was certain would be forthcoming. He knew well that unctuous voice and that benevolent eye. "Say, what is all this you're driving at? Have you stolen my office boy or something, like you've been undercutting me for the last year?"

"Oh no, Sam! I'm on an errand of mercy. I just brought you a little present."

Suddenly David whipped from his pocket a folded paper, and his pudgy fingers deftly slipped it under Sam's hand where it rested on the desk. Involuntarily Sam's fingers closed on the paper, then immediately he tried to spring away from the thing, but it was too late. Realizing this almost as quickly, he reflected that he might as well look at it; and as the ashen gray crept under his skin, David Schusshel observed, in a tone as soothing as he would have used to an infant:

"I had myself deputized especially to bring you this foreclosure scenario, Sam. I knew you wouldn't want any cheap outsider to tap you on the shoulder and hand it to you."

"You won't get away with this!" yelled Black, his colors coming back so swiftly that it was a tight race between the purple of his cheeks and the chisel blue of his nose.

"Maybe not; maybe not, Sam. But there's only one way you can keep me from it, for you can't get a bank to carry you any further, nor any financier that's got money enough to lift this load. The only way you can protect your interest, and the other stockholders of the Earthwide, is for you to dig up your private fortune. I guess you must have a couple of millions tucked in some dark hole or other. Eh, Sam?"

"You'll never get away with this, I tell you!" yelled Sam again, shaking the paper in his clenched fist quite close to David's grinning face.

"Well, anyhow, Sam, no matter how much you have laid away," pursued the victor joyously, "I'm pointing out to you that you can save your business by digging it up, and I wish you would do it. Nothing would please me better, Sam, than to have you dig up that private fortune and go right along with your business—just the way you have been doing!"

For a moment the two ancient enemies looked each other steadily in the eye, and just what seething depth of passion there was behind that apparently unemotional glare only those two could tell.

"Well, Dave, you've earned your bailiff's fee, and now you can get out!" rasped Sam. "I have a busy morning ahead of me!"

"You'll be busy if you get away with anything!" retorted David, jerking his little round panama cockily over one eye and sticking his thumbs in his belt. "Because, as I came in, I saw one of the bank's officers here, with his injunction to keep you from touching any books or papers, and a platoon of deputies to put everything under guard until the business is settled." And with this parting shot, David P. Schusshel passed out of the office.

No use for that scorching wind to whistle at him, and flap his coat tails and pelt him with invisible alkali bullets, for he was immune to every impression from without, upheld as he was by that glorious feeling within; so the wind dashed on in search of other mortals to oppress, and found them enough and in plenty. Isidor Iskovitch, in his rattling old car, driving blindly out through the arid places, dreary and windswept and fitted to his loneliness, waiting while other hands busied themselves with that destiny he had up to now managed so superbly himself; Henry Candysh, in the cute bungalow where Carnation Royal had stored him until she could buy his divorce, and him trying to pluck from his little mustache the courage to deny himself to a lithe, black-haired visitor whom he was certain could see him through the art-glass window; Prudence Joy, sitting with compressed lips and clenched hands in the pretty little suite at the mountain inn where Izzy had sent her, a crumpled newspaper before her, and in her eyes a fiercely burning light that had never been there in all her life.

For a great change had come over Prudence since the morning. That numbness that had seized on her from her first meeting with Henry Lord Candysh was gone, and her strength had come back. This thing he had done to her staunch friend Izzy was the one thing she could not forgive him, the one thing that could turn all that fool fascination with which he had inspired her into hatred so bitter that that wind which howled and shrieked outside her windows and thrashed at the tops of the mountain trees as if it would tear them branch from branch was in exquisite tune with her spirit. She exulted with it; and rising, strode to the window, looking out at the dry storm as if she, too, were inspired to rush forth, shrieking, to rend and destroy. Soberly and sanely she wished Candysh dead. She had reason enough on her own account, in all conscience, to loathe him, for he had destroyed her, body and soul, sending her down, down towards deadly oblivion. But it was not that which had put murder in her heart. It was because he had done this thing to Izzy that she wished him dead; and the soberness and sanity began to leave her as she listened to that shrieking wind outside; while that light in her eyes grew more and more fevered until it became a glitter. She was in a nervous tremor, not the tremor of weakness, but of passion, and suddenly she rushed to the clothes closet for her hat, seized the telephone and ordered up her car, and, hurrying down, drove away at swift speed, pace by pace with that scurrying wind from the desert where dead things lay and bleached, and poisonous reptiles basked on the sun-baked rocks.

VII

THE big Guldengeld mansion was ablaze with lights, and through the windows could be seen the finest collection of up-to-the-minute evening gowns to be found this side of anywhere, for the élite was in attendance at the party of the Guldengeld heiress; but the guest of honor was outside in the shrubbery, slinking around to the back of the house in his business clothes like a tramp looking for a hand-out. All day he had tried to get Miriam on the phone—that had been his only coherent action—and all day the servants—once Meyer Guldengeld himself—had told him that she was not at home; Meyer had added that she was not going to be at home. With the nightfall, Izzy had been unable to stand it any longer. He and Miriam had been such confident and exuberant business pals for the past year, to say nothing of anything else, that she owed it to him to listen to his side of the story, and she had to do it. She was home now, that was certain. She had to be home, with this big party on. Quite miserably he hung in the ether beyond the kitchen door, until the biggest liveried flunky, the grand butler, came out in person to see about the ice cream, and him the impotential magnate and figurative sneak thief pounced upon to that functionary's distress; for he was an English butler, and fond of his dignity.

"Upon my word, it is Mr. Iskovitch!"

"Yes, Ipstein. Say, looky! Will you tell Miss Miriam I'm out here and want to see her just a minute?"

"Miss Miriam is not at home, Mr. Iskovitch; I'm sorry, sir."

"Sure, I know that," agreed Izzy hastily. "Tell her if she won't come out here, I'll come in. Look here, Ipstein, I know you got your orders, but—I gotta see her! You don't believe all that stuff in the papers about me, do you?"

"Well, I cannot say, sir," replied the English butler stiffly; then he suddenly and astonishingly betrayed that he had a human heart beneath his velvet coat, for he stooped and whispered: "But you certainly are a prominent young man to have your name spread so ripping on the front pages! I will risk my job for you, sir, which I am certain you will remember."

And with all his dignity he strutted in. Presently, he returned, and in a most mysterious air whispered for Izzy to go around by the library and step in through the French windows.

Again feeling like a sneak thief, Izzy did as he was instructed, and as he stepped through the window he felt a lump in his throat, where all the speeches of vindication he had rehearsed during this dreary day seemed to stick and to tangle; for there stood Miriam, ethereal in her filmy floatings of pink and silver.

He had no need of words, however, for she came straight to him with both her hands outstretched and put them in his, and he clung to their firm clutch in such gratitude as would have left him speechless if that steadfast glow in her big black eyes had not already done so.

"Why, where have you been, Izzy?" she asked. "We've been trying to get you all afternoon—Mr. Flackmann and I."

Oh, yes, here was Flackmann! Izzy hadn't noticed him. Flackmann, all points, from his patent-leather pumps to the black hair that stuck up over his ears with a startlingly Mephistophelean suggestion.

"You're a fine client, I must say," said Flackmann, shaking hands with him. "I thought I left word for you to stay in reach all day. Where were you?"

"Out driving around," confessed Izzy, rather stupidly, for to save him he could not have told where he had driven; but the evidences the gusty sand had left on him told their own tale. It was ground into his face, into his hands, into his eyelashes and his hair, and altogether he was more disreputable looking than the neatest of the Iskovitches had ever been before.

"Well, anyhow, you're here." And sitting briskly at Meyer Guldengeld's great antique desk in Meyer's great antique chair, Flackmann produced a folded paper. "How much salary is the People's Pictures Corporation going to pay Prudence Joy?"

"A sliding scale based on her business," reported Isidor automatically, and he began to become himself again.

"Very well, here's her contract, dated day before yesterday, and acknowledging the receipt of a five-hundred-dollar-option payment, a duplicate of your other option contracts as the Peoples'. It is already signed by Miss Joy. It only remains for you to sign it and to fill in those sliding-scale figures. When you do that, the check which Candysh showed as evidence before he cashed it will only be evidence of a legitimate business transaction—which settles that."

"You've seen Prue?" Izzy glanced at Miriam, who smiled at him reassuringly.

"Yes, we've both seen her," she said. "You know, it was I, not you, Izzy, who gave her the money yesterday for her trip and other expenses, and I have back my check from the bank, so that Mr. Flackmann may use it as evidence in the suit."

"If one should be brought," smiled Flackmann; but Izzy paid no attention. He was examining in stupefaction the check which Miriam handed him—her own personal check, for one thousand dollars, on the Producers and Distributors Trust Company, made out to Prudence Joy, indorsed by Prudence Joy, and with the Producers and Distributors Trust Company's clearance stamp dated as of yesterday, with the bank's time-dating stamp. He turned to the beaming Miriam with a smile of intense appreciation.

"Hot dog!"

"Out of my house!" came a resonant voice just behind them—a voice low and suppressed, so that its vibration should be confined to that room strictly, but a resonant voice, nevertheless; and at the same moment the large and richly jeweled fingers of Meyer Guldengeld firmly wrested that check, the major evidence in Candysh versus Iskovitch, out of the bony hands of the corespondent. Meyer's own son Tenny, his baby, had done this tampering with the bank's timing stamp, no other; and he should be lifted out of his position instantly. He had not the proper ethics for the banking business. "I said out of my house, Mr. Iskovitch!"

"But, grandpa ——"

"Peace!" said Meyer Guldengeld sternly. "There has never been a scandal connected with the house of Guldengeld, and there never shall be!"

His flapper granddaughter looked up at him quickly, and with a toss of her bobbed hair was about to say something which went with her very black eyes; but suddenly she changed her mind and darted out past him through the portières into the big drawing-room. Before Meyer could recover from his astonishment, they heard the clapping of Miriam's hands, a sudden hushing of the chatter, then Miriam's clear, crisp treble:

"This is a surprise party. It is to announce my engagement. Where are you, Izzy? Come here!"

Savage Repeating Shotgun—accurate and hard-hitting; hammerless, solid breech design; Savage high-pressure steel barrel.

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From quail to turkey—from woodchuck to bear

Look over the Savage line of high-power rifles—lever action or bolt. Strong, clean limbed fellows—deadly accurate and full of punch. A line-up that will take care of anything from a red squirrel to a moose.

The smashing .303; the amazing .22 hi-power; the deadly .250-3000; the powerful Savage .300; and the old favorite .30-30.

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The same built-in sturdiness of the Savage high-powers. Strong and durable yet light and lively. There's the *Sporter*—the gilt-edge accuracy of the finest target built into a sporting model.

Or the Savage slide-action repeater—Model 1914. Solid breech. Solid top. No exposed parts. A mighty accurate, hard-hitting little rifle.

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A shotgun that fills the bags with the same sureness that your Savage high-power knocks over the big game. Has the Savage hammerless solid breech. Handles right—functions right—throws a hard and even spread.

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Model '99. Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250 3000; .30-30; .300; .303

SAVAGE

Tom Wye cheers for freedom and warmth

The day of the game is a glorious day. The apparel of every man and every maid reflects the spirit of sport.

Each costume seems to cheer for freedom and warmth. And Tom Wye is the cheer-leader.

Tom Wye is the knit jacket that people call by name.

There is no other jacket like it. The exclusive Tom Wye stitch makes possible the careful tailoring, the smart designs, and the trim-fitting drape that give the sought-for impression of well-dressed ease.

Tom Wye Knit Jackets are made in beautiful contrasting colors of brushed worsted; or rib-knit in heather mixtures and solid colors. For men and women.

See them at department stores, haberdashers', and sporting goods stores.

TOM WYE, Inc., *Winchendon, Mass.*

Tom Wye TRADE MARK

KNIT JACKET

Into the splendor of this gala occasion walked the grimy guest of honor as one in a stupor, but obedient to that treble voice, and he gazed with unseeing eyes on the strangely stilled assemblage; then a firm little hand took his and a clear treble voice said with a laugh:

"Izzy didn't want to show himself, because he has just come in from a long drive. Friends, this is my future husband, Mr. Isidor Iskovitch."

No response to this speech for as much as three seconds. Isidor Iskovitch had long been known as a rising and prominent young man, but he had suddenly become so much more prominent that everybody in that room had been reading columns on columns about him all that day, and they had confidently predicted that the scandal would end his intimacy with the rigid house of Guldengeld automatically and instantly. Then suddenly somebody woke up—somebody who saw in the pink-and-silver little figure of Miriam Guldengeld a very admirable statuette of courage—and she, for it was a silver-haired woman, clapped her hands. Immediately there was a loud clatter of applause, and voices broke into laughing and they surged forward with congratulations. Old Meyer Guldengeld, standing between the portières of his antique library, began to catch the spirit of that applause; and just then there came an unctuous voice at his elbow:

"By golly, Meyer, they can say all they want to about these flappers, but I'm for 'em! That little granddaughter of yours is a wonder!"

"Yes, yes," granted Meyer, and now all his severity broke into a wonderfully affectionate smile.

"But she's got nothing on Izzy, at that," went on David, himself beaming affectionately. "That boy, Meyer, is the best boy it was ever my good luck to meet. He's got a fine business head, and a fine character, and has everything that a man ought to want in a grandson-in-law."

"Has he?" And Meyer placed his jeweled hand across his glossy black whiskers. "I guess you'd stick up for him through thick and thin, David."

"Attaboy! You bet I would!"

"Then so will I!" said Meyer. "David, may I be forgiven, but I'm going to foreclose that George B. Luna Studios mortgage on you!"

VIII

WHEN the blistering breath of scandal creeps quivering on the air of Hollywood, then all good motion-picture folk, and all the bad ones—if there be any such, which is not averred—scurry into the darkest corners. For, lo, we are come upon virtuous days, when the censorship spirit has written a morality clause into every contract.

In the precious cool calm of the morning after the three days' hot wind, the president of the Pinnacle, with the business manager of Gail Pierce, strolled casually into the Alexandria lobby and bought cigars, and stepped nonchalantly into an elevator, discussing the weather. Presently the general manager of the Excelsior and the general manager of the Amalgamated and Carnation Royal's business manager stepped into the Alexandria lobby and bought cigars, and, discussing the weather, stepped into an elevator. Presently came David Schusshel and Isidor Iskovitch, both interested financially in Prudence Joy; and they, discussing the weather, stepped into an elevator. Then came Tim Barney of the Climax, and the business manager of Mary Hasty, they doing likewise. Came others, and a certain private suite upstairs, unregistered, began to fill with blue smoke, out of which issued the decision, which the highest priced publicity men in the world began to disseminate with great energy, that there was nothing in the topic under consideration which in any way interested, affected or touched upon the motion-picture industry—the said topic being a scandal. Not by any means the case of Candysh versus Iskovitch, that being a minor episode pushed to the last page by the occurrences of the night, in the eerie hours after the hot wind had died down.

Somebody had shot Henry Lord Candysh—shot him extremely dead. He was found surrounded by so many clews that they haven't all been traced down yet. The murderer was never found. It was one of those fantastic mysteries that fitted so well with Henry's mysterious and fantastic life.

A great deal of the inquiry centered around Prudence Joy; but she was able to prove a flawless alibi, as were, in fact, all the other suspects. Prudence had been in Miriam's boudoir from the time she had reached the city, and she had been scarcely out of Miriam's sight all that day and all that night, except at the party, when she had leaned over the balustrade, her great blue eyes shining and her cheeks wet with tears, while Miriam had made her engagement announcement. So it was not Prue. He was dead, however; that was the main thing; and the frenzy he had brought into Prue's life was lifted by it, leaving only that tragic note that was to make her the greatest screen actress of her time; for there was a look in the eyes of Prudence Joy that told of a soul which had suffered and had come thereby to great understanding.

"Why, Prudence Joy is just beginning her career!" said David Schusshel, president of the greater M. P. C., to his young competitor, Isidor Iskovitch, president of the Iskovitch Art Productions, successor to the People's Pictures Corporation and to the George B. Luna Studios, Inc. "I have to hand it to you, Izzy, for having the nerve to sign up that girl when she looked like a has-been, when you were just starting your new company."

"No, it was luck," said Izzy modestly.

This was in the projection room of the former Luna Studios, where Izzy's first production was being screened; and those tragic eyes of Prue's had dominated the entire picture.

"I don't know if it's luck," grumbled the visiting magnate. "Sometimes, Izzy, I think your brains keep right on working when you don't know it."

"Say, go easy with that salve," grinned the younger magnate. "I got a lesson once about swelled heads from my papa in the business."

"That's right, rub it in." And old David chuckled. "Your papa in the business got a lesson, too, and it let you saddle me with a white elephant of a business that makes me stay out here and keep my nose to the grindstone for fear I'll go broke like Sam Black. By golly, there's no fool like an old fool!"

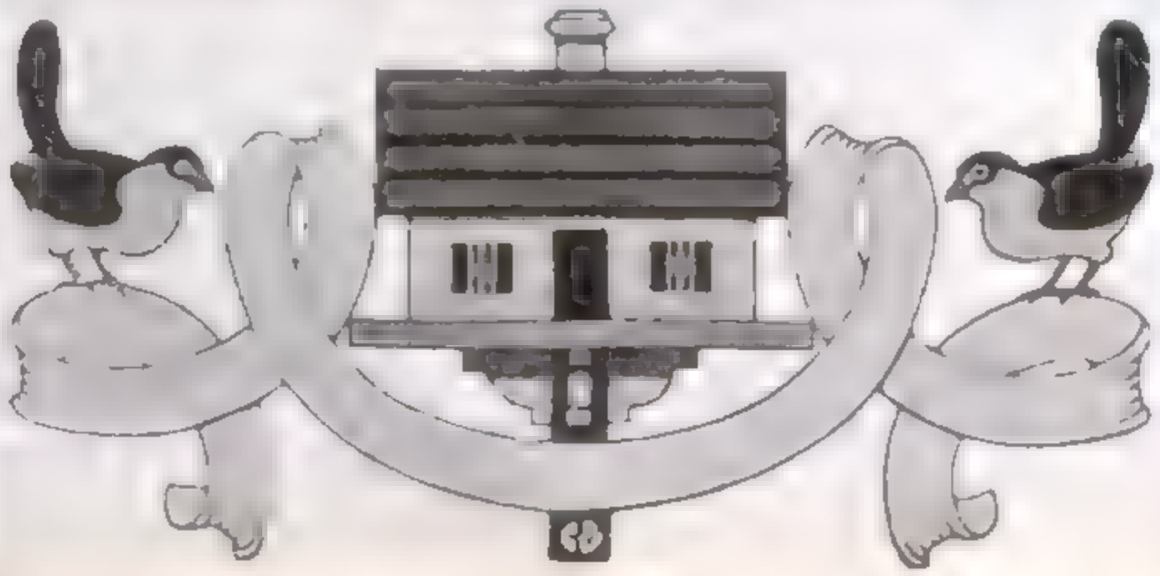
The operator called down from his booth: "That main title just came in. Shall I put it on, Mr. Iskovitch?"

"Shoot it, Jimmy," called back Izzy; then he turned to David Schusshel with moisture in his eyes and a gulp in his throat. "I'm crazy to see this main title, Mr. Schusshel! Honest I am! I waited nearly ten years to see it, and now I got it!"

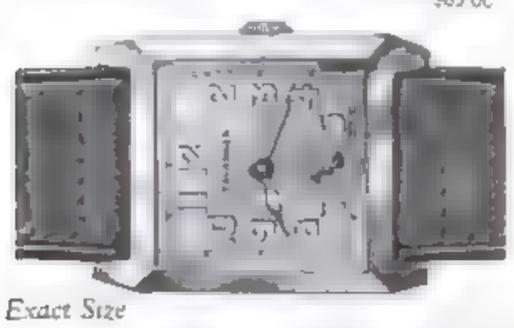
The machine began to click, and then on the screen there flashed the three words which, for nearly ten years, had been the beacon of Izzy's existence, his light in the darkness, and the guerdon of his days:

ISIDOR ISKOVITCH PRESENTS

"Hot dog!" said old David; and there were tears in his eyes as he put his pudgy hand proudly on Izzy's bony knee.



No. 315—a man's strap watch, 14 karat green gold, 15 jewels. Silver Butler radium dial $65.00.



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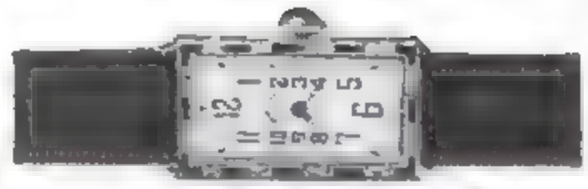

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No. 777—18 karat white gold, engraved and enameled, 16 jewels. $85.00

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SIS *(breathless).* Just think!

BOB. Yes, I know. It's 2:09 and we're apt to miss the college special. You'd better hurry!

SIS *(scornfully).* No we won't, silly. Don't you suppose I know the right time, too?

MOTHER. Bob hasn't seen your going-away gift, dear.

SIS *(rapturously).* See what a beauty it is!!!

BOB. A watch, too! You shouldn't have given Sis a timepiece, Mother. She'd like a gorgeous bit of jewelry better.

SIS. No, no, no! Mother's a darling—she knew just what I wanted.

MOTHER. You see, Bob, I gave her both in one. It's a TAVANNES—like yours.

Their last half hour at home! Then off to school and college—to the thrill of a new adventure!

With them they take gifts of beauty and usefulness—a remembrance that in its intrinsic worth and loveliness speaks of the love they leave behind; that in its precision symbolizes the purpose which lies before them.

Tavannes watches—that accurately measure off the hours of the achievements, the promises and the memories of life.

Tavannes watches may be had in a wide range of fashionable styles. Prices from $25 to $1000.

Booklet giving illustrations, prices and descriptions will be mailed upon request. If your Jeweler does not carry the Tavannes, send us his name and address.

RAYMOND THAYER

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(TA-VAN)

WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

ADOLPHE SCHWOB, Inc., 45 Maiden Lane, New York. *Established 1874. Branches: Chicago, San Francisco*

PINCHING PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

take a thirty-minute ride out of the city in almost any direction on the line of almost any railway or electric system. The open spaces between the older and more intensively developed suburbs are being rapidly filled in with an odd assortment of family shelters ranging from the rudest of temporary shacks to the tail ends of substantial houses, the main portions of which are yet to be built. The garage without house attached is a favorite structure in these fantastic suburban settlements. When the garage is a one-cylinder affair, the car is parked outside and the family within. Frequently the garage is built large enough to accommodate both the family and its car—after a fashion. These villages of fractional structures are mainly inhabited by landowners who bought lots before the war with a view to building on them sometime when family finances and the conditions of the building market would permit.

They proposed to put up permanent houses which would do credit to themselves and their neighbors, and were intending to wait until they were able to do so. Then came the war and the postwar period of inflation with rents at staggering figures. Next followed the lull of temporary deflation—with a sag in building-material prices and a militantly unsettled situation in the building trades. But there was no sagging of city rents. This situation forced the hands of the lot owners—those city dwellers who had bought parcels of vacant property in the outlying suburbs against the day when they could afford to put up a house. As one of these householders living in the visible rear three-eighths of a modern cement house put it:

"When wages began to go down and rents held firm on the war basis we made a break for our vacant lot and put up this start on our house. It was a case of anything to live in to escape the landlord. This nondescript colony is really a city of refuge. You'll notice that every cottage, temporary shack, garage or structure of any sort which shelters a human family has a garden attached. These gardens help out mightily, yielding a large part of the family living. Some of them are active and important sources of family income. Several of my neighbors, as you can see, have turned almost their entire holdings into market gardens, which they tend intensively. Nearly all the men here work in the city. Some of them have good positions and respectable bank accounts. We would build comfortable and attractive houses if building labor and building materials were not at impossible figures. I have a fairly good office position, but I can see that I made the mistake of my life in not becoming a carpenter, a mason, a plasterer or a painter. I'd like to know what it is that keeps wages in those crafts up to such an altitude. Seems to me that naturally we ought to have caught up with the building shortage by this time. Some outside influence which we don't understand appears to be putting the pressure on. What is it?"

A Farmerette Aged Ten

When I remarked that almost $80,000,000 worth of public-improvement work was being done or would soon be started in this state, he exclaimed: "Hadn't thought about that! But why can't some of that be held off till we catch up a little with private building or until we find ourselves going into a period of low work, lower prices and dull times? Then all that public work would be mighty cheering instead of taking the heart out of all who don't happen to be in the building trades."

And I admitted that he showed symptoms of being a practical philosopher.

If any industry is entitled to qualify under the term "productive," that rank certainly belongs to agriculture. It is the leading productive industry of this country and the one upon which all others primarily depend. Any person who is curious to know to what extent farming is feeling the pinch and pull of an extensive and almost universal program of public-improvement work has only to explore almost any farming section and observe who is doing the field work. To a greater extent than ever before, with the possible exception of the war years, it is being done by children—boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty. Any farm kid irrespective of sex who can drive a team and manage a harrow, a pulverizer or a cultivator is drafted for field service. The farm boy who is old enough to sit a field implement, but not quite of an age to defy father and quit the farm, is out of luck this year! He hasn't a chance in the world to get off easy this season. I mentioned this to a banker friend, at Batavia, Illinois, who came back at me with this experience:

"Earlier in the season I went to visit the old home farm a little out from Indianapolis. On the farm next to ours I saw a sight which I shall never forget—one that I had never seen before. There, alone in a forty-acre field, was a slight little girl standing on a drag and driving a three-horse team. She could not have been ten years old—even if old for her size. And she wasn't doing a play stunt either. She had the whole field to herself and she hung to her job as steadily as the best farm hand I've ever seen. In other words, this slip of a girl child was doing a man's work. I watched her as she made the rounds of the field, balancing herself on the bobbing drag and handling the reins like an adept. This sight so impressed me that I discussed it with those I met in the neighborhood. Their reply was:

"'Yes, it's too bad. But her folks can't help it. They can't get a farm hand—and she's a plucky little piece and wants to help out. Getting fields ready for crops has to be done at the right time or not at all. They're late with that field as it is—and the girl's father and brothers are doing harder work in other fields on the farm. All through here the farm kids are working like beavers. It's hard—but what can we do? Farm labor can't be got at any price that is not absurd and prohibitive.'"

The Lure of Camp Life

"And when I asked what had become of all the farm hands the answer was, 'Working on the roads and other public jobs, mostly. Shorter hours and bigger pay.' Since then I've kept my eyes open when driving about the country up here in Northern Illinois. Everywhere it's the same story—the kid power of the farm family is out in full force!"

There are many sections of the country which we are accustomed to think of as decidedly prosperous that are taking on an unkempt and rundown appearance; farm buildings and fences are in poor repair and fields have been allowed to lapse into a neglected state of cultivation—all because farm labor is obtainable only at a price which makes a loss a certainty. There are many counties in Illinois in which the farms are this season 25 per cent below normal cultivation; several of them in which cultivation is not 50 per cent of normal. The farm is a permanent enterprise; it must be kept going through years in which a financial loss is inevitable—this in order to prevent greater loss. The situation is very much like that of the mine from which the water must be kept pumped regardless of whether the work of mining is active or dormant. Those who are in position to know declare that the amount of dormant farming in the country today is very large, probably greater than ever before. And the reason is mainly the inability of the farmers to secure labor at a price which is less than prohibitive.

Precisely how a big program of public-improvement work operates to apply the pinch to the great productive industry of agriculture might be illustrated by scores of specific examples, but here is one which is sufficiently graphic to picture the whole situation. Mr. Charles J. Boyd, manager of the United States Free Employment Bureau for the Mid-Western territory, relates this experience:

"An appeal for a farm hand came in from a farmer living near a station which we will call Antioch. He was willing to pay an attractive wage—sixty-five dollars a month and found. We promptly sent a good man to him and were surprised to learn that the farm hand failed to arrive.

"Then we located another man and sent him on. Again we received a frantic letter from the farmer, saying that this man also had gone astray. A day or two later another letter came from our farmer friend saying substantially this: 'I found out what happened to the two missing men. There's a big road-building job just south of Antioch. The contractor had a man catcher, a labor grabber, on the lookout, and he grabbed both my men before they could reach the farm. He offered them larger wages, shorter hours and the attractions of camp life. Of course that stopped them. Now please send another man—but not to Antioch. Ship him to Poplar Grove—on the other side of the township from the road work.'

"This plan was followed, and succeeded. At least the man reached the farm and began work. But there is a good chance that the contractor's man snatcher may get him yet. Farm hands are the pet prey of the labor scouts operating for contractors on road jobs. And few farmers can compete with them. The total wage offered by these contractors is much higher than those which the ordinary farmer can possibly pay. And generally the net wage, after deducting the charge for camp board, is greater.

"Again, the shorter and definite hours of the road job lure the average laborer. But the attractions of camp life pull even more strongly on the floating laborer than do higher wages or shorter hours. They love the companionship and the freedom of the camp, and detest what they consider the loneliness and the home restrictions of the farm."

According to Mr. Boyd no farm help is placed for less than forty-five dollars a month and found, and by far the greater proportion of farm laborers receive above fifty dollars. Those who are experienced as farm hands and look good to the overworked and anxious farmers have no difficulty in driving a bargain at sixty-five dollars. In some cases choice men are even able to command seventy-five dollars.

"We are unable to meet one-half the specific demand for farm laborers," declares Mr. Boyd. "This means an intense pressure on the farm family. In the spring season thousands of farmers felt forced to take their boys out of school to help in putting in the crops. But many of them refused to resort to this expedient. Here is an incident typical of this class: A farmer came here for a hand. His farm was not paid for and he was hard-pushed financially. The wages demanded staggered him. Finally, however, he declared:

"'I'll pay it. I'll run the risk of losing the farm rather than take my boy out of high school, where he's making a good record. He has his eye on college and to pull him out of school now would give him a setback from which he couldn't recover.'"

Men Lost En Route

"There is a lot of this spirit among the farmers. Though it is true that the youngsters on the farms are finding this a hard and strenuous year, it would be easy to blame their parents unjustly for putting a heavy burden of work on their young shoulders. The farmers are pushed to the point of desperation. Besides, the average farm boy is a husky individual who is familiar with manual work. He thrives on it. Again he loves to drive a team and handle farm machinery—especially of the riding type. Many farm boys of twelve to fifteen years of age are operating small tractors and are as proud of their achievement in this line as they would be of winning distinction in football or any other form of athletics."

A certain railroad is putting in a new yard in the outskirts of Chicago. The superintendent in charge of the work has pressing need for an additional force of 150 laborers. Even some of the men on the job were quitting. Over the telephone he registered a frantic appeal for common laborers. The manager of this department of the Federal-State Free Employment Bureau started a number of men on their way to the job. But they didn't reach it. The superintendent at the railway yards became more frantic. Finally the employment expert told him bluntly:

"Don't you understand that laborers of this sort are like sheep; they have to be led, not sent? It's one thing to hand 'em a card to you and send them out of here, and quite another thing to land them at your yards. They just naturally lose themselves between here and there. Men snatchers are too active and numerous to allow them to get past. If you'll send a man down here to chaperon 'em every foot of the way you may succeed in getting them to the yards."

To which the superintendent replied:

"Send a man? Can't be done! I'd lose him too. But you find me the right type of man for labor scout and put him on the job as shepherd. And make him understand that the amount of his pay depends upon landing the men on the job."

This was done and the superintendent soon had his force recruited and safely delivered.

These are lively days in Chicago for labor agencies of all sorts. Those operating on the fee basis are said to be almost as prosperous as the kings of the bootleg traffic—and considerably safer. The free employment agencies operated by the state and Federal governments are pushed to the use of extreme measures to meet the demand for men. They admit that to a great extent this pressure is due to the immense volume of public work now actively in progress and in sight.

Partly to meet this demand requires the exercise of uncommon resourcefulness and ingenuity. Every promising source of labor is diligently combed. Shrewd scouts are sent out to railway stations, hotels and lodging houses frequented by working men, public libraries, and wherever unemployed workers are likely to congregate. These emissaries of the free employment bureau carry lists of jobs and are loaded to answer any questions. They are, in fact, job salesmen who are equipped to close with any prospect they encounter and get him to sign on the dotted line before he has a chance to escape.

A favorite hunting ground of these job salesmen is the streets in which unemployed congregate, drifting from one labor-contract office to another.

Labor in Ourtown

Another method used by the free employment bureau in attempting to meet the demands of productive industry for men is that of broadcasting calls for labor so that the worker may connect himself with employment. This is done mainly by means of bulletins posted in public places of all sorts where unattached workers are likely to read them—railway stations, lodging houses, and the like.

There is nothing perfunctory in this effort to relieve the distress of productive industry; it is a hand-to-hand, man-to-man fight in which the Federal and state free employment offices are very generally demonstrating their ability to render valuable public service.

At the moment of this writing the canning industry is hard pushed for men. Here is an essential productive industry which is lamentably short of man power. Most of the work in this line is comparatively light. Boys unaccustomed to hard physical labor fit well into this industry. Therefore the free employment bureau appealed to the high schools, the technical institutions, the dental and medical schools and the colleges for boys and young men for this light employment.

The wages offered are thirty-five cents an hour for boys and forty cents for men. There are, at this writing, 400 jobs waiting for these youths at employment bureaus. Thus far the average enlistment for these posts has run about twelve a day. The explanation of this backwardness in the recruiting line is not far to seek. As I write I am able to look out of my window at a high-school boy who is paid fifty cents the hour for pushing a lawn mower and doing other yard work. And my friends consider me in luck to get his services at that price. Perhaps the fact that my lawn mower is new and of the latest ball-bearing type has something to do with my good fortune. Anyhow, it was carefully inspected by the high-school soph before the terms of the treaty were accepted!

What is the reason back of the high cost of high-school labor in Ourtown? Not much more than two and a half miles away quite an extensive road-building job is in process. The lowest rate paid for common labor there is fifty cents an hour. As the contractor puts it:

"There are very few on my pay roll at that price—hardly enough to mention—and all of them are schoolboys. We don't expect a man's production from them. The next grade is at sixty cents. There are more of these than of any other class. Then come the semimechanics, who draw seventy-five cents. These men have a little responsibility and are called upon to exercise slight

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 96)

supervision over groups of common laborers. Above these are the engineers, who have just been raised to a dollar an hour. These are not civil engineers. They run the engines which operate the mixers, the rollers and the other machinery. The brick setter is the highest-paid man on our job and gets $1.25 an hour—or 25 per cent more than the man who is immediately over him in authority.

"Where do our men come from? Fully 80 per cent of them are drawn from the territory within a radius of ten miles from the job. Below the steam-engineer class these men are mostly of the farm-hand type. Certainly our work makes it hard for the farmers about here to get help. Though some of our men have probably been employed in manufacturing plants, the number of them is not large. Our men work ten hours a day and put in considerable overtime, but at the regular rate. The bricklayer is the only man on our job who gets an increased rate for overtime."

This is by no means the only road-construction job in the vicinity of Ourtown. In almost every direction one is able to encounter a gang and a camp. The canneries which expect to recruit college boys at thirty-five cents an hour and men at forty cents evidently have another guess coming. They can scarcely expect to capture recruits save those who are out of range of the seductive call of the cement mixer.

Our local situation is repeating itself in every part of the state and country where public improvements are part of the prosperity program—which is about everywhere. Though agriculture is the hardest hit, all productive industry is feeling the labor pinch—and feeling it keenly.

A small town in that section of Illinois commonly known as Egypt has one manufacturing plant—its pride and pet—devoted to the making of lawn mowers. When working full force it employs about 100 men. When this shop was the busiest meeting the reorder demand, twelve of its men—more than a tenth of the entire force—gave notice that they were quitting because they could get better than 25 per cent more wages on a public-road job near by. The contractor's labor scout had painted them an alluring picture of the pleasures of camp life. They believed they were enlisting for something like a protracted picnic. They were in no mood to listen to arguments about the permanence of their shop jobs—backed by a moderate raise of wages.

Nothing doing! They were all set for the joys of camp life. Besides, they had been told that wages on road jobs—especially for men who were practical mechanics, who could operate and repair machinery—had a pleasant habit of jumping. And when it came to permanency of employment, wasn't the state full of public work that would last until winter came in dead earnest? They'd take their chances on finding a snug place to head into when things froze tight outside—weren't the shops everywhere yelling for men? Meantime the open air, the jolly camp life and a fat pay envelope!

The Pull of Public Work

If there is a manufacturing plant in any town or provincial city in Illinois which has not felt this suction of public work, it is rarely fortunate. And Illinois is typical of a large proportion of the Northern States in this respect. The pull of public improvements work is first felt by the farmers, then by the manufacturers.

To assume that factories and plants in the larger cities would escape this pull of public-works labor seems rather plausible at first thought—but it doesn't hold in actual practice. Machinery for the distribution of labor has been perfected almost as highly as that for the distribution of commodities. Labor is jobbed and wholesaled as readily as groceries or dry goods. The contractor who is awarded a big public-works job reaches for his telephone and calls the labor agencies—public and private—in the nearest big city, and comes as near as possible to recruiting his force as a wholesale measure. If he is still short, he employs labor scouts and man snatchers, and begins the slower process of combing the local territory, the towns, villages and farming country adjacent to the actual work. In short he saps the wholesale and the retail labor markets and then scours the highways and hedges to make up the margin of his needs.

In Chicago is a corporation engaged in heavy manufacturing which is one of the largest employers of shop labor in the United States. It has a national reputation for the fairness and liberality with which its workers are treated; its system for giving its employes direct voice and representation in the management of its production and labor affairs is undoubtedly one of the best in the country and has a national reputation for practical working efficiency and for inspiring loyalty on the part of its men. It would seem that if any productive industry would escape the pull of the demand for men on public-works job this would be the one. I said as much to its employment and public relations chief, who shot this back at me:

"This pull on our force has been so tremendous that I made a special study of its effect in order to determine measures to meet it. I selected one of our works which would be thoroughly representative. The results of that study astounded me. I found that, in twelve months, one-half of our normal force there was being pulled away from us. One-half! I'm not saying that we lost these men direct to public-works enterprises. My conclusion was that most of them went into the building trades. We use many skilled and semiskilled workers who fit into the building crafts very readily. And of course our common labor could switch to building work overnight."

Shelter Comes First

"We have several hundred woodworkers who are really skilled carpenters. Our brick-masons can lay up a building wall as easily as they can mend a furnace. A man who can operate a steel-planing machine can work a stone planer—much coarser work—almost with his eyes shut. Our pipefitters are practical plumbers. So it goes all through the trades! There is a surprising range of interchangeability between shop crafts and building trades when the pressure of demand, expressed in high wages, exists to dictate the change.

"Some of our men went to other shops to fill the places of their men who had deserted to the building trades—smaller shops in which a wage-scale raise is much more easily managed than in works employing thousands of men. But back of the whole situation is the same thing—the labor pull of the vast volume of public work now on the schedule. In other words, if this demand for men to carry on the public improvements program could be subtracted from the total labor demand of the hour, productive industry would experience an immense and sudden relief. The farmers of America would be the first to feel that relief and they certainly need it."

Examples of this kind might be multiplied almost without limit but without advantage, as they would be mere repetitions in kind.

The importance of the housing situation in relation to general prosperity and the stimulation of productive industry is easily underestimated. Man must have shelter, a place in which to set up and maintain a home, before he has need of much else besides food and clothing. He must be housed before he can become the founder of a family and a full-fledged consumer.

Give him a house and he is pushed into the market for almost everything produced by factories and sold in stores today. But the shelter must come first. It follows, then, that any influence which tends to operate against providing the human family with ample shelter is a serious offender against the comfort, welfare and progress of mankind and the prosperity of productive industry.

Our dwellings have increased in elaborateness to almost an unbelievable extent, and consequently the demands upon craftsmanship have been multiplied. About sixteen different crafts contribute to the construction of a representative modern city dwelling.

Now for a look at conditions which actually exist in most of the building trades. This summary is given me by Mr. F. W. Armstrong, general manager of the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award, and is based on facts obtained from building contractors' associations and individual contractors. The layout may look a bit sketchy at first glance, but it is guaranteed to hold to the bitter end any reader who has in mind the building of any structure larger than a dog kennel.

PLASTERERS. There are approximately 2600 journeyman plasterers in Chicago, an increase of about 1600 during the past year. They have come into Chicago from all over the country, drawn by the abnormal wage. There is still an acute shortage of plasterers.

The scale is presumed to be $10 a day; but it is not uncommon for wages of $15 to $19 a day to be paid; $135 a week is not an unusual pay check. The highest wage for a week reported is about $190. On one job plasterers were paid $40 for working eight hours on a Sunday, or at the rate of $5 per hour. All overtime is paid for at double time. A plasterer's work for a day and part of a night usually comes to a total of sixteen hours, which gives him three days' pay for working one day and part of the night. This union, so far as Chicago is concerned, has imposed no restrictions on men coming into Chicago, allowing white or colored, union and nonunion men to work at this trade.

The building owners are responsible, in a large measure, for the high wages in the plastering trade. It is rumored that big bonuses are being offered on a number of jobs in Chicago in order to secure their completion on a certain day. One report is that an owner paid his plastering contractor a bonus of $5000. This is the job which is presumed to have forced the plasterers' scale in Chicago to its present unprecedented figures. Many contractors are now paying their men for nine hours when they work only eight hours. It is said that there are more hotels in the United States than plasterers.

PAINTERS. There are approximately 10,000 journeymen in Chicago. The wage scale in this craft varies from 95 cents up, and the highest known weekly wage is $175.

CARPENTERS. There are about 20,000 carpenters working in Chicago. The scale is from $1.15 to $1.65 an hour. The highest weekly wage on record is $156. Recently a large number of carpenters have made over $100 a week, and several have received very close to $150.

LATHERS. Chicago has about 1350 lathers, 650 of them being nonunion workers. They receive a minimum of $9 a day. The highest wage known for a day is $19. It is not uncommon for lathers to average around $100 a week; $105 is the highest weekly wage specifically reported.

PLUMBERS. There are approximately 2200 journeyman plumbers in Chicago. The prevailing wage is $1.25 an hour. The highest hourly wage on record for journeymen is $1.50, and the largest individual pay check for a single week on record is $130. The Chicago Plumbers' Union will not allow journeymen from other cities to deposit their cards in Chicago, thereby keeping down the available number of these mechanics and increasing cost and decreasing efficiency in the plumbing trade. The union insists that a steward be appointed on every job, and, in case of a stoppage of work, that he shall remain on the job at full pay until relieved by union officials.

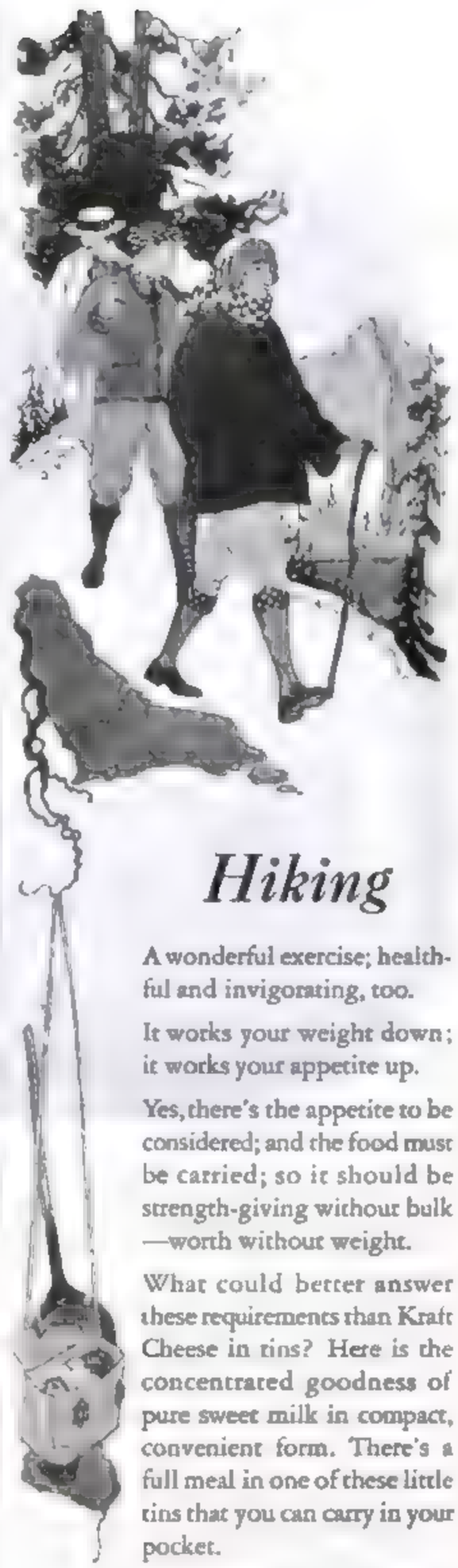
Restrictions and Prohibitions

Another restriction is that no journeyman or apprentice, when working outside the city limits, shall be allowed to pass the city limits on his way to work before 8:00 A.M. and that he must arrive at the city limits going home not later than 4:30 P.M. This greatly reduces the number of working hours on the job and decreases efficiency correspondingly.

Another restriction is that a handy man or helper shall not be allowed to cut a pipe, but that this must be done by a mechanic. Naturally this also increases cost and decreases efficiency.

The plumbers by their union rules are prohibited from installing plumbing fixtures delivered to the job or shop in assembled condition, and from using supplies cut to fit fixtures or batteries of fixtures. Helpers are prohibited from handling all pipe, fixtures, and so on, and the men are prohibited from riding bicycles, automobiles or other vehicles in the performance of their work.

STEAMFITTERS. In Chicago there are approximately 1700 journeyman steamfitters receiving a minimum wage of $1.25 an hour. The highest weekly wage reported is $200. There is one record where a steamfitter made $100 from the time he started work in the morning until he laid down his tools. Reports show that many of the



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You can take the style and quality of your Young's Hat for granted. And when you try it on and examine it in the mirror, you'll see that it fulfills the most important requirements of all: it is *comfortable*—it *becomes* you—it is *your hat*. Young's specialty is creating hats that suit the *individual*—hats that are correct for different heads, heights and faces—hats that are correct for *you*.

The country-wide popularity of Young's Hats which has won them their title, "The Sky-Line of the Nation," is due not only to their superior styling, workmanship and wearing qualities, but to this one outstanding fact—*they make a man look his best*. You'll find it true in your own case, too.

Young's at $5.00 is the standard of hat value the country over. Other qualities at other prices. "The Sky-Line of the Nation" on the Young hat-box, consisting of representative buildings of America's great style centers, symbolizes the coast-to-coast style supremacy of Young's Hats. Buy your Fall hat where you see this box displayed.

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FACTORY: NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS *Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style THE YEAR 'ROUND* STRAW HATS

steamfitters are making $5000 a year, and some considerably more.

The Steamfitters' Union will not allow laborers to handle their material, but insists on using a mechanic for this work who is paid at least 50 cents an hour more than a laborer to do this laborers' work. The steamfitters also claim control of all pressure boilers until the building is officially turned over to the owner. This prevents the owner from putting on regular maintenance men, at from $25 to $30 a week, to watch the boilers, or two men at a cost of $50 to $60. Under present conditions it is necessary to employ steamfitters in three shifts. These, with their overtime, cost the owner about $225 a week.

SPRINKLER FITTERS. There are about 145 journeymen of this trade in Chicago. The scale ranges upward from a minimum of $1.25 an hour. Some of these mechanics are making higher than $75 a week. This union insists that all fittings be made hand tight instead of machine tight, allows only one helper to three journeymen, which greatly restricts the industry by keeping down the number of mechanics and greatly increases the cost to the owner. In fact, the cost of sprinkler work in Chicago is 135 per cent greater than in Detroit, 138 per cent higher than in Minneapolis and 129 per cent higher than in Milwaukee.

BRICKLAYERS. Chicago has about 6000 journeyman bricklayers. The minimum hourly wage is $1.25, but $1.80 is generally paid today. The highest weekly pay on record here is $80.

ELECTRICIANS. There are about 3250 journeyman electricians in Chicago, including the 400 electrical workers employed by the telephone company. This union has lived up to the Landis award. Electricians now receive $1.25 an hour or $55 a week, with overtime at time and a half for the first two and a half hours and double time thereafter, and double time for Saturday and Sunday holidays.

This union claims the handling of all electrical apparatus and material by journeymen and refuses to allow laborers to do this work. It also insists on all maintenance work until the building which is being wired is turned over to and accepted by the owner, a very costly restriction.

HOISTING ENGINEERS. These number about 400 in Chicago. Though there are 6000 stationary engineers in Chicago who are capable of doing hoisting engineers' work, they have been prevented from so doing on account of union restrictions. Hoisting engineers make approximately $55 a week. They insist on running all hoisting apparatus, including passenger and other elevators, until the building is completed and accepted by the owner. This means considerable overtime for the engineers, and if the job were run twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, it would cost the owner about $250 a week, while he could employ elevator men to do the same work for less than $100 a week. The hoisting engineers also insist on running all engines, whether concrete, steam or electrical, for concrete mixers, or other work of similar nature, which, with the exception of steam engines, could be run by anyone who is capable of running an automobile or doing common labor.

CEMENT FINISHERS. These number about 700 in Chicago. Their minimum rate is $1.10 an hour, but the prevailing wage is $1.25. The highest hourly wage on record is $1.50. Cement finishers are known to have received as high as $140 a week. One contractor states he paid three of his men for one week's work, $103.12, $105 and $112.41. On another job, which lasted about fifteen weeks, three men received about $1500 each for that period.

SHEET-METAL WORKERS. There are approximately 1200 sheet-metal mechanics in Chicago. Their scale is $1.15 an hour. The highest known hourly wage is $1.35. With overtime some of these mechanics have made as high as $100 a week for quite a period of time. The highest weekly wage reported is $150.

STRUCTURAL-STEEL WORKERS. These number about 1300 journeymen in Chicago. The present wage paid them is $1.25 an hour, or $10 a day, and the pusher or straw boss is paid $1 a day extra. The largest known wage for any single week is $144. There is no doubt that the men who actually erect structural steel on the so-called skyscrapers earn their present hourly wage when the hazards of the occupation are taken into consideration.

There are, however, some restrictions which this union imposes which should be eliminated. One is that wherever possible they insist that nine hours' time be paid for eight hours' work. But the insistence by this craft that reenforcing rods shall be set by their skilled mechanics instead of by laborers is the greatest complaint that can be brought against its rules.

ARCHITECTURAL OR ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKERS have some 650 journeymen in Chicago. The adopted wage is $1.25 an hour; the weekly wage is from $55 up. In some instances mechanics have received $80 a week, including overtime.

MARBLE SETTERS have only about 150 mechanics in Chicago. The scale is $1.30 an hour and has ranged as high as $1.75 an hour; the largest weekly pay on record is $115.

MOSAIC AND TILE WORKERS. There are 214 journeyman tile layers in Chicago. The scale per hour is $1.30, some contractors paying as high as $1.85. The highest known wage per week is $110.50.

STONE CARVERS. There are not over 18 stone carvers and helpers in Chicago. These men are paid about $20 a day, a 5½-day week. There is a case on record where a stone carver and his helper made $400 in one week.

TERRAZZO MECHANICS. There are not more than 30 or 35 mechanics of this trade in Chicago. Their scale is from 95 cents to $1.25 an hour and the highest weekly wage on record is $60.

PIPE AND BOILER COVERERS have about 180 mechanics in Chicago. The scale ranges from 95 cents to $1.25 an hour, the highest weekly wage on record being $75.80.

COMPOSITION ROOFERS. In this trade Chicago has approximately 325 journeymen. The minimum wage is $1.25 an hour and the highest hourly wage paid has been $1.65. Men have made as high as $100 a week in this trade here recently.

STONE CUTTERS number about 286 in Chicago. The standard wage scale is $1.25 an hour—weekly wages running from $62.50 to $75.

STONE PLANERMEN in Chicago number about 124. They are paid $1.05 to $1.20 an hour and average about $56 a week. This union insists that the contractor must pay $2.50 a week to work any planerman who is not affiliated with the union.

COMMON LABORERS engaged in the building trades in Chicago now number about 15,000. These men receive from 80 cents to $1 an hour, depending upon whether their work is rough or whether it is semi-skilled labor. This union at the present time is charging $5 a week for a permit to work in Chicago.

These wages and restrictions would tend to make the worst pessimist more pessimistic. But in November, 1921, the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award was organized at the request of the contractors, and this committee has insisted upon the elimination of these restrictions and has stated in its policy that any union which would not live up to the uniform agreement and the elimination of restrictions as provided by Judge Landis should be declared on the open-shop basis.

Fifteen trades have been declared open shop and the Citizens' Committee has brought thousands of men into Chicago and placed many local men at work in those trades in order that the Chicago building public should not suffer and that work could be done as economically in Chicago as in other cities—or more so. This organization has provided the somewhat novel spectacle of union and nonunion crafts working together peaceably on the same job.

Enough! But if you lived in Chicago, in Illinois, and wished to build a house, a factory or a business block, or even a garage, would you have the heart? Possibly lots of 'em are doing it, thereby proving that Illinois is full of brave men. As previously

(Continued on Page 104)

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—and then HE got a Philco!
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(Continued from Page 102)

noted, Chicago's program of active building jobs now foots up more than $150,000,000; Rockford, Elgin, Aurora, Peoria, Bloomington, Quincy and other Illinois industrial cities are breaking building-permit records. However, if the tide of potential building enterprises held back and impounded by the dam of these labor prices were suddenly to break loose, the present building boom would look like a mere dud. This seems to be the opinion of all contractors and dealers in building materials. It is true that most building materials are decidedly higher than in 1921–22, but this does not act as a deterrent to building to the extent to which high labor prices set the brakes on this kind of enterprise. It is a generally accepted rule that in the average dwelling only one-third of the cost is for materials, two-thirds going to labor. Again, there is a general conviction that lumber prices will not again go back to the old prewar level, for the reason that the freight tolls from the Pacific Coast forests are almost equal to the mill costs of the lumber. In other words, the man who wishes to build is waiting for labor prices to come down and for costly labor restrictions to relax, rather than for lumber and material prices to drop. To this attitude there is one exception—the prospective builder looks at the price of cement, sees that it is again at the wartime peak, and then explodes. But usually he doesn't connect this fact with the huge program of hard roads and other public improvements.

Having looked at the picture of labor and housing conditions in Illinois as influenced by the huge program of public improvements, take a glance at the financial phase of the situation. This is not nearly so apparent, not so easily visualized, because the country has caught its second wind from off Prosperity Plains, and hard times seem as remote and unreal to the average workingman as death seems to robust and happy youth. Many merchants and business men also have this viewpoint. Money from free spenders is flowing into their tills and they are flushed with much the same grand and glorious feeling that they experienced in the 1919 high tide of prosperity. This time, however, they are convinced that prosperity has come to stay—that the return of inflation is a proof that you can't keep America down.

But the farmers—the largest body of consumers in the country—are not yet reacting to the prosperity intoxication to any marked extent. Most of them are in the hole and can see very little sunlight. Many, perhaps most, of them have borrowed to about their limit. The banks have been liberal and lenient to them, and Congress has been generous in special credit legislation for their benefit. But, all the same, thousands of them are finding it difficult to borrow funds with which to tide over. The money market looks decidedly tight to thousands of discouraged tillers of the soil, and the price outlook for farm products and a net return for their labor lack the rosy hues which flush the earnings of the carpenter, the plasterer, the mechanic and even the common laborer. In fact, a lot of small farmers and farm renters have divorced agriculture and transferred their affections to road jobs and public-works enterprises. And they are apparently happy with their new loves.

Investment Favorites

Not all business men are finding their bank calls an unalloyed pleasure. Bankers, it seems to them, are getting to be mighty particular about loans and securities. And they talk a lot about the fact that money is generally looking for the bomb-proof dugouts of investments which are tax exempt—at least so far as the Federal income tax is concerned. Needy borrowers are inclined to regard this talk as rather a tiresome alibi put forward by the banker who doesn't wish to lend excepting at a high premium. This condition has not yet developed in all localities—but in some it is decidedly apparent. In many sections manufacturers are finding it quite uncomfortably apparent.

All public-works bonds are tax exempt in some particulars many of them entirely exempt. Bond houses dealing in Federal, state, county, municipal and township securities have done a huge business of late years. Apparently the printers cannot turn out enough of these securities to satisfy the public appetite. Issues of these bonds running into the millions are absorbed virtually overnight. The reason for this is almost too obvious to be mentioned. Every tax collector is a bush beater driving investors into the camp of the tax-exempt securities. The stampede is away from industrial issues to Federal, state and municipal issues with the tax-exemption clause attached. The only way by which productive industry can get its share in the public borrowing market is to offer an alluring per cent which is highly competitive. This tends to make industrial borrowing decidedly expensive.

Then there is the psychological fact that the Liberty Bond drives educated a vast number of persons in the advantage of investment in tax-exempt securities having the nation back of them. A large share of these investors had not been habitual security buyers before. Quite generally this contingent had either allowed its surplus funds to remain in banks—to be loaned to productive industry—or had put it into farm mortgages. Today the farm mortgage is not the hot favorite that it was before the war inflation of land values. Again, a great multitude of thrifters have learned the peace of mind—especially at the time for filing Federal income-tax returns—which comes from the fact that they have an income which does not have to be accounted for, which they don't have to worry about.

A Boom in Improvements

It is virtually impossible to estimate the amount of tax-exempt securities absorbed by any state or by the entire country in any given period of time. The most complete estimate is bound to leave some issues out. Again, the issues in Illinois, for example, may be absorbed to a considerable extent by investors outside that state. This rule would apply to any commonwealth. However, there are generally taxation advantages which operate to encourage the absorption of the securities of any state—or any of its subdivisions—by the investors of that state.

On the assumption that a large share of the securities put out by Illinois and its political subdivisions in 1923 have been bought by its own people, it is interesting to inquire the amount of this pull upon the capital otherwise at the command of productive industry in that state. A certain Chicago bank which enjoys a national reputation for handling municipals and other public securities wholly or partly exempt from taxation, was asked for figures which might throw light on this inquiry. This institution does not handle securities in blocks of less than $25,000, or of municipalities having fewer than 1000 inhabitants—nor does it concern itself with drainage bonds. Its records, on this incomplete basis, show that in 1923 the investing public has absorbed a total of $40,051,405 issued by the state of Illinois and its subdivisions. All these securities are tax exempt in part or in whole. Here is the showing in detail:

State road and bonus	$23,000,000
County road and other	1,100,000
Township road and other	75,000
Cities and villages	618,000
School districts	2,257,405
Other tax bodies	13,001,000

The same incomplete basis gives California $25,138,000, Iowa $29,687,500, Michigan $28,350,000, Minnesota $15,745,311.

As to the volume of public-road building in the entire country, Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, makes this statement:

"On March 31, 1923, there were 14,010 miles of Federal-aid projects under construction, which in the aggregate were reported as 56 per cent complete. The total cost of these projects, which will be largely completed this year, it is estimated, will be $258,545,693, and Federal aid will be granted to them in the amount of $114,362,230. In addition to these projects that were under construction on the above date there had been received and approved by the Secretary of Agriculture project statements for 45,058 miles, most of which will be placed under construction during the year. The total balance available for expenditure on March thirty-first was $137,975,786. This of course is a balance of Federal funds only, and does not include any state money."

It is easy to multiply pertinent figures to the point of confusion, but those already given would seem to be enough to picture the fact that we are spending a power of money for public improvements right now in a period of recovered business prosperity; that this money is pulled away from productive industry through the lure of tax-exemption clauses in the bonds sold to underwrite these public enterprises; that this boom in public improvements is pulling thousands upon thousands of workers away from productive industry when they are needed to skim the cream of a restored and possibly fleeting business prosperity; and that public improvements now on the active program are making it impossible to restore housing conditions to anything like normal. The situation in Illinois seems to indicate this very clearly.

By contrast it reminds me of the methods of a certain railroad magnate who had the reputation of being queer and remarkably contrary. However, he contrived to make a fortune of many millions, and to gain a secure niche in the Hall of Fame. If he hadn't died at middle age he might have owned or controlled most of the railroads of the country.

Apparently this man had a genius for industrial perversity. When the country was riding the high wave of prosperity he became almost dormant—except for taking in the money that came his way. When his competitors, under the prosperity spell, extended their lines, enlarged their equipment and engaged in an orgy of maintenance-of-way work, this old crab crawled into his shell, bought as near nothing as possible, and refused to paint a station on the line, regardless of its dilapidation. He even sold some minor lines and properties that his rivals coveted—and at a top-record price. His maintenance force was cut to the bone; his shops had just enough men in them to keep things going, and his only aim in life seemed to be to turn everything into money, to keep his stockholders from drawing dividends and to allow his road to degenerate into two streaks of rust and a right of way. At least this was the picture drawn of him by competing magnates, by his own disgruntled employes and by salesmen of railway supplies.

What Makes Prosperity Real

Then came a financial crash that jarred the pages of industrial history. Railway stocks tumbled, purchasing agents handled cancellation orders exclusively, and railway pay rolls were stripped to the bone. When this condition was casting gloom over the entire country, the old crab suddenly woke up. He bought back the small lines which he had sold—and a few other larger ones in the bargain—at prices which looked like grand larceny; he placed sensational orders for new equipment on the same basis; he recruited his entire mechanical forces from the pick of skilled men in the country, and began to build new stations, make over his right of way, and do all the things which his competitors had done when the jack of prosperity was under all labor and material prices. And when grateful workers and manufacturers and salesmen of everything from locomotives to paint sang his praises he merely remarked:

"The best time to do a thing is when everybody else isn't doing it. If you save when others spend, you'll have money to spend when others haven't—and it'll go further and buy more. There's no use in being a sheep—a sheep's the most unintelligent animal on earth. When I see everybody jamming ahead in one direction, like a flock of scared sheep, I head for the other direction. I've found it pays."

As governmental prosperity—that of the United States, the various states and their subdivisions—is dependent upon the prosperity of the people who compose the government, it would seem as if a moderate application of this railway magnate's financial philosophy might help considerably in avoiding jams such as that which the people of Illinois and many other states are now experiencing as a reaction to big public-works programs staged when productive labor needs all the man power of the country and about all the capital; when farmers, still staggering under the burdens and debts of deflation from a world war, are unable to get help to work their farms; when there is an unprecedented shortage of shelter for the people of the country.

When the money market becomes as tight as the labor market is now, the advantages of this viewpoint will become more generally apparent than they are at the moment. That such a situation is bound to develop in the not distant future is the conviction of financiers and economists with whom I have talked. With one voice they declare:

"The money which is quickening the arteries of trade today is not farmer money, it is mainly the wages of labor, it is jazzed up by huge programs of public improvements which are yet to be paid for, and by an almost universal housing shortage inherited from the war. If experience has taught us anything it is that all prosperity not shared by the farmer is fickle and short-lived. When the farmers of America are in position to spend, then we are entitled to feel that our prosperity is real and has qualities of endurance."

A Short-Sighted Public Policy

Many American capitalists of keen vision are today maneuvering their affairs by the same tactics employed by the railway president whose methods have been described. They are trimming their sails to sell dear on a high market and buy cheap on a low one. Those who inspire and dictate the spending of public funds for public improvements might achieve something like practical statesmanship if they would draw their tactics from the same book.

Just how large a proportion of the public-works expenditures now on the active schedule could be postponed to a season of slackened employment and sagging costs for materials is a controversial question. I put this problem up to one of the leading bankers of the West and he answered:

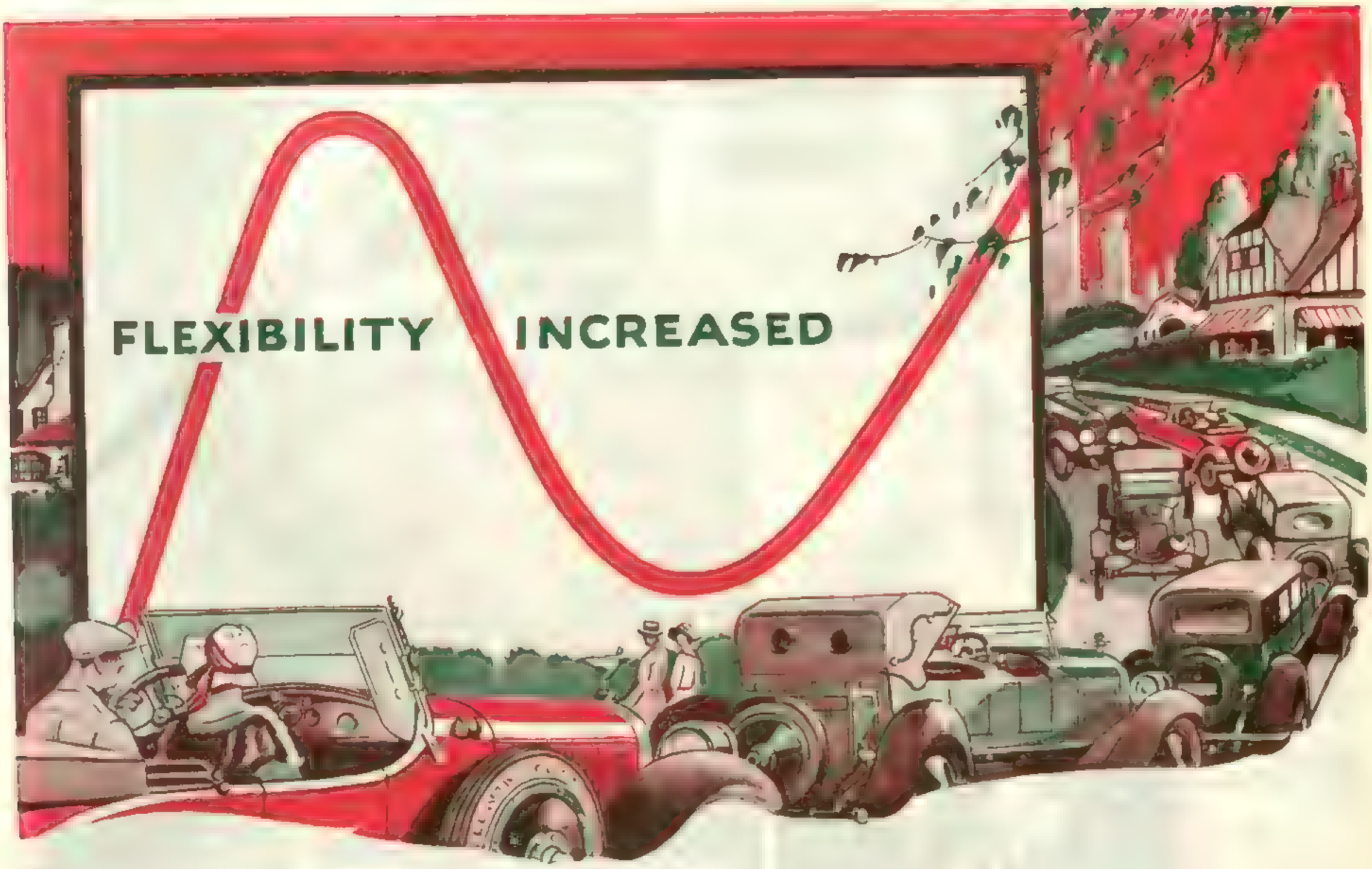
"Eliminate the matter of building schoolhouses and I will say that 90 per cent of our public improvements could be held in abeyance, with great advantage to the public, until we strike a period of unemployment and falling prices."

If 75 or even 50 per cent of the vast public works funds now empowered by legislation were impounded to be used in a period of deflation and depression as a stabilizer of business, productive industry—including agriculture—would be sitting much more comfortably than at present. To be sure, it would slow down the jazz party in which labor and the providers of construction materials are now engaged, and the men snatchers would have to find new employment. But all the same, a stabilized market is the ideal market for labor, for money and for commodities. And a stabilized prosperity is the very best brand of prosperity extant.

To use public-improvement expenditures as a stabilizer of employment, of material and commodity prices and of money demand, seems like an act of the simplest common sense. Crippling productive industry in a period of temporary prosperity by stealing its men, boosting wages and material prices to dizzy heights, and diverting capital from industry to public improvements because of tax-exemption clauses in the terms of the bond issues by which these improvements are made possible, is about as short-sighted a public policy as could be devised by children.

Last year more than $1,279,000,000 of these bonds were absorbed in the United States, and it seems likely that 1923 will beat that record.

Before all the millions of bonds issued to finance these public improvements—to land them at staggering prices for both labor and materials—are paid for, the virtues of using public-works expenditure as a stabilizer of productive industry and general prosperity instead of a militant competitor and disturber will probably be better appreciated.



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The ROTAREX has the new type wringer, made of all aluminum, with extra large, soft rolls that do not tear off buttons. Note the big double drip pans and the reversing drainboard, the safety clutch and the double springs for each of the two rolls.

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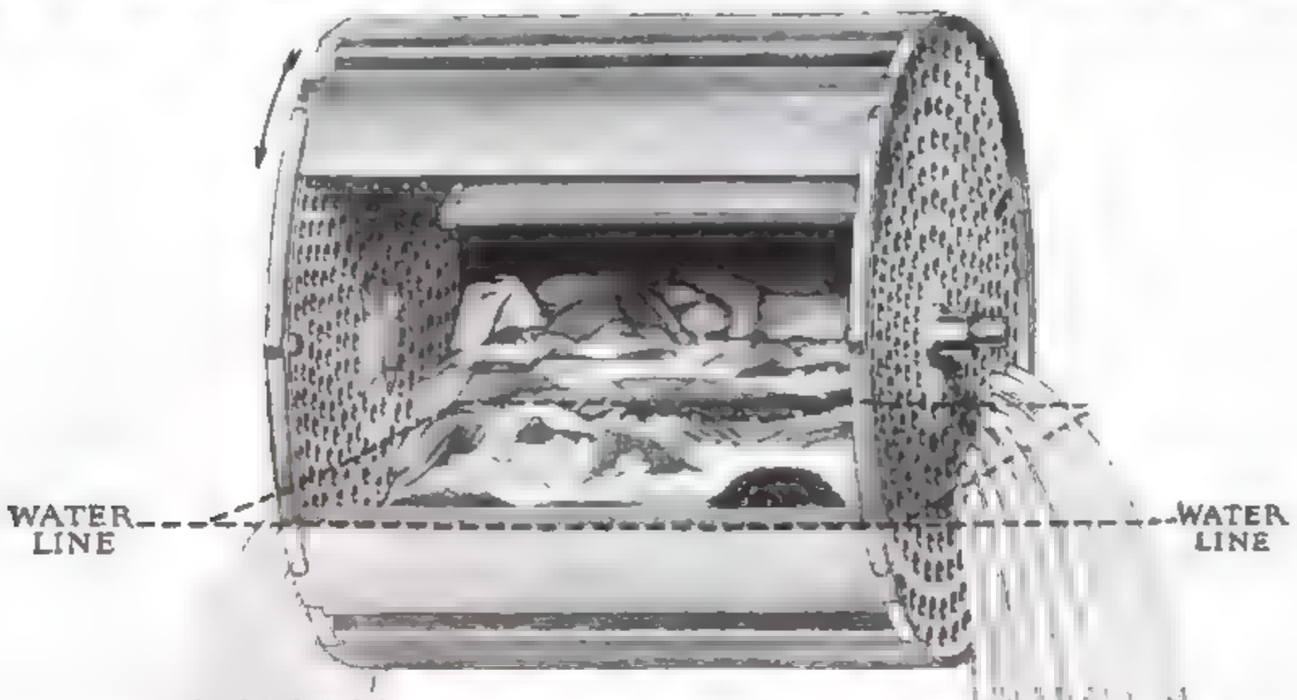
A Remarkable New Washing Principle



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The new ROTAREX washing principle segregates the dirt and grime so that it *floats* around behind the cylinder and only clean water, drawn in from below the surface through the holes in the cylinder ends, is used for the entire washing operation. Let our nearest dealer show you the ROTAREX and explain its new washing principle. Sold on free trial and easy monthly budget terms by a dealer near you. Write us for his address.

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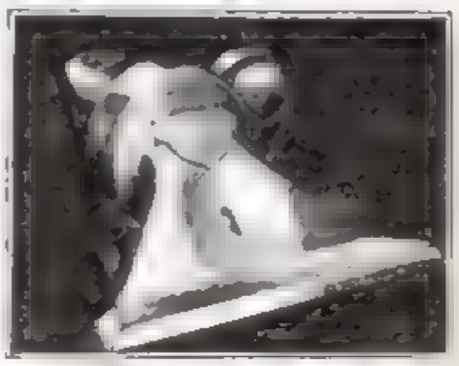

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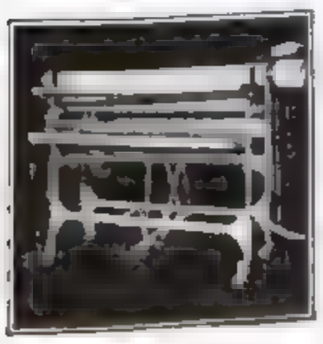

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Mr. Wright writing his novel amid the very scenes he describes.

THE PRINCE HAS THE MUMPS

(Continued from Page 13)

serves just as well! A dummy; the sort of thing they have in cheap ready-made clothing stores—Very Nobby! Newest and Niftiest Cut! Take Me Home for Fourteen Goobecs. What a blind ass I've been! But it's not too late. I'm not going to go on with this miserable sham. I'm not going to be a stuffed uniform any longer. If a dummy can be a prince I don't want to be. Let them have a dummy in my place. I'm going to be a man."

He addressed these words to the emptiness of the royal chamber, and his tone was steeped in the vinegar of bitter realization. Prince Ernest was working himself up to quite a pinch of resolution, when the chamber door opened and in came the king. Behind him wabbled the vast bulk and incandescent nose of the Emperor of Zabonia.

"His Zabonian Serenity," explained the king, "insisted on coming to see you. His Serenity understands, of course, why political expediency made it necessary for you to be represented before the people by a—er—substitute. Don't you, Your Zabonian Serenity?"

"Zshur," rumbled the royal visitor; his voice was thick as if his words came through a blanket. "I didn't know," he added, "it wasn't the prince until the king told me."

Emotions were bubbling and sputtering inside the bosom of Prince Ernest.

"I'm ashamed," said the prince, "to deceive my people like that."

His Zabonian Serenity, who had taken a chair, arranged two or three of his chins and part of his expanse of jowl into a grin.

"Ernie," cautioned the king, "no nonsense now!"

The bottled-up feeling rushed from the prince in a torrent of passionate words.

"Father, I'm going to speak out! I'm through with this whole business!"

"What business?" The king looked puzzled.

"This prince business," said Prince Ernest. "I saw it all while I was lying here. What am I? Nothing! Nothing, that is, but a—pardon the colloquialism—stuffed uniform. A prince? Bah, a dummy! That's all I am! I step out and bow and amirk and salute while some other chap pulls the strings. The people don't care a gingersnap about me. It's my uniform they cheer. Stuff it with wax or sawdust or me, it's all the same to them. Why, they'd cheer it if it were stuffed with mush! So I'm through, father! I can't go on with this hypocrisy. Give the dummy my place. I'm sorry to shock you, father. You and the emperor probably have never thought about things in this way. But don't you see, a prince is really only a dummy. Forgive me—but it's true."

The young prince was almost hysterical. The king did not appear to be in the least perturbed; he gave the prince a fatherly pat on his shoulder and winked at the Emperor of Zabonia.

"He's only twenty-three and a few days," explained the king, "so naturally he takes it a bit hard. I did myself—thought of entering a monastery—yes, really."

His Zabonian Serenity chuckled deep in his cavern of chest.

"Ernie," said the king, turning to his son, and speaking in his most kindly manner, "you've discovered what all kings discover sooner or later. You've found yourself out. Now your job will be to keep the people from finding you out. Isn't that so, Your Serenity?"

"Zshur," rumbled the visitor, sucking at a long amber-scented cigarette.

"But I don't want to keep them from finding me out!" cried the prince. "I don't want to go on living this ghastly farce. I am going to work."

The king laughed jovially.

"Work?" he inquired. "At what, in heaven's name?"

"Something honest," replied Prince Ernest.

The king laughed and nudged the emperor in his imperial ribs.

"Ah, youth!" said the king. "Ah, youth! By the way, Ernie, how much did you spend last year?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," replied the prince, mystified. "The royal bursar of the Most Privy Purse could no doubt tell you. Probably between three hundred and four hundred thousand goobecs, I fancy."

"And how many motor cars did you have?" questioned the king.

"Eleven, if you don't count roadsters."

"Fair enough," said the king. "We won't count roadsters. Now, Ernie, suppose you were a young lawyer ——"

"I wish I were," said the prince.

"At this precise moment," pursued the king, "you'd be in your office hoping some friend would fall down a manhole so you could sue the city for damages. You could consider yourself jolly lucky if you made eight hundred goobecs a year. If you were a young doctor you'd be sitting around with your hands in your empty pockets praying for an epidemic. If you were a young business man you'd be in a terrible stew about your overhead or underfoot or whatever it is business men get into a stew about. Instead of having eleven motor cars, not counting roadsters, you'd be fortunate to have your bus fare. Now I'm a doting father, Ernie, but even I can see that you are no intellectual colossus. And yet you acceptably fill a job that brings you in three or four hundred thousand goobecs a year, and eleven motor cars, not counting roadsters. Despite all that, you talk of going on strike. Really, Ernie, that's preposterous. Isn't it, Your Zabonian Serenity?"

The emperor nodded and puffed at his scented cigarette.

"Pre," he rumbled, "posterous!"

"You've a downy nest, my boy," went on the king benignly. "You'd be a chump to quit it. Come now. Look at this thing through a microscope instead of a pair of smoked glasses. Be a prince of the world, not one out of the Red Fairy Book. If the people are dolts enough to let you keep the job, why put unpleasant ideas into their heads?"

"Oh, father"—the young prince was very pale—"forgive me for saying it, but I do believe you are a cynic!"

"Of course I am," answered the king cheerfully. "That's better than being the only other thing a king can be."

"What's that?"

"A blithering fool," answered the king. "How can a king with any sense respect his people? He sees them bawling their beery cheers first about some rather ordinary human being like yourself, for example, Ernie, and then he sees them cheering one of your silly uniforms stuffed with wax. The only way a king who pretends to be civilized can regard his subjects is as dupes."

The young prince lay scowling at the cupids. He was thinking deeply. He said at last:

"I know. You are saying this to try me. You are testing my faith in the inherent strength of royalty. It was weak of me to doubt. That dummy business today did hit me hard; but, after all, it was only a desperate ruse that by chance succeeded. You pretended it is quite the usual thing; but, of course, it isn't. I implore you to tell me that it isn't, father."

The king lit a cheroot and replied in an anecdotal tone:

"When I was your age, Ernie, I had a beautiful set of whiskers and a still more beautiful set of ideals about the sanctity of my position and all that. I still have the whiskers. My dear old father suggested that I grow the whiskers. 'You haven't much of a chin,' he said to me. 'I think you'd better keep your loyal subjects in the dark about that. A king can be human, but not too damn human. Also, there's another reason—whiskery men all look pretty much alike.' I did not understand then what he was talking about; but many years later, after his death, I did. I was scheduled to go to some dismal provincial town and knight some pestilential bounder of a mayor. I'd been performing a lot of royal chores, including the coronation mumbo-jumbo, and I was a bit fed up. The more I thought of going to that town the more bored I grew. But of course I had to go. Was I not a king? I took myself and my duties terribly seriously, even as you do, Ernie."

The king unashed his cheroot in a gold tray and went on:

"Yes, I felt that only a king full of blue blood could possibly knight a fellow properly. However, on the night before the ceremony I drank a magnum of champagne, and then made the strategic error of adding a few glasses of 1812 brandy. Alcohol is no respecter of royalty. In the morning I perceived that if I tried to knight the fellow I'd probably decapitate him. Here was a pretty kettle of whitebait. I was at my wit's end when Lord Crockinghorse, my secretary, bobbed up with an idea. He'd had it on ice for some time, it appeared. He produced a whiskery blighter who opened oysters in a fried-fish shop; the fellow smelled most evilly of shellfish, but he looked exactly like me. In my condition at that time I could hardly tell him from myself. Crockinghorse coolly proposed that the whiskery oysterman should take my place. I was shocked inexpressibly. An oysterman substituting for a king! What a devastating and yet absurd thought! I felt just as you do now, Ernie."

The king blew a smoke ring and continued:

"Well, Crockinghorse won his point, and we dressed up the whiskery blighter in my most garish uniform, told him if he said a syllable more than 'yes' or 'no' we'd murder him, and taught him a speech which went: "'My loyal subjects [pause for cheers] I am overcome by this reception. [Pause.] I can only say thank you, thank you, thank you.' We packed him off in his pea-green uniform and next day the papers all said, 'His Majesty performed his part in the ceremony with exceptional grace and dignity.'"

The prince in his bed moaned; the king, with a shrug, continued:

"Oh, I was all cut up for days! Felt deucedly unnecessary. But at last light dawned and the more I thought of the whole affair the more it entertained me. I ended by hiring the whiskery blighter at twenty-five goobecs a week, gave him a room in the palace near the kitchen and a lot of oysters to amuse himself with, and whenever I got tired of kinging I trotted to Paris or somewhere incog and left the corner-stone laying to my oystery friend. He became rather better at it than I. Oh, I had to do it, Ernie! If I hadn't had a genuine vacation now and then I should have got squirrels in the cupola, absolutely."

The prince had aged perceptibly during this recital. His voice quavered as he asked, "And where is the fellow now?"

"Oh, I still use him," answered the king. "Only last week I sent him down to Wizzelborough to lay the corner stone of the new cathedral. You were there, Ernie. Didn't you notice anything peculiar?"

The prince's reply was faint-voiced.

"I did notice that the cathedral smelled uncommonly oystery," he said. He drew in his breath; his manner was that of a drowning man making a last desperate effort to save himself.

"Father," he said, "I am crushed by what you tell me. I can't believe that what you say is true of all royal persons. Somethin' in here"—the prince laid a manicured hand on the spot on the bosom of his lavender pajamas where he believed his heart to be—"tells me that there are still kings who respect the traditions of royalty, who are themselves and nothing else. I appeal to Your Zabonian Serenity to reassure me about this, to give me back my faith in myself and my position. They wouldn't do a thing like this in Zabonia! Oh, tell me they wouldn't!"

The Emperor of Zabonia tossed away his scented cigarette.

"You gentlemen," he said in his slow, thick voice, "have confided in me. I'm going to return the compliment. I am not the Emperor of Zabonia. I'm just an old actor from the Imperial Stock Company who happens to look like the emperor. He is usually too tight to go to public functions or pay royal visits, so he sends me."

In the morning the young prince pulled a velvet bell cord and his valet entered.

"Tomorrow," said the prince, "I'm supposed to ride through the city and be pelted with flowers. It's an old tradition or some such rot. Will you please take that dummy there in the corner, dress him in my uniform as honorary rear admiral of the Royal Submarine Fleet, seat him in the royal carriage and drive him around in my place?"

The valet bowed. The prince picked up the morning newspaper and turned to the sporting page.

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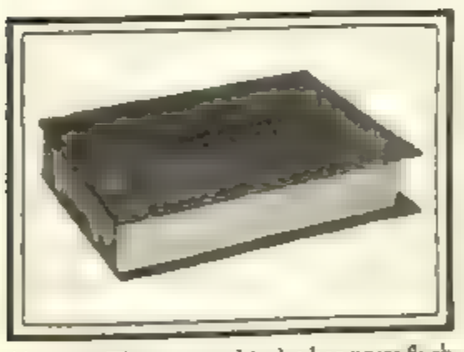

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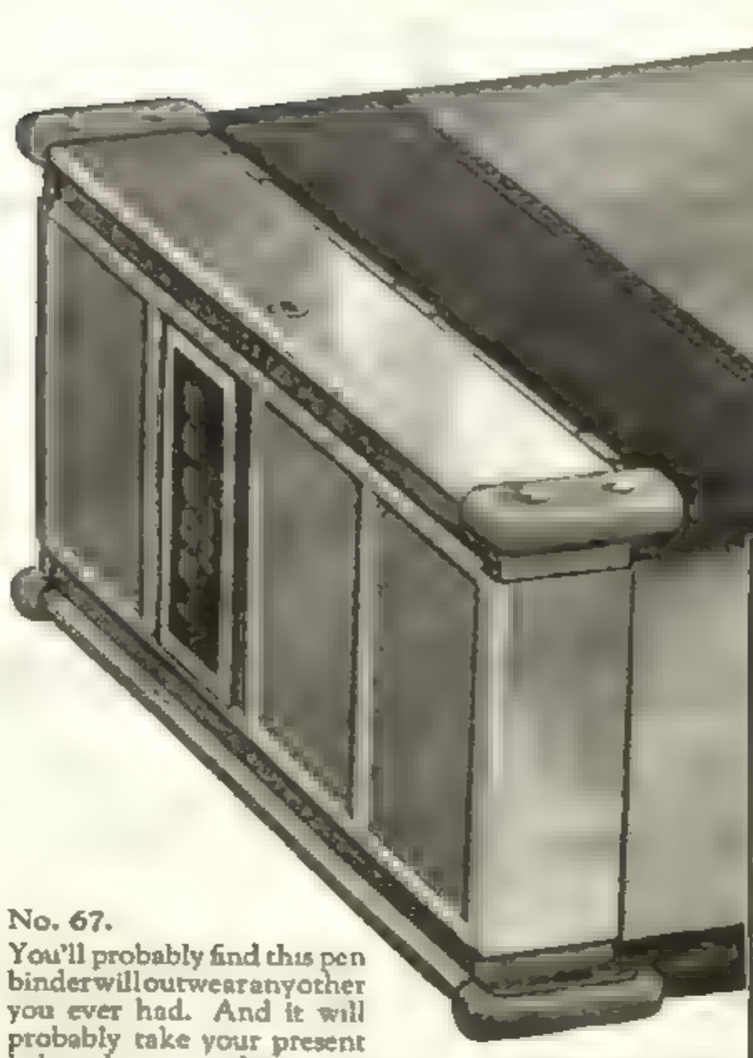

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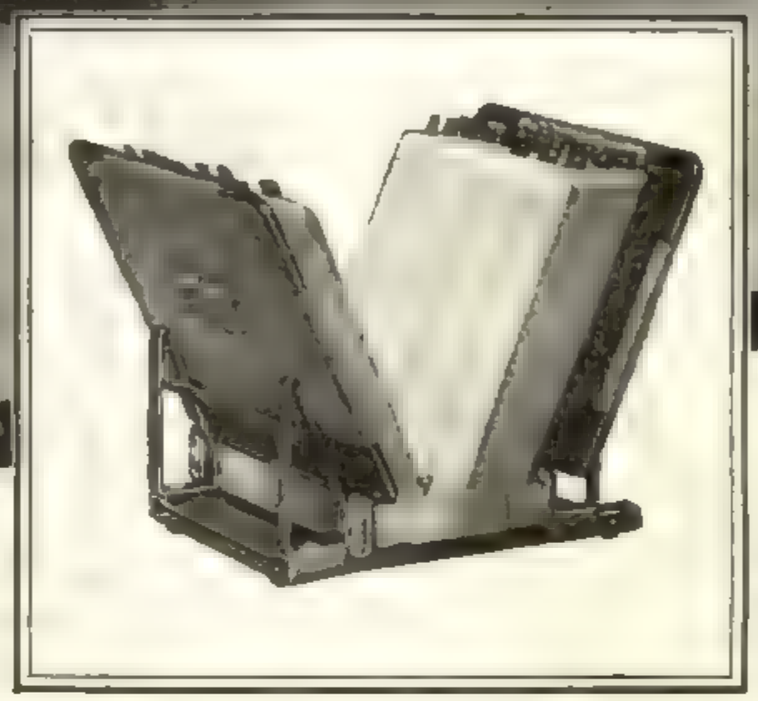

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WHAT a Letter about Leather you can write, out of your own experience!

Those shoes of yours, with soles that it seemed would never wear out . . . there is a practical reason back of that wear.

Leather is so tough because the living hide is made of millions on millions of springy fibres, bundled tight together, and tunneled with tiny pores. Tanning makes these fibres even tougher than nature made them.

As you tread on a leather sole, it "gives" just enough to make walking easy. Through the pores, the foot's heat escapes. Your skin breathes through leather, your feet stay cool. Yet you have the sure feel of firmness and protection underfoot.

Some mother will be sure to seize on such traits of leather to win herself a prize with a letter about how well it suits her children's foot-needs. Mothers wisely trust busy, tender, growing feet to honest leather. It lets them grow straight and sturdy; keeps them dry, cool and comfortable. And saves money besides! For leather wears so wonderfully long!

Most likely some prize-winner's letter will deal with the style which only good leather soles and heels retain in shoes. It takes a sound foundation of solid leather to hold the whole shoe shapely. Any business girl, whose limited means must keep her trimly shod, soon learns how good leather underneath keeps shoes style-fresh.

Many another merit of leather will furnish themes for cash-winning letters. Its endurance under severest use—as you observe it in leather belts which have been driving machinery year after year; or in old, old sole-leather trunks, which have been banged around the travel-routes of the world for years, and still remain staunch and sightly.

Sole leather is used for cogs and gears in machinery, because such parts run silently and wear out very slowly indeed.

On sea and land, you find sturdy leather much used where the elements would soon destroy other substances. Leather stands the weather! How many know that—and will write letters to prove it!

Nothing takes the place of Leather

The best Letter about Leather will earn $2000.00 cash.

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All told, 118 cash prizes, amounting to $5000.00, for Letters about Leather.

How well it will pay to write such letters! Fix your mind on the 118 Cash Prizes that are within your own reach. Set your ambition at nothing short of the Two Thousand Dollars first prize. What is to keep you from winning it?

Write your Letter about Leather! That is the one important thing for you to do to-day. Address your letter to:

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AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS

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Rules of the Contest

1—Letters must be written in the English language, and on only one side of the paper.

2—The competitor's name and address must be written at the top of the first page of the letter.

3—The letter must be mailed in a sealed stamped envelope. *No post cards will be considered.*

4—There shall be no limits to the length a letter may be, and any competitor may send in as many letters as desired.

5—This Contest shall be freely open to anyone, anywhere.

6—The first prize will be awarded to the contestant whose letter on the subject, "Nothing Takes the Place of Leather," is the best in the opinion of the judges.

7—The Contest opens officially June 30, 1923, and closes October 31, 1923.

8—In case of tie, both or all tying contestants will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

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Tanning is one of the nation's great industries which touches the life of every citizen. It is unprotected by tariff of any kind. The return upon capital invested in the business of tanning sole and belting leather is less than that of almost any other major industry. In order to place the facts about the industry before the public and awaken a consciousness of the value of good leather, this advertising campaign is undertaken by a group of the principal sole and belting leather tanners.

HOW MISSIONARIES HELP FOREIGN TRADE

(Continued from Page 7)

He thrashed a wool shipper one day right in the consulate.

"Please, sir," he pleaded when I interfered, "this low miscreant sought to cheat the Government of America. Into bales of wool, designed for Boston, looking clean from without, he hath surreptitiously concealed pounds of refuse and other extraneous matter."

On the wall over my desk hung an engraving of Roosevelt. To this portrait he showed the greatest deference, and always spoke of T. R. as the King of America.

The increased earning power—and therefore the buying power—of the thousands of natives who have been graduated from these mission schools now amounts to many millions a year. These students, imitating their white teachers, soon want to wear European-style clothing, hats and shoes, and to carry watches and fountain pens. Many who can afford it buy typewriters, bicycles, cameras and sporting goods. One mission school at Penang estimates that the earning power of its graduates is increased, on the average, from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a month.

As in the case of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, business-training courses have been added to the curriculum of many mission schools in India, China and Latin-America. Many a worried branch manager looking after the upcountry interests of an American firm of world-wide activities has solved his problem of where to get trained office help by calling on these mission schools. Should you plan, for example, to open an oil agency, a branch bank or trading post at Boma, Bagdad or Teheran, you couldn't afford to export costly American stenographers, bookkeepers and office boys, even if you could find hardy lads willing to abandon the jazz and movies of American life and stick to this exile in lonely foreign parts. As for translators and interpreters, the educated Arab, Indian or Chinese native who knows English is your only hope—and usually he's a product of some mission school. You may, if you're unusually gifted, retain enough of your own high-school French to translate "*Ma pauvre tante est tombée dans le jardin et s'est cassée le cou.*" But in many a dusty Eastern bazaar where you want to sell cotton goods, hardware or farm implements, French or German is about as useful as ancient Greek in Oklahoma. Time and again missionaries themselves have acted as translators for traders, or have put them in touch with native students who could do this important work.

Sometimes the hopeful natives expect miracles. The American school at Sholapur, in India, got a letter from a native whose son had been sent to study.

Immigrant Plants

"If you will kindly try to read his phrenology," the doting father wrote, "his physiognomy and graphology, you must discover as the most promising boy to turn him out to be President of America as James Garfield, Lincoln and others."

Even in mission life many a comedy is staged. In early Honolulu days a chief, quite naked, called on a missionary. Being reproved for this, he went back to his hut, and returned wearing a pair of women's stockings and a tile hat!

From the 9,000,000 navel-orange trees in America our fruit growers get a yearly yield worth from $25,000,000 to $35,000,000. Of all foreign fruit trees ever brought to America this is by far the most valuable; and we owe it all to a Yankee named Schneider, a missionary down in Bahia, Brazil, who first found these trees growing there and took enough active interest in business outside his church work to pack a dozen young trees and send them to the Bureau of Foreign Seeds and Plants at Washington. Of course, some other enterprising American—sooner or later—might have done the same thing; just as some other American might have discovered and sent over from Korea a wonderful salt-marsh clover which, experts in the Department of Agriculture say, is likely to become of great forage value to the stock raisers of our South. Only he didn't!

"We correspond with missionaries and consuls all over the world," they told me at the Department of Agriculture, "and the public is under lasting obligations to these people—spending their lives in foreign exile—for the help they give in obtaining what we call immigrant plants; that is, new fruits, grains, forages and textile plants that can be grown profitably in America."

Nasty as quinine is, there's nothing to do but grin and swallow it when malaria hits you. Observing some Indians chewing the leaves of an odd plant in Peru, a missionary asked them why they did it. To cure fever, they answered. It was the cinchona plant. The mission man sent some of the leaves back to Europe, and thus our civilization learned to use quinine.

At Chi-fu, in China, I ate pears from trees shipped all the way out there from New England; and it was Bishop Harris who set out the first apple trees in Northern Japan, and thus the orchards there were started.

Probably our farm-machinery firms owe more foreign sales to direct missionary effort than does any other class of Yankee manufacture. *Cruce et Aratro*, or With Cross and Plow, was the watchword of the Middle Age German monks. So with our Yankee missions, the plow, the chisel and the saw are important factors in the greater gospel work.

One of the most romantic Anglo-Saxon figures in India today is the famous Yankee missionary-farmer, Sam Higginbottom. Acting wholly on this man's advice, a noted Indian rajah in one year placed orders in America for a cool $1,000,000 worth of tractors and farm machinery.

Higginbottom's Model Farm

Going to Allahabad as a common or garden missionary, Higginbottom saw that India's greatest need is better farming methods.

"If the Government and missions are justified in any kind of education," he asked, "are they not justified in that kind of education which most directly concerns the most Indians? Should we not teach these people to get more out of their soil?"

Convinced of this, he hastened back to America, finished a two-year course in agriculture and animal husbandry at the Ohio State University, and went back to India. But he took with him many thousands of dollars he'd raised in vacation times to help start the model farm he had in mind. To equip this mission farm many American concerns have donated such implements as tractors, threshing machines, reapers, and a deep-well pumping outfit, with a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons of water a day, for irrigation. There are modern barns, too, bungalows, engine rooms, and even an up-to-date laboratory for agricultural research.

Soon the natives took notice, and boys from every caste flocked to learn American farm methods.

"To see a poor Christian convert from the street-sweeper caste plowing in a field alongside a wealthy Brahman of the highest rank is a sight that makes old-time India rub its eyes in amazement," declared one visitor. "A Hindu of the most sacred caste, himself a landowner, holding 10,000 acres, became a student and perspired with the best of them on the mission farm."

In fact this model Yankee farm and the missionary who built it up aroused so much interest that the Maharaja of Gwalior came to Higginbottom and induced him to take charge of the agriculture throughout the whole state of Gwalior, allowing him a princely budget for this work. Result, more American farm machines for India. Then came the maharajas of other Indian states—Bikanir and Jodhpur—also looking for Yankee expert farm missionaries. Higginbottom helped as best he could, and not long ago became farm adviser to a group of states—Kotah, Rutlam, Jalawar, Dhar, Jaora and Benares—a realm more than twice as big as Great Britain. When the Imperial Conference on Agricultural Education was held at Simla he was made a member. Time and again high British officials have asked his advice. Probably no other American ever wielded so much influence in India. It has been estimated that 100,000,000 farmers are being benefited by his work.

Behind famine is flood, and behind flood is the scarcity of trees, reasoned Prof. Joseph Bailie, of the Nanking Christian College. So he started a school of forestry. Now, on hundreds of once treeless hills in China, extensive areas of young forests have been started. So successful were the American missionaries in arousing public interest in afforestation that even the harried and bewildered Peking government took official notice. It had already made some progress, with a government school, assisted by the American chief of our Bureau of Forestry at Manila. Coöperating with the mission school, and to stimulate wider interest, it established a national arbor day. By odd coincidence—or maybe design—this Chinese national arbor day falls on an old imperial holiday called Cheng Ming. On that day, till lately, it was the Chinaman's duty to go out, chop down and burn all shrubs, bushes or young trees found growing around the graves of his ancestors. Now many provincial officials have caught the tree-planting idea; and at Nanking College a tree-seed exchange has been set up, and everywhere thousands of school children are being taught the value of forests.

To our own Florida and California fruit growers there may be something of value, too, in the study of citrus-fruit diseases as carried on by missionaries at the Christian college in Canton. Here also American experts—sent to China as farm missionaries from the agricultural schools of Kansas and Pennsylvania—are busy teaching our modern methods to the Chinese.

So in China, India and Africa the Yankee farmer-preacher not only trains the native and introduces our machinery and tools, but often he aids foreign governments in shaping their agricultural policies, and thus adds enormously to American prestige.

The Kafir farmers learned how to irrigate from American missionaries, and threw away their clumsy hoes when Yankee plows appeared. Wholly through mission effort carloads of farm machinery have been sold into Africa. Till these Yankee implements came, the Kafir men—and their oxen—lay idly in the shade all day while women hoed the fields. It was the missionaries who taught these blacks how to hitch animals to a plow and make them work—and led a chief to exclaim that a plow was worth ten wives.

Unique Mediums of Exchange

The crude stone sugar mills long in use in China wasted 20 per cent of the juice. Observing this, our missionaries imported modern American sugar machines, so that both acreage and output are increasing. The stories of Grenfell's big job in Labrador, and of how our mission folk distributed reindeer in Alaska and thus increased the meat supply are known to everyone.

The meaning and the binding force of a contract are some of the lessons first taught the natives of the Kameruns by the Basel Mission; in other parts of Africa model stores are opened for teaching the methods of civilized trade. Getting money to circulate in the jungle—where only barter has been known—has tested the ingenuity and resourcefulness of many a mission worker. In one coast region of West Africa, it is said, a missionary first developed the idea of a medium of exchange by circulating bars of soap cut into different-sized squares. Trade, by direct barter, went on in British Central Africa for years, till a missionary named Laws finally got the people to using English coins. In Liberia the pay checks of American missions, purposely issued for sums as small as twenty-five and fifty cents, pass as money. In some instances, it is said, these checks circulate for years—till nearly worn out—before being presented for cashing.

Uncle Sam, rubber glutton of the world, gobbles up 261,000 tons a year; one factory alone, in good times, turns out maybe 100,000 tires a week. Today this boiled sap of a tropic tree ranks high among the world's leading industries—and it was just a humble, forgotten missionary who first found the South American Indians using crude-rubber articles, and brought this strange substance to the attention of civilization.

From Peking to Punta Arenas empty Yankee oil cans—the nice, square, shiny ones—have become a household necessity. Whether as kitchen utensil, standard of measure, roofing material or as a sheer decoration in the native hut, these tins are widely in use. They even pass as money—and all because missionaries first used oil and cheap oil lamps, and so got the natives started. The big annual imports of Yankee illuminating oil in Korea and many other regions are directly due to mission influence. Into Korea, also, an American woman mission worker took the first sewing machine, and now we sell thousands of dollars' worth there every year.

So it is with phonographs, typewriters, bicycles, fountain pens, clocks and tools. The first well-boring machines in Syria were set up by the Yankee missions; Presbyterians took the first cameras to Peking and soon afterwards the natives began ordering them, and opening public photograph galleries whose supplies were all bought in America. Yankee windmills, made in Chicago, are scattered throughout all of North China.

Raising chickens seems an odd way to spread the gospel. But one missionary stationed at Etah, in India, gets regular shipments of blooded chickens from away back at Coatesville, Pennsylvania. By selling them cheap he has put thousands of natives in some fifty villages in position to grow poultry for the markets of Delhi, Agra, Lucknow and Cawnpore.

Another Yankee, the Rev. W. H. Hollister, has set up a plow factory in Kolar, and Hindus buy American-style plows from him by the dozen. When the British Indian Government needed a good farm expert on the staff of its agricultural school at Poona, it picked an American Congregational missionary who had been graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural College. It is said that this man—using American methods and implements—has grown such fine crops on the model farm at Poona that native farmers flock in by the score to learn the American way.

Missionary Travel Books

On the dirty deck of a Chinese coaster I came upon an old acquaintance, making the Far East for an American glass factory. He was sprawled in his wicker chair, lost in a book about the Orient.

"A good book," I observed.

"A knock-out," he grunted. "Leave it to these missionary guys to get the low-down on the native. Whenever I quit the States for pagan parts I always pick up a travel book or two describing the country I'm going gunning in. I want to get something in advance on the make-up of its people. And nine times out of ten I find some sky pilot has written the book I buy."

Literary critics outside the glass trade may also agree that some of the works of Christian missionaries are among the greatest travel books ever written.

Capable and efficient as he may be, the Yankee oil scout, engineer or motor salesman no matter how long he lives on the China coast—never gets into the family life of the native. He fails to gain that intimate knowledge of the Chinese mind, history and institutions which the better missionary eventually acquires. Personally and directly, of course, the mission man may not be interested in the sale of plows, motor cars or sewing machines. But he is happily in sympathy with the American Government's idea that China should rule herself, and that all foreigners should have equal rights of trade and residence there. Since many Eastern mission posts are organized on a fairly big scale, there's a constant traffic between the Americans and the natives. Against ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, then, the missionary soon learns to protect his own business hide.

It is interesting—even though impracticable to speculate as to about how much, in dollars and cents, a foreign missionary may earn for the trade of his home land. Obviously much depends on where he is and the extent to which commerce has set up its own posts, communications and influences about him. Some missionary writers compare the present volume of trade in a given region with what it was before the gospel band went in—and then claim that the whole increase is due to mission influence.

As far from the mark as the absurd charge that missionaries caused the Boxer War, or that business could sell lots more goods in the East if they would stop stirring up the natives.

A British investigator once asserted that after an English missionary has been

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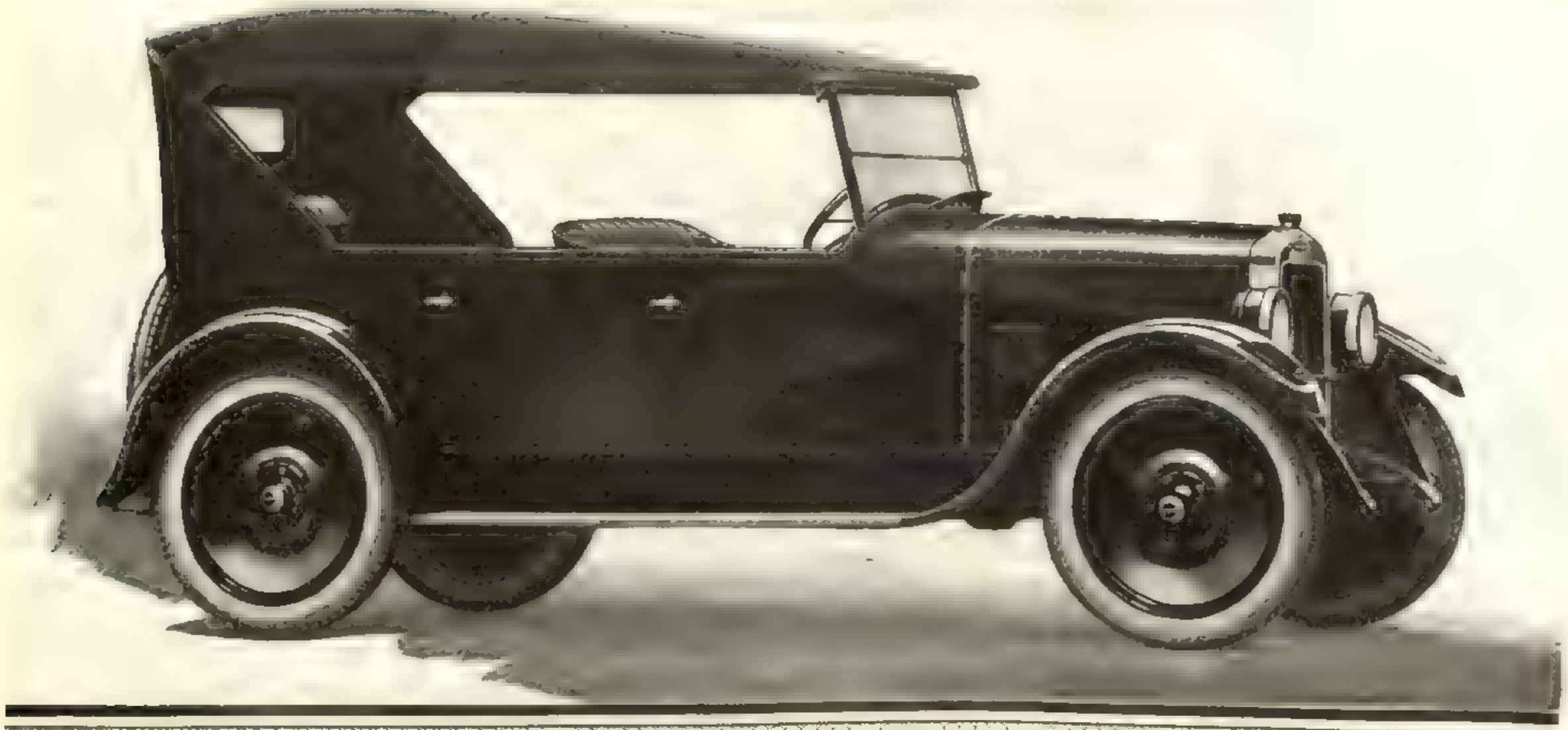

Announcing the 1924

Oak

It's Brand New—and True Blue!

Embodying Exclusive Features of Engineering Design and Superior Coachwork Never before Associated with Cars of Moderate Price.

This True Blue Oakland was deliberately built to be the most perfectly balanced, the most accurately engineered and the finest built light-six in the world. ¶ Two years have been devoted to its design, manufacture and test. Two years—plus the wealth of Oakland experience gained through many other years of exclusive light-six manufacture and the limitless resources of the General Motors Corporation in money, machinery, materials and men. ¶ From axle to axle—it's new! It embodies features of mechanical superiority—of beauty and comfort and performance—heretofore unheard of in cars of its price! Every single part—from the new engine to the new bodies—was designed and built to fit and function in perfect correlation with every other part. ¶ And because it has been so carefully designed, so soundly built and so thoroughly tested—Oakland places upon it, without hesitation, the same written 15,000 mile engine performance guarantee and the same Mileage-Basis gauge of value that have proved the quality and the value and the excellence of Oakland cars for years!

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH. ~ ~ DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Oakland

Four-Wheel Brakes—Brand New Engine
New Bodies—Centralized Controls—Disc Wheels

The finest light-six is now also the safest! Four-wheel brakes are on the True Blue Oakland! But four-wheel brakes—remarkable as they are on a car of Oakland's price—are only one of the many improvements and refinements built into this new and true blue car! ¶ It has a brand new engine—smoother, quieter and more powerful than even its highly successful predecessor, the Six-44. ¶ Its beautiful new blue bodies—built by Fisher—are wider, deeper, and more luxuriously upholstered. The top is permanent, accommodating a distinctly new type of door-opening side curtains comparable in snugness and utility to the door of a closed car. ¶ A satin-wax finish stamps the open models with an individuality never before attained in cars so moderately priced. Instruments are grouped on a single glass-covered panel, indirectly lighted. Controls are centralized on the steering wheel. Disc steel wheels are standard equipment, at no added cost. ¶ See this new Oakland—see it at once! Come with a critical mind—because the more exacting you are, the more quickly will you realize that no other light-six in all the world approaches it in dollar-for-dollar merit.

Roadster *Touring Car* *Sport Roadster* *Sport Touring* *Business Coupe* *4-Passenger Coupe* *Sedan*

1 and "6"

A Nation-Wide Demonstration!

"True Blue Travelers"—of which the 1924 Oaklands are exact counterparts—start today on a remarkable tour! Traveling the routes indicated on this map, they will demonstrate, at first-hand, this new car's remarkable quality. These are part of Oakland's fleet of test cars, some of which have traveled from thirty to fifty thousand miles. Their splendid condition today—after the hardships and strains of test service—proves, and proves conclusively, not only the high quality of Oakland construction, but also the remarkably efficient performance buyers may expect from their True Blue Oaklands after months of the hardest service.

See the duplicate of these "True Blue Travelers" at any Oakland Salesroom

KAHN

Fine Custom Made Clothes

Tailored to Your Individual Measure

Kahn dealers everywhere now showing our exclusive autumn woolens

COUNTLESS MEN on the upgrade—invariably have their clothes custom-tailored-to-order. It is unthinkable to them to submerge their personalities in ordinary clothes.

Kahn Quality Tailored Clothes at
$40 to $75

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 111)

abroad twenty years he is worth £10,000 a year to British trade. James Dalzell, a Scotch missionary in Africa, figured that a Zulu kraal untouched by mission influence called for imported goods only to the extent of about ninety-six cents' worth per year per person; but that in villages where the missionaries had worked, each educated native Christian took foreign goods worth $9.60 a year.

Preachers, discussing the profits from missions as simply a secular investment in foreign lands, have pointed to Hawaii. Its civilization is peculiarly a church product, they say; yet these islands have earned for American sugar planters, pineapple growers and traders more money than all the churches in America put together have spent on world-wide mission work.

John Hutchison, a New York clergyman, once declared that the church, in her effort to Christianize the pagans, succeeds at least in adding tremendously to the world's wealth, and on this lowest possible ground she is to be regarded as a good investment.

"One religious body put $1,000,000 into the Pacific isles," he said, "and 60 per cent per annum has been paid on that investment. Statistics prove that every missionary to these islands has created an annual trade of $50,000."

This tallies closely with the Britisher's estimates. Could the good brothers have agreed to tell the same story, and stick to it?

From a Canadian Year Book I take this line: "As a Pagan, the Indian was a liability; but as a Christian, he becomes a national asset."

First Aid at the Power House

A former collector of the port of San Francisco, after a trip to the Orient, stated that, "commercially speaking, the missionaries are the advance agents for American trade, and if business men only understood this matter they would assist rather than discourage evangelical work in the East."

Some of the things we import are made by natives who learned their trade at American mission schools. The cotton-lace industry in Turkey was actually started, fostered and developed by American missionaries, till it has now become a national asset, and so adds to her means for trading with us. Here, too, our missions set up model experimental farms. Here native pupils are taught to use our tools and farming implements. Those Yankee firms who export farm machinery to the Near East owe much of their trade to this mission work. In many buildings put up for mission schools these practical pioneers are installing Yankee steam-heating apparatus, lighting and plumbing, fans, furniture, kitchen utensils, tableware, thus introducing our wares and advertising them in this long-backward region.

More than the trader, the mission man is often in a good position to see—or to suffer—the native reaction to foreign machines. At Ningpo there is a modern electric-light plant, operated by Chinese engineers. For some reason it balked lately; the wheels wouldn't turn. Try as they would—using purely American tests—the natives couldn't locate the trouble. Thereupon they called in the necromancers. Around and around this modern electric plant the medicine men marched, beating their drums to scare away the devils that had bewitched the machinery. Ridiculous as it sounds, the machinery soon began to run. Whatever the matter was, it corrected itself; but now any devil doctor in Ningpo can take his drum and get a job at the light plant!

That useful two-wheeled vehicle, the ricksha, known to every Yankee who has followed the tourist trail from Yokohama around to India, was bestowed on the East by a Yankee missionary, Jonathan Goble. That he might the easier give his invalid wife the air, he built a crude two-wheeled contraption, to be hauled by his coolie. His odd-looking wagon was cheap, comfortable and easy to haul where roads were bad and narrow. Result, others soon imitated it—in a land where man power is cheap—and in time countless thousands were in use. For millions it takes the place of tramcar and motor. Gradually the demand in China for American materials for use in ricksha construction developed into a profitable trade.

We write with twenty-six characters, against the Chinaman's 40,000. My typewriter, with twenty-six characters, weighs, say, eight pounds, and goes in my suitcase. A machine to write Chinese would—well, a steam roller might be a roller skate in comparison, except for a certain modest old Yankee missionary whom I once met in Peking. Sheffield was his name—the Rev. D. Z. Sheffield—and he built a typewriter that writes Chinese. For trade purposes he picked out 4000 of the most common and useful characters—from the 40,000 that make up the rich classic language of China—and thus put his useful invention into the hands of the Chinese. Away over in Rangoon a Baptist, with a genius for printing, built a machine for writing the Burmese language.

Wary as the Turk is of infidel inventions, he is taking rapidly to the typewriter. It saves work, which he hates worse than infidels. But even in his typing, he does things backwards. Since he writes from right to left, the carriages on typewriters sold to Turkey must be built to run accordingly, and must be equipped with Turkish characters.

At Bagdad I knew an American missionary—a Princeton man—who worked out a system of shorthand for his native pupils by taking his lines and curves from the Arabic characters. He and a colleague had a hospital at Basra, old haunt of Sindbad the Sailor, and—hostile as they were to other Christian dogs—fanatic Bedouin sheiks used to ride in on camels from desert oasis camps hundreds of miles inland for treatment at the hands of these capable Yankees. Van Ess was the Yankee's name, and it's a name to conjure with, from the Anglo-Persian oil fields on the Karun clear over to inner Arabia. Dressed as an Arab, speaking their tongue, and even arguing the Bible against the Koran—and an Arab philosopher would rather argue than eat—Van Ess still goes far and wide among these warlike zealots, where any other white man would be shot at sight. Sir William Willcocks, the English engineer who helped tame the Nile and was later hired by the Turks to restore Nebuchadnezzar's old Babylonian irrigation-works in the quondam Garden of Eden, considered Van Ess the best informed of all white men on current Arab affairs. Often the Yankee missionary was invited to accompany the great English engineer and scholar on his surveying trips through this reputed old Garden of Eden. On the flat roofs of Bagdad, on a hot Mesopotamian night, I have heard them argue theology, archæology, politics and Arab manners and customs as only men can argue who fall under the spell of the argumentative East.

Friendship Precedes Conversion

In those turbulent days only this Yankee and a certain bold Englishman dared venture off the guarded paths of trade, because of warlike Arabs. This latter, a Colonel Leachman, dyed his skin with walnut juice, dressed as an Arab and went scouting for the Indian Intelligence Office. Once the Jebel Shemmar tribe, at war with the Æneza, captured Leachman. During a battle that followed he craftily permitted himself to be captured by the Æneza, with whom he was friendly. I was dining with my British colleague one hot night on the flat roof of the Residency at Bagdad, when Leachman returned from one of his long scouting trips. He was bearded, in rags, his exhausted camel skinny and lame. The doubting guard at the compound gate refused him admission; but finally sent word to the resident that a persistent Arab, of an unknown tribe, insisted on seeing him.

Eventually the Arabs killed Leachman—a great adventurer, typical of that class which has scattered its bones over the earth since the days of Drake and Cook. But Van Ess, the missionary, is still there. For all I know, at this minute he's sitting cross-legged in some dirty desert tent of goat hair, sipping coffee and arguing theology with the wise men of the tribe. It was not his claim, at that time, that he had converted any Moslems; his first job, he said, was to gain their respect and lay a foundation of friendship and mutual confidence.

Big mission men like Van Ess aren't sent out to root for Yankee trade, of course. Yet they do, every one of them, for teaching the native to improve his mind and his economic condition is often their first step to his spiritual side. Getting him to use soap, razors, clothes and to build himself a better house, to furnish it and live better are high points in mission effort

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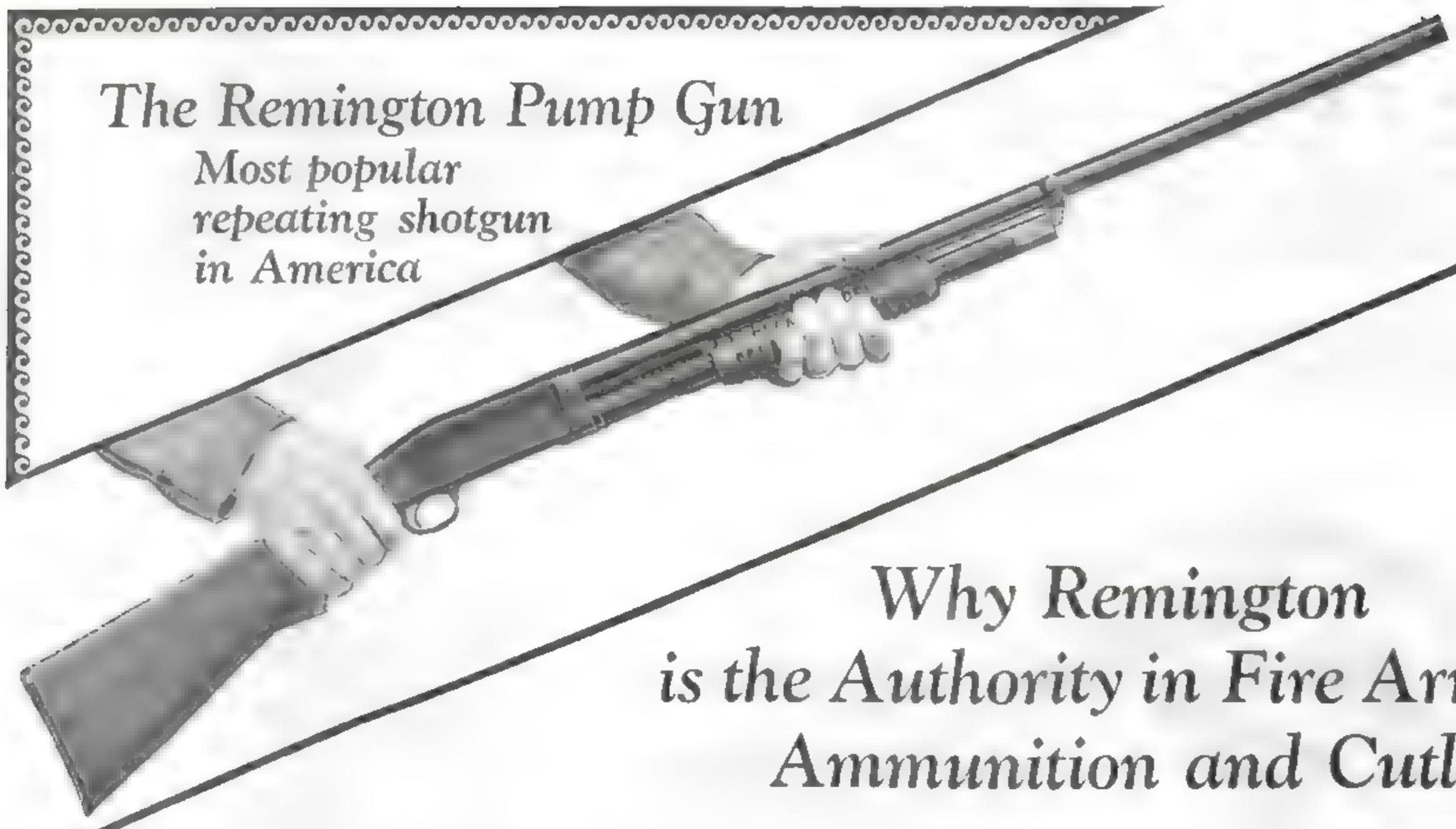


The Remington Pump Gun

Most popular repeating shotgun in America

Why Remington is the Authority in Fire Arms, Ammunition and Cutlery

IT is because Remington realized from the beginning that it had always to look *forward* that it is today one of the oldest manufacturing institutions in America.

For over a century Remington has made it a business to know what sportsmen want *before* they know themselves—and to see that they get it.

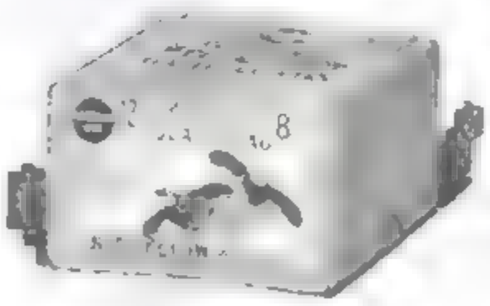
The hammerless solid-breech repeating shotgun, for example, was first made by Remington and has been constantly improved by Remington.

Today the Remington Model 10 Pump Gun is the most popular shotgun in America.

Arms experts comment on the precision and finish of every part—the result of 245 separate inspections in the Remington Plant.

And upon the fact that the receiver is *machined out of solid steel*—where many shotguns use stamped metal or even cored castings.

These things are so because that is the *Remington way*. The average man who owns a Model 10 probably doesn't know about them.



But he *does* know the result—a gun that shoots *straighter and harder* than any other pump gun he ever had in his hands, an action that never balks or clogs, a gun that seems to get *better* the longer he uses it.

* * *

Then, in ammunition, consider the Remington Game Loads.

Who but Remington took the time and trouble to find out the *facts* about loaded shells? That powder varies batch by batch. That a given weight of the same kind of powder *doesn't* always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

Who but Remington put these discoveries to *practical use* for the benefit of the sportsman?

Giving him a *specific* load for each kind of game. A load made to give *uniform shooting results*—the right velocity, the right pattern, the right penetration—whether it takes an eighth of a dram more or an eighth of a dram less of powder to do it.

* * *

Remington is one of the oldest business institutions in the United States.

But you can see for yourself that it is not age alone that makes it today the authority in fire arms, ammunition and cutlery.

Write for Booklet A—"The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads."

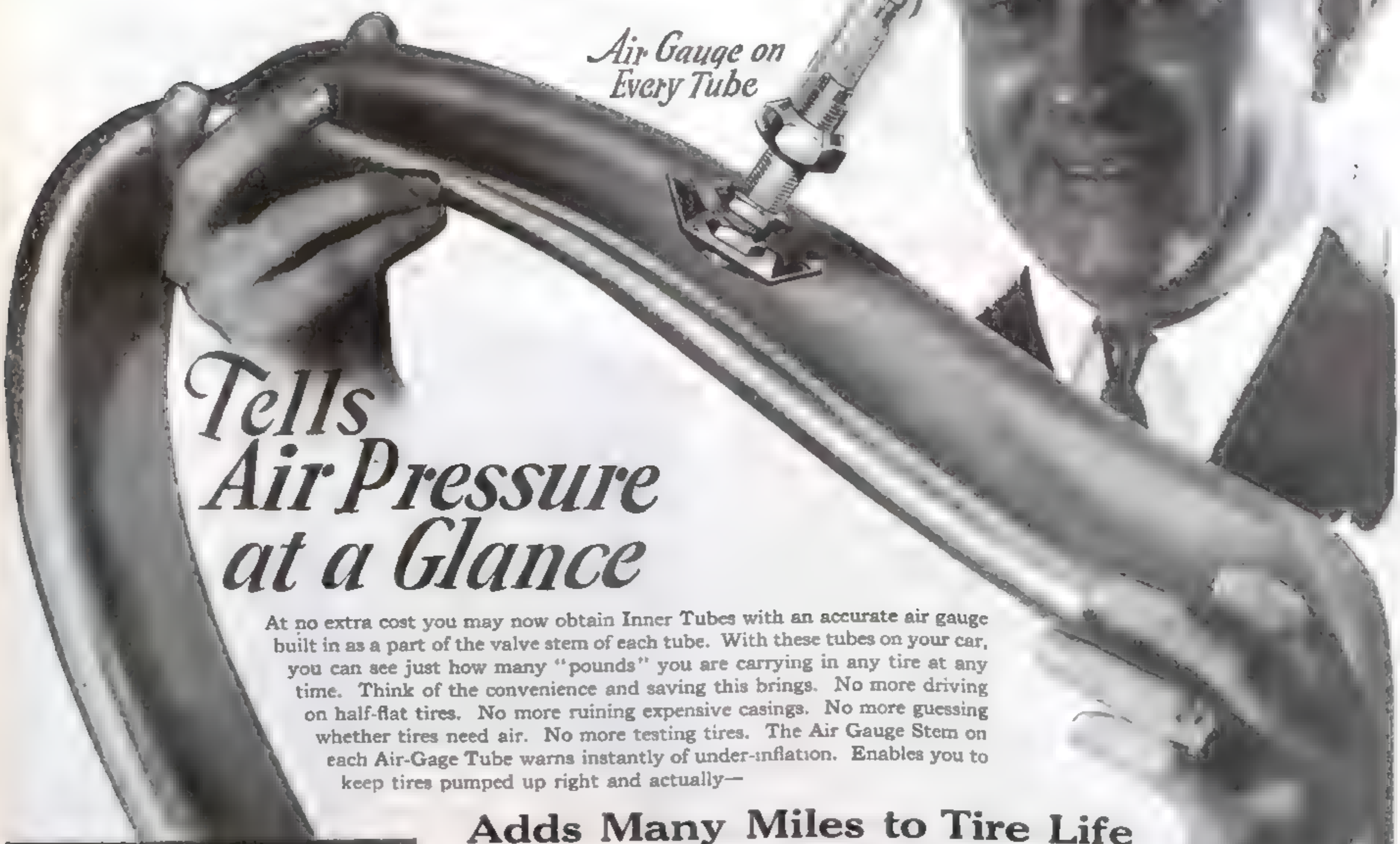
NOTE: Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* Shells. *Wetproof* means just what it says.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Here's a Real IMPROVEMENT in Inner Tubes



Tells Air Pressure at a Glance

At no extra cost you may now obtain Inner Tubes with an accurate air gauge built in as a part of the valve stem of each tube. With these tubes on your car, you can see just how many "pounds" you are carrying in any tire at any time. Think of the convenience and saving this brings. No more driving on half-flat tires. No more ruining expensive casings. No more guessing whether tires need air. No more testing tires. The Air Gauge Stem on each Air-Gage Tube warns instantly of under-inflation. Enables you to keep tires pumped up right and actually—

Adds Many Miles to Tire Life —Costs No More

No matter what car you drive or what tires you use you will want to put on Air-Gage Inner Tubes at once. For the convenience of car owners, The Paul Rubber Company employs nearly 4000 factory representatives to demonstrate Air-Gage Inner Tubes. There is one in your own neighborhood. A letter or wire to us will promptly bring him to your own home or place of business where you can see for yourself this great improvement in Inner Tubes, without obligation to buy. Air-Gage Inner Tubes, Clover Leaf Cord Tires, and Long Distance Cord Tires are sold only by "Paul Men."

The "Paul Man" Will Call at Your Home or Place of Business

Get acquainted with the "Paul Man" in your neighborhood. He will not only supply you with Air-Gage Inner Tubes but will deliver to your home choice new stock Cord Tires fresh from the factory with the full life of rubber in every tube and tire.
Let the "Paul Man" help you cut down your tire expense.
Write or wire for his name and address today.

The Paul Rubber Co., Dept. 43, Salisbury, N. C.

Look for the Paul Man." This Blue and Gold Button identifies him and protects you

MORE PAUL MEN WANTED

We already have 4000 Paul men at work. We need as many more. Men of character and ability will easily find a profitable place in the Paul organization. Write or wire us today, stating territory you can serve.

PAUL
AIR-GAGE
Extra Heavy INNER TUBES

(Continued from Page 114)

The first steam engine ever seen in India was imported by a missionary for use in a paper mill. And the natives of the South Pacific, we're told, first learned to build a boat larger than their dugouts when the Rev. John Williams rounded up the naked loafers on the Raratonga beach and made them help him construct the Messenger of Peace, a sixty-ton schooner.

Some years back, I played baseball on a nine whose other members were from the faculty of St. John's College at Shanghai. We played against Chinese students, in baggy breeches and flowing pigtails. These boys would root and razz each other in native dialect, to me merely an amazing jargon of strange squeals and clashing consonants, till one would yell out "Three strikes!" "Foul!" or "Ball one!" For the terms of the game they had no Chinese words. Since then, due first to mission-school effort, baseball, tennis, basket ball and football have a lead among native circles in China, Japan, India and the Philippines till hundreds of thousands—both boys and girls—now play. It would be interesting to know just how much the sporting-goods makers of the world have profited selling their wares in the East since missionaries introduced these games.

Passing a mission school in Tientsin one day, I saw a native convert struggling in the street in an odd predicament. His new bicycle had just come out from Chicago and he was learning to ride. Accidentally his long pigtail had got caught in the rear sprocket wound around the cogwheel there—and thus pulled him off backwards. Jeering Chinese crowded about as I disentangled the boy's hair and helped him pick up his wheel.

"They say it serves him right," my interpreter explained, "for following the foreign-devil joss business and trying to ride this crazy Christian wagon."

Blazing the Trade Trail

Today, however, the Far East is one of the world's best bicycle markets, thanks in large part to the fact that missionaries first rode them, and natives gradually followed.

It is said the Americans and Canadians combined keep over 54,000 workers in the field. The distribution of American-made goods through this group alone reaches proportions which few people realize. Around each of these mission posts a community of buyers wanting American goods is developed. One mission board sent a whole shipload of Oregon pine to Shanghai. The building hardware for use in mission structures comes almost entirely from the States, and it is estimated that the property holdings of Yankee missions abroad is in excess of $150,000,000.

"The missions make excellent free-advertising mediums for American producers," wrote Spencer Eddy from our legation in Turkey.

And our consul-general there added: "In all our efforts to extend American commerce, the opening of American expositions and agencies, and the introduction of new articles of manufacture, missionaries have been willing pioneers, blazing the way for our exporters."

In his History of American Baptist Missions Merriam declares that every trade in Burma has received an impetus from the labors of missionaries. Mechanical and agricultural implements are imported from America, he says; clothing of every sort is demanded; the arts of the printing press are brought into use; the improved houses required by the people, as well as the schoolhouses and churches, create a demand for builders' hardware. . . . Hardly a line of manufactures of civilized lands is not used to some extent by the converts.

If you follow the growth of trade in the Far East you will see how closely it keeps step with the advance of mission work and influence. It is said that no one has ever yet been able to get a railroad concession through territory where no missionaries have operated. In many a remote region you will find the missionary and no trader; seldom, however, a trader without a missionary.

The British public, far more than the American, is wide awake to the commercial value of missions. The official India Year Books—the reports of government departments—all testify to what missions do for trade.

"In almost every instance," a China correspondent of the London Standard wrote, "where new trade centers, ports and settlements have been opened in the Far East, the missionary pioneer has been the first student and interpreter, geologist, historian and schoolmaster, and his example and instructions have first aroused the desire for those commercial wares of ours which subsequently drew forth the trader."

Though trade does not thrive entirely on man's desire for higher culture, cleaner morals and better living conditions, yet the world's greatest trading nations are those where honesty, fairness and moral precepts are observed. William H. Seward, the first among all our statesmen to foresee our tremendous future on the Pacific, is quoted as saying that the whole hope of human progress depends on the spread of Bible influence. In advocating the purchase of Alaska, we are told, he was inspired by tales of riches as told by those Yankee missionaries who knew more about it then than did any other Americans.

That the exporter to non-Christian lands can sell most goods in those regions where the missionary has worked is proved by the geography of trade itself. To establish a new market the prospective buyers to whom we show our wares must be sufficiently educated in civilized standards to take an interest in their quality and price, and to show a certain susceptibility to our offers.

When we seek to sell sporting goods and musical instruments to an inferior race our sales are limited by the foreigner's capacity to use and enjoy these new things. In other words, man's impulse to trade does not always arise from economic conditions alone.

It is in the arousing and training of intelligence, then, and the quickening of interest and insight into America and American products, that the missionaries and their schools have been of singular value to our commerce.

Today the export of condensed milk to Japan is a constant item in our Eastern trade. I am informed by an official of the State Department, who served many years in that country, that it was the missionaries who first introduced American canned milk and instructed the Japanese how to use it as baby food.

"One Yankee missionary I know," said this same official, "translated a famous American cookbook into Japanese, and thus exerted a useful influence on the culinary art of the country. One of these books was in use at the consulate kitchen, and the Japanese cooks hailed it with glee."

An Engineer Pro Tem.

Till our missionaries in many Chinese provinces first built houses with glass windows, the use of glass for this purpose was unknown. Their example, however, was of enormous advertising value to the glass trade, as their example was soon followed by the natives. Throughout the whole Eastern world literally hundreds of cases are on record where the missionary's first use of American tools, farm implements, vehicles, furniture, talking machines, clocks, bicycles, and so on, served to advertise these things and led to their adoption and wide sale where previously no demand had existed. Through the example of one pioneer drug store, run by a mission, the sale of Yankee rubber goods, meat extracts, condensed milk and toilet articles was taken up by competing native shops.

Trade up the Congo was long hampered by rapids on the lower reaches of this river. Finally the mission workers built a small steamer called the Peace—in 800 pieces, which were carried on men's heads through 225 miles of jungle and assembled near Matadi. Two English engineers, who were to have been at Stanley Pool to help put the craft together, died of fever—so the Rev. George Greenfell did the job himself! The missionaries, using the Peace and other boats later brought in, pioneered the thousands of miles of navigable streams in the Congo State and opened this region to trade—and then came the railway.

The story of the commercial conquest of Uganda, and the building of its first railway, that Mombassa-Port Florence key to the Nile Valley, is a striking example of missionary commercial pioneering. For thirteen years, amid astounding adventure, constant peril—and with sad losses of life—the bold British preachers of the gospel stayed alone in this jungle, without any protection whatever from their government. They went in to preach and not to promote

PATTON'S

Sun-Proof Paint

Every Home Is Weather Beaten

BUT only some of them show it. Many an old house retains its youth through years of storms, years of beating sunshine.

It all depends on the paint!

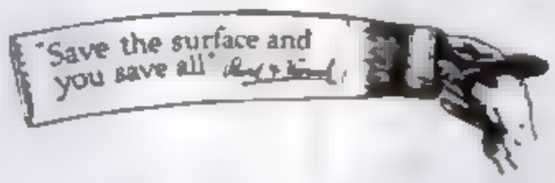
The sun's burning rays blister and burn poor paint. Rain and the moisture of early morning creep in the crevices. Soon the house looks weather beaten—it *is* weather beaten, for decay and rot have started their work.

The home that is painted with Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is protected. It is covered with a non-porous coat that defies the elements. Patton's Sun-Proof Paint contracts and expands under the sun's heat and winter's cold. It will not blister. Moisture can find no opening to get at the surface of the structure.

Professional painters know Sun-Proof. They know that in addition to these wonderfully protective properties, it forms a coat that will *last*. That it is economical to use because you paint less often when you use Sun-Proof, and because it covers an unusually large surface per gallon.

When you paint your house specify Sun-Proof to your painter. It is manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, manufacturers of Patton's Velumina Flat Oil Wall Paint, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnishes and many other famous products. Whatever you need in the way of glass, paint or varnish, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.

Good paint is worth a good brush



PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS - Manufacturers - PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee, Wis. • Newark, N.J.

Jack Tar Togs

THEY *will* play with strange dogs, slide down cellar doors and imitate circus acrobats. The only thing to do is to dress them in clothes that will launder well, wear well and stand up under strains.

Jack Tar Togs for Boys have a sturdiness in seams and fabric that keeps them out of the mending basket. The trouser bottoms and leg seams are made with nearly one-inch extra material, if you want to let them out a little.

They come in a variety of wool and cotton fabrics and in manly styles that please boyish hearts. In sizes 2 to 10.

The boy with the dog has on Jack Tar Togs **Boy's Suit No. 1349.** *Button-on model, waist blue, brown, etc. Wool tweed collar, cuffs, trousers. Collar and cuffs silk braid trimmed and may be detached. Sizes 2 to 8.*

His chum is wearing Jack Tar Togs **Boy's Suit No. 1340.** *Button-on model of wool jersey. Slash pocket in blouse, collar and cuffs silk braid trimmed. In brown or heather. Large all-around silk tie. Sizes 2 to 8.*

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THE STROUSE-BAER CO.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

commerce. Gradually, however, traders ventured in and joined hands with the missionaries. In the end, what with church efforts and the influence of the East Africa Company, the British declared a protectorate over Uganda.

That famous dogged little band of Scotch churchmen who invaded Nyasaland were equally bold and determined, and helped establish the British Central Africa Protectorate. These thrifty Scotch, true to racial form, began to trade with the jungle folk the day after they got there. They had to trade or starve, for in no other way could they get supplies. Incidentally, it made their own lives safer. It kept the savage mind off murder, tribal wars, and got him interested in things from the outside world. Gradually the Scotch taught the blacks to start farming and to go in for trade.

"Districts which, within easy memory," The Saturday Review once said, "were among the darkest on earth—abodes of horrid cruelty—are now turning out tea, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo, rubber and oil."

It was these Scotch pioneers who introduced grain growing in Nyasaland. They initiated the blacks into trade by beginning with one basket of grain at a time. Before long this grew to trade by the ton; and then the chiefs, convinced that they were sure of substantial returns at harvest time, began to use their surplus men, instead of selling them to slavers, for planting and reaping. It was not long before the volume of business got so big that the missionaries alone couldn't swing it. So they persuaded crafty Scotchmen at home to set up the African Lakes Trading Corporation, and in time scores of trading steamers belonging to this concern plied the waters of Nyasa and Tanganyika.

Father Algue's Invention

The whole fur trade of our northern regions was once in French hands—through Jesuit mission effort. Their far-flung activities have covered every branch of science and every country on earth. Only scientists themselves know what science—and geography and history and ethnology—owes to the Jesuits. Father Barnum wrote the first Eskimo grammar.

Today, in the American shipping and marine insurance world, the name of one Jesuit is known wherever our flag flies. Many lives and millions of dollars' worth of shipping and cargo are saved from loss by storms every year through the genius of this Jesuit—Father José Algue, who presides over the observatory at Manila and broadcasts his warnings of approaching typhoons. To him hundreds of skippers come every year to have their ship chronometers compared and rated. But in all Father Algue's services to commerce and navigation, nothing has been of more practical value than that curious instrument invented by him and called the barocyclonometer. Hardly a ship now sails the typhoon zones without this cyclone detector on board. By means of it a skipper may detect the approach of a typhoon when it is still several days off, and escape the storm center by changing his course.

If he merely sang and prayed the modern missionary would soon be fired by the board that sent him out—even if some of us do think of him merely as a white man under a coconut tree, Bible in hand, preaching to a few half-clad, chocolate-hued morons who ought to be at work. Certain recent fiction tales and plays, however, are apt to leave the impression that the missionary is at best an impractical chap; that when he has finally converted a few coolies or coaxed some grass-girdled island queen to put on a Mother Hubbard and come to church, his life ambition is realized. If some of us hold this view it's partly because whatever accounts the missionaries write of their secular work in trade schools, experimental farms and hospitals are usually printed only in church papers—seldom seen by those who see the latest plays, Babe Ruth, The Follies, the best sellers—and whose snap judgment is that all missionaries are odd birds.

Many an exporter never heard perhaps that American books on mining, irrigation, farming, chemistry, engineering and electrical science are being translated into Chinese—and given wide circulation—by our missions out there. Useful books like Man and His Markets and The Commercial Geography of Foreign Nations and many other practical works have been issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge. Thus through all the East, in various languages, the natives can now read of our business methods, technical arts and commercial progress.

No better example of the missionary's value in arousing ambition and bringing a backward people into a friendly attitude towards civilization can be found than we see in this wide use of the printing press. Every year, for decades past, they have printed hundreds of tons of reading matter. This mission activity alone has sold thousands of American-built presses and other printing machinery throughout the Far East, India and Africa; every year commerce collects hundreds of thousands of dollars from the sale of paper, machinery, type, ink, electrotyping and type-setting machines, and other tools of journalism and the publishing business.

Some of these mission shops do as wide a variety of job work and printing as many publishing houses in America. One small plant at Singapore earns a tidy fortune every year. It is said to publish more books than all other print shops in the Straits Settlements put together. It has eighty men on its pay roll, only three of whom are Europeans. Literature is printed in eight different languages. Throughout all the East you find that a large percentage of those natives who follow the printer's trade learned it from these mission presses. The mission folk say that in putting out a large volume of low-priced but carefully chosen reading matter they are able to reach and influence a great and growing army of readers all over the East.

The first savings bank in India was set up by the missionaries at Serampur and later the Provident Fund was established, to rescue converts from the usury of money lenders. The first savings bank in Siam was a missionary enterprise, and it was the Dutch missions that started the banking business in Java. In Assam, too, missionaries formed a company to lend money to native farmers, who till then had paid 100 per cent, compounded annually.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of men in mission work would be worth ten times what they're getting now if they cared to accept jobs as agents for business firms in the regions where they've served as missionaries. I know personally one American who, as a mission worker, earns less than the average night watchman. Because of his knowledge of conditions in the Near East he was offered an excellent position here in the States—at many times his present pay. It didn't interest him.

Aiding the State Department

There are exceptions, of course, to the rule that the missionary goes ahead of trade. One of these is the world-wide distribution of a certain Yankee sewing machine.

"It is undoubtedly true that our efforts in selling have been closely related to missionary effort in evangelization," said the president of this great American corporation whose machines have covered the earth. "We work hand in hand with the missionary; sometimes we have been in advance of him, and at other times he has led the way."

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, an American mission worker, says that he once fell in, while on an inland journey, with a caravan of 2000 camels, and that more than half the animals were laden with cotton piece goods from New York. And into every Arab town where he ventured—even in remote hamlets where the Bedouins had never seen a Bible or heard the story of Christianity—he found a well-known Yankee sewing machine in use.

Our cautious State Department is traditionally too tight and tongue-tied and far too polite ever even to hint at what it must really think about certain overzealous and tactless missionaries of whose troubles and tragedies you may read in the published volumes of Foreign Relations. Treading gently this thin ice, we may at least infer that it knows—better than anybody else—that now and then mission boards have sent agents to the foreign field who might better have been left back home to drive a milk wagon or run a cigar stand on some quiet side street.

On the other hand, the State Department is not unmindful of what the great body of missionaries has done to establish American culture, methods and merchandise in foreign lands. More than once impious critics have come pounding at its classic portals, wanting to know why our

taxpayers should support a consul at Kharput or Timbuktu, just to protect the lives of a few obstinate Yankee gospel folk bent on saving a few equally obstinate heathen. Some people, at the time, even insisted that it was the mission activity which, indirectly, brought on the Sepoy Rebellion and the Boxer War.

To Uncle Sam, however, in his long fight to gain the open door for American trade in the Far East, the right kind of Yankee missionary has probably been just as helpful as diplomats and consuls. Some of our earlier ministers, in fact, depended absolutely on the experienced missionaries, without whose help official intercourse would have been impossible. When Uncle Sam sent Caleb Cushing to Peking to negotiate our first treaty with China two famous Yankee missionaries, Bridgeman and Parker, were his assistants. They knew the speech and customs of the country, and how to handle native officials. Later, when the famous treaties of Tientsin between China on one side and the United States, England, France and Russia on the other were negotiated, our minister was advised and assisted by Dr. Wells Williams, and W. A. P. Martin. These missionaries, among the greatest scholars of their time, played star rôles in these treaty negotiations. They helped write it; they induced the Chinese to sign it. By this document the lives and property of both merchants and missions were made secure for years to come. Its famous toleration clause has been called the Magna Charta of religious freedom in China. Williams was later appointed secretary and interpreter of the United States Legation in China. Our minister at Peking said of these missionaries:

"Without them, public business could not be transacted. Without their aid I could not have advanced one step in the discharge of my duties here, or read or written one word of correspondence or treaty stipulations."

Missionary Diplomats

Thus these missionaries got for Uncle Sam the right to keep a minister at Peking, together with trade facilities and freedom of travel for his merchants. In recognition of his services, our Secretary of State wrote to Doctor Williams:

"Your knowledge of the character and habits of the Chinese and of the wants and necessities of the people and the government, and your familiarity with their language, added to your devotion to the cause of Christianity and the advancement of civilization, have made for you a record of which you have every reason to be proud."

When Perry went battering at the old gates of Japan he asked Washington to send Doctor Williams with him; again this missionary scored a hit for Yankee trade. In that first treaty between Japan and any Christian country he got for Yankee commerce the protection of a most-favored-nation clause.

Horace N. Allen, the first American mission worker to enter Korea, rose to be court physician in the Hermit Kingdom, and used his wide influence in opening Korean markets to American traders. In him Korea placed so much faith that she sent him to Washington as a member of her first legation there. And later, due to his intimate knowledge of Korea, the President made him our minister to that country.

Parts of New Guinea are still in process of change from savagery to rude civilization; significantly enough, the line which separates safety from peril and marks the limits of intelligence and order—differentiating the sphere of trade from the regions of rapine and barbarity—is the line drawn along the frontier formed by mission outposts. Here, too, it is gospel pioneering that is opening the door to business, as it also paved the way for political sovereignty. To the heroic work of the British, Dutch and German missionaries commerce owes its present privilege of trade with this rich island.

Undoubtedly certain opposition to missions arises from the fact that wherever they have raised native races to higher planes of life and intelligence planters and traders find it less easy to exploit them. There is no denying, either, that Christian influence is the moving force behind many an economic, labor and health reform throughout the Far and Middle East. Governments, *per se*, are not reformers—it's always the individual. The government acts for the people—and never moves faster than they do. You don't have to leave our own South, with the examples of Armstrong, Peabody and the Rockefeller Foundations, to see this. If children are treated better in the cotton mills of China, the jute works of India, it will be found that such social reforms have often come from mission teachings.

At the State Department I talked with one of our diplomats, fresh from the Middle East.

"In justice to the often-abused missionary," he said, patting the marble floor with one pearl-spatted foot, "you ought to say this: We do stand higher in the estimate of Turks, Arabs and Persians than does any other foreign race. And this is true simply because the first Americans they ever saw, and for many years the only Americans, were the missionaries. The seekers after oil, rugs, wool, railway rights and date groves all came later—after the American missionaries had first won a good name for America and Americans. Of course, we've put more money into free schools in Turkey than any other nationality, but it was, after all, the fair-and-square conduct of our mission folks in their long intercourse with the natives that earned for us our present high position in the eyes of the Eastern peoples."

At the risk of seeming to peddle the Congressional Library, let me slip in just these few lines—lines from those grand old shelves so seldom disturbed by visiting congressmen:

"It is conceded, of course, that to the missionary his religious work is his supreme duty, to which everything else is subsidiary. Yet he is the pioneer of commerce; he precedes the drummer."

So wrote one of our ministers from the legation at Peking.

To promote trade, education, charity, medical and surgical attendance, they are all only the means to an end. Yet diplomats and business men look at this work with respect to its effect on commerce.

And Japan's progress and development, Marquis Ito once said, are due largely to the influence of missionaries. One of the kings of Siam declared that missions, more than any other foreign influence, have advanced the welfare of that country. Sir Ernest Satow, never famous for his love for gospel preachers, stated in a speech at the dedication of the Anglo-Japanese Museum at Tientsin that of all the different foreign classes who had poured into China the missionaries were the most useful.

Good Men Doing Good Work

"Missionaries have penetrated into the heart of my country, and have invariably been the frontiersmen of trade and commerce," wrote Chentung Liang Cheng, formerly Chinese Minister at Washington.

Civilization promotes trade, of course; just to the extent, then, that the missionary is an agent of civilization, so is he the agent for American merchandise. When he opens a school he opens a market. And right then the American manufacturer, exporter and carrier sit up and take notice.

Our slumping foreign sales hit hard at your little pile, whether you run a farm, a bank or a factory. That 5 or 10 per cent of all production which we can't use here at home—we simply must sell it abroad, somehow. And that American missionary who got the Indian rajah to order $1,000,000 worth of farm machinery in one year—is he pale, pious-looking and pulmonary? Does he sport goggles, tile and umbrella? Nix! I know; I saw his picture. He looks just like what he is, honestly he does—like a rattling good Yankee salesman, even if he does turn back into the mission funds all that big salary the rajah pays him for expert farm advice.

Yet hark to the panning and pummeling! Hark to it, from Penang to Pernambuco—from San Francisco to Manila. Somewhere, tonight, in a stuffy smoking room the hardware man is hard at it: "These Chinks are good guys—why monkey with their religion? . . . Gimme three cards!" All Mexicans play the guitar and say *caramba*. Chinese eat rats, and Fijis eat missionaries—all right, have your way about it.

No matter what church you belong to, no matter whether you drop a dime or not when the heathen hat is passed, you must admit it does look as if the missionary is a pretty good trade scout and publicity man for Uncle Sam, even if his own ballyhoo is a bit timid and lumpy. Maybe what he needs is a nice new trombone!

"I'll drive it home myself"

WHEN your new car was ready for delivery there was no question about who would drive it home. You would.

The first few weeks you were fussy about dusting, washing, and polishing. Every day or so you oiled and greased it all around. "Let's keep it always like this," was your thought.

The first scratch on the paint was a calamity. The first noise from the engine was a tragedy.

When timing gears howl

If your car has hard metal timing gears, the "new" wears off when the gears begin to rasp and grind and howl. There's no thrill in fussing with a car that makes such an irritating noise on the road.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears banish noise from the timing gear case. They retain accurate timing. In action they are permanently positive and *silent*.

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are tough as steel. They are resilient, saving wear on steel mating gears and the machines they drive.

Quieting the gear train

Celoron Silent Timing Gears are standard equipment on many quality cars. They are used in place of metal gears and timing chains. They can be adapted to any timing gear train.

Your service station or repair man can keep your engine running smoothly and quietly. He can put Celoron Silent Timing Gears in your car and put a stop to noise in the timing gear case.

It isn't a long or expensive job. Leave your car at the shop in the morning. It will be ready for a quiet, comfortable evening ride.

WHAT IS CELORON?

Celoron has many mechanical and electrical uses in industry. It is tough, hard, chemically inert, insoluble, infusible, and of great dielectric strength. Celoron is produced in standard sheets, rods, and tubes, and can be more readily machined than metal. Celoron is a laminated phenolic condensation material, bonded with Condensite.

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Silk Socks

"The Silk Sock with the Friction Tested Toe"

Special Friction Testing Machine

Guaranteed to give you LONG WEAR

THREE years ago the production department of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills received an order from the Mills executives to produce a silk sock for men that would *wear longer than any silk sock ever made.*

We knew that silk socks wear out first in the toes and heels. Our problem, therefore, was to produce a special fabric for toes and heels of unheard of strength and wearing quality. This meant finding the strongest lisle obtainable and knitting it in a way that the resulting fabric would *out-wear* any ever produced for the purpose.

We encountered many new problems. The standards which we set up for our production experts were so radical and exacting that men, who had spent their lives in the manufacturing of hosiery, said flatly that it could not be done.

Nevertheless, after two years of experimenting, this *super-service* fabric for toes and heels was finally perfected.

The Friction Tested Toe

When the first production of Super-Service Socks came through we felt that we had produced an unusually long wearing silk sock, but we had not yet proved it to our complete satisfaction. There was no known method to scientifically determine the exact wear resistance of hosiery. It was therefore necessary to invent a new special friction testing machine (the first of its kind ever built) which, by applying actual friction to the fabric, proved to our complete satisfaction *that we had succeeded in making the longest wearing silk sock on record.*

Quietly and without a word of advertising we then distributed REAL SILK Super-Service Socks to more than a million customers—that was over a year ago

Masses of letters have come to us from men all over the country. From coast to coast the verdict is the same—"THEY WEAR LIKE IRON."

For the first time, we now announce to the public REAL SILK Super-Service Socks. We claim that here is a silk sock that will *wear longer than any silk sock ever produced.*

In addition to their long wearing ability, they are the finest silk socks that can be made out of 100% pure, genuine Japanese silk-worm silk. They give you that snug, well groomed appearance about the ankle which all well dressed men have come to demand.

You will be especially pleased with the top of this sock. It is different. Its rip-proof top is actually knit to shape and does not have to be stretched.

❖ ❖ ❖

Our representative will call at your office or home with samples, take your order and your socks will be mailed to you Parcel Post, C. O. D., direct from the U. S. Post Office branch in our mills.

Our Super-Service Guarantee

"If, in your opinion, any pair of REAL SILK Super-Service Socks does not give you absolute satisfaction and the service which you expect, we will give you a new pair free.

"We further guarantee that every pair of this hosiery is made of 12-thread genuine Japanese silk-worm silk—100% pure."

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REAL SILK Super-Service SOCKS

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KY-A-NIZE

FLOOR FINISH

Take a Tip from Winthrop Wise: "Save the Surface" with Kyanize

Make This Kyanize Test Yourself

PERHAPS you possess a fine old Windsor chair—lines good, joints solid, associations charming, but—finish *gone* absolutely.

Take a brush and apply Kyanize Floor Finish in the shade that suits your fancy.

Good as new in no time—dry next day and you've learned at first hand just what a satisfactory renewer of old surfaces Kyanize is.

Try this test yourself on any chair or any other piece of furniture. Your Kyanize dealer will help you with the right product and the right advice for its simple use.

Try this simple chair test today. Write us for beautiful colored folders and name of nearest Kyanize dealer in case you do not know him. Our literature is free.

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Kyanize FLOOR FINISH MAHOGANY BOSTON VARNISH CO. BOSTON, CHICAGO MONTREAL

Save the surface and you save all

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32

copyrighted. Hetherington is the fellow who has made it possible for us to use profanity in polite society without fearing to be called for it. I have never met Hetherington in person, as they say in the movies, but I am sure that he wears a size-twelve collar, a flowing Windsor tie, and has never been farther west than Jersey City.

Next comes Stephen Fawcett, the sex novelist, and a jolly little old sex novelist he is. Steve's chief grievance is that Nature created only two sexes. "It cramps one's style so," he says. Still, with the limited number of sexes at his disposal, Steve does pretty well. With all his faults Steve has done one thing for literature—he has raised the asterisk from its lowly estate as a punctuation mark to the dignity of a symbol. In fact, it is more than a symbol; it is a protest, a defiance against the prudery that dominates American letters.

Another writer who riles me exceedingly is the would-be-humorous sport writer Zump, as he felicitously calls himself, is typical. In the first place, he doesn't know how to write; in the second place, he uses that absurd synthetic slang that was never heard on land or sea; and in the third place, he isn't funny.

"The Sultan of Swat," he writes, referring to Mr. George Herman Ruth, "negotiated a circuit clout for four tallies." If only he would occasionally spring a new one!

Bill Murray writes cheer-up poetry: "When things are dark and dismal, and you feel black as night, just keep on feelin' cheerful and all will turn out right." Oh, gosh! I sometimes think that Bill is the ten worst rolled into one.

My sixth chief goat getter is old Doc Fred Simpson, the genial philosopher. Doc Simpson writes a column of fatherly advice that is syndicated in the newspapers every day throughout the country. It is real fearless, straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. "Honesty is the best policy!" thunders the doctor courageously. "Cultivate habits of cleanliness. Use plenty of soap and water!" The doctor believes firmly that two and two make four, and he doesn't care who knows it. I wonder if he would recognize an honest-to-goodness opinion on any subject.

Wilberforce Braunstein is a futurist novelist. He is at work on a book that threatens, according to Wilberforce, to shake English literature to its very foundations and then some. His stuff is extremely erotic, if you could only understand it. But there is a baffling unintelligibility about his prose, due, possibly, to his peculiar method of working. Wilberforce takes a copy of Shakspere's plays and writes down every sixth word. The effect—quoted from the manuscript of his forthcoming novel, Glymphs—is like this: "The king removes on yesterday fifteen canaries, buttons hat, is or do they never supposedly." "After all," says Wilberforce, "what do the words matter?"

Frank K. Dennison sells about two hundred thousand copies of his detective stories each year. Frank is the creator of Seth Smith, the Scientific Sleuth. Frank's mysteries are fair, but his plots all flop at the end. If he would only write his explanations first and then build up his mysteries he might turn out a good detective story. As it is, he builds up a fairly good plot, and then ends with an explanation that makes you want to fire the book out of the window.

One of my greatest dislikes is the Smart-Aleck critic. C. B. Gwathmey is the worst offender that I know. Nothing pleases him. He has a knack of flip phraseology that sometimes passes for good writing, but his chief stock in trade is his habit of sneering at everything and everybody. He gives me a pain.

Finally, and perhaps the worst author of them all, is the anonymous person who writes the moving-picture subtitles. I am told that there are many of him, but I feel there must be one guiding genius who is responsible for the tortured, barbarous, inverted language that assails us from the screen

As that penetrating critic of life, manners and morals, Miss Dorothy Parker, might say, "I hate authors ——" —*Newman Levy.*

Is Susie Popular?

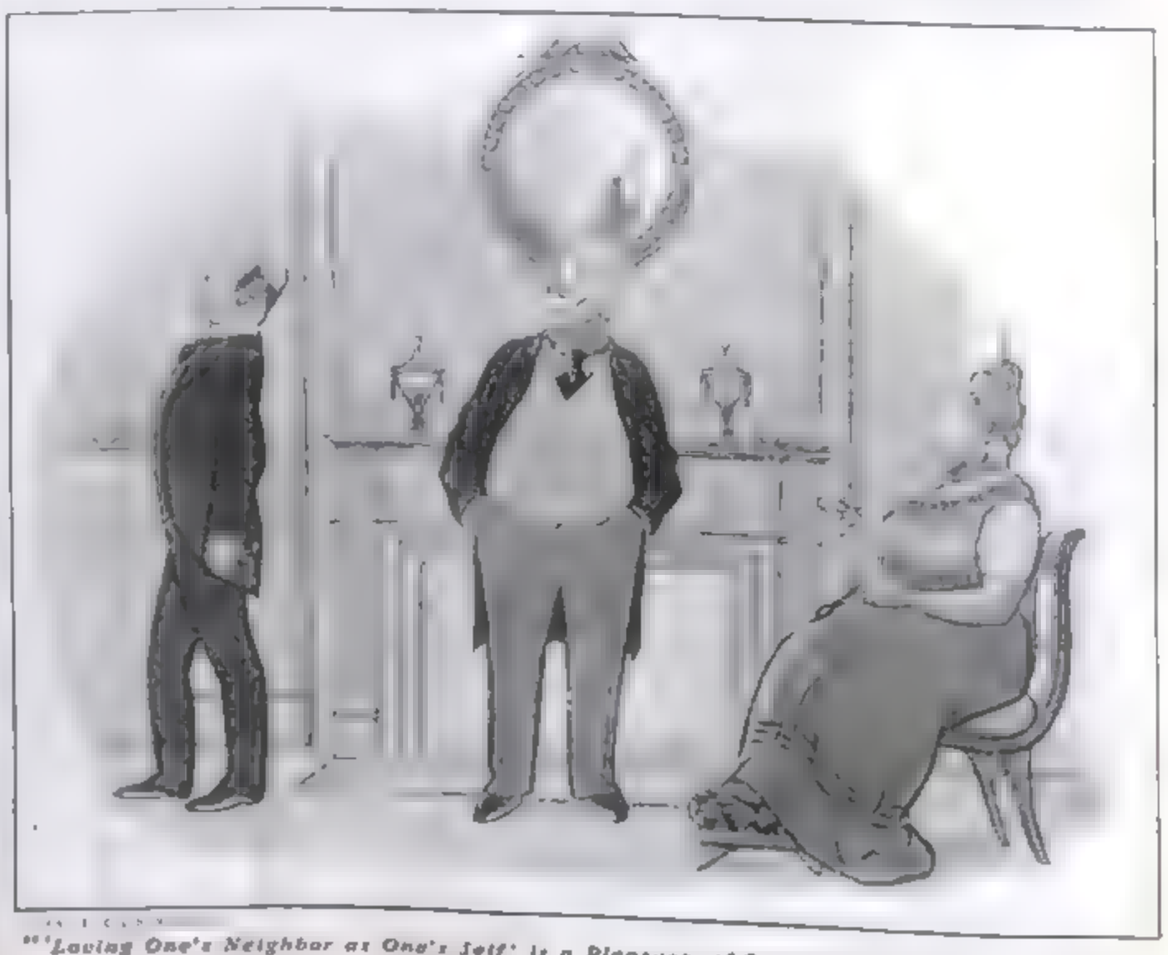
MILLICENT is tall and stately,
Golden-haired, with eyes of blue;
Kate's petite, and here, just lately,
She's been smiling on me too;
Vivian's a willful charmer,
Heaps of mischief she can make;
Ruth's a dream—but have you ever
Tasted Susie's chocolate cake?

Carolyn's a sweet young highbrow,
Laura cheers me when I'm blue,
Lily sings, oh, so divinely,
Edna is a pal that's true;
Janet is a graceful swimmer,
She's quite famous at the lakes;
Madge—say, fellows, was there ever
Cherry pie like Susie makes?

Phyllis is a winsome maiden,
I was always fond of Nell,
Mary dances like an angel,
Lucy drives a car quite well,
Mimi tells me funny stories,
Rosa knows the latest news;
Yes—but nectar is not sweeter
Than the coffee Susie brews.

There are girls who are accomplished,
Girls with brains and girls with looks,
And beside them all, there's Susie—
She's the only one who cooks.
I could call on girls aplenty,
Up and down the village street—
Guess I'll drift around to Susie's
And get something good to eat.

—*Minnie Pincus.*



"'Loving One's Neighbor as One's Self' is a Pleasure, of Course, But There's Always the Danger That the Masses May Take it Up, and Make of it Merely a Vulgar Commonplace"

THE NEW $150.00 MULTIGRAPH

SELLS All Over the South

If you need more proof that the Multigraph will sell Anything to Anybody, Anywhere, read of its accomplishments in the South!

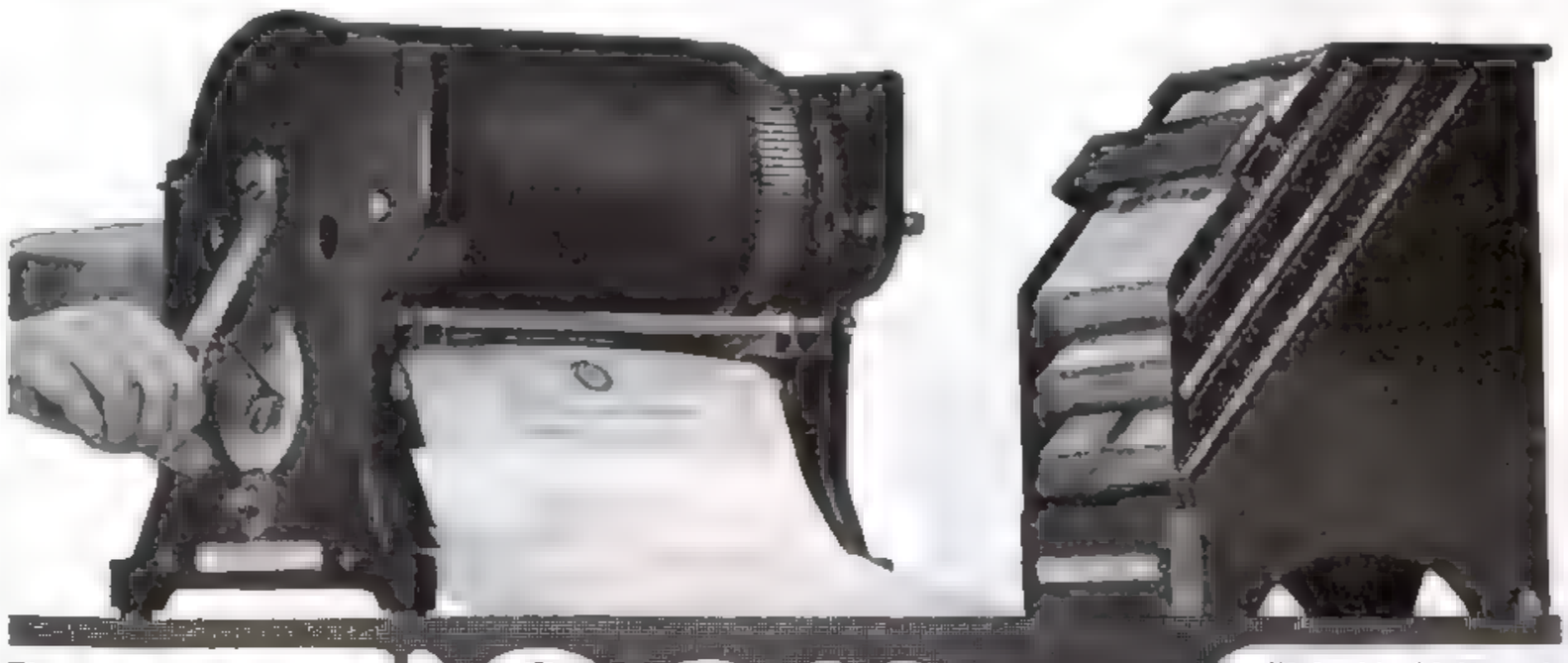
Talk to salesmen who travel this part of the country; and they will tell you that selling in the South isn't child's play; but the Multigraph sells and saves and earns down there just as it does everywhere.

"The *New Multigraph* more than paid for itself in ninety days," writes the Oliver H. Van Horn Co., Inc., New Orleans, La.

R. A. Snyder, agent for a farm agency in Dade City, Fla., traced $1390 of income to his *New Multigraph*, between Jan. 23 and March 9—just 46 days.

In sending us this picture, Max Davidson, retail clothier, Muskogee, Okla., writes, "I enclose a photograph of the most valuable corner in our plant."

"We have accomplished results, too numerous to enumerate in this letter," writes the Memphis Sash & Door Co., Memphis, Tenn., boosters for the Multigraph.



The New Multigraph, illustrated above, is the simplest form in which Multigraph equipment is furnished. It is hand-operated, rapid, and does a real Multigraph job, particularly in turning out circular letters, and other forms of printing on sheets up to 8½"x11."

$30.00 DOWN Balance on Easy Terms or $150.00 CASH

With this Multigraph Typesetter, young men and women quickly become skillful operators. It is convenience itself, and can be used accurately with a few minutes' instructions. The Typesetter is *included* in the $150 price asked for the New Multigraph illustrated above.

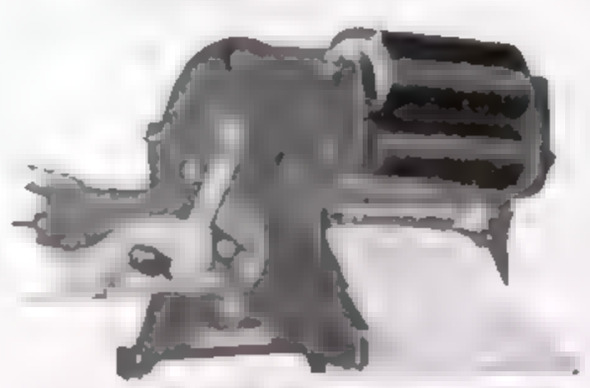
Coalgate, Okla.: "I find the Multigraph one of the most useful things in my store. I find it has more bearing than the local papers."

Clearwater, Fla.: "We agree with what another user across the street has said, 'We would not want to keep house without it.'"

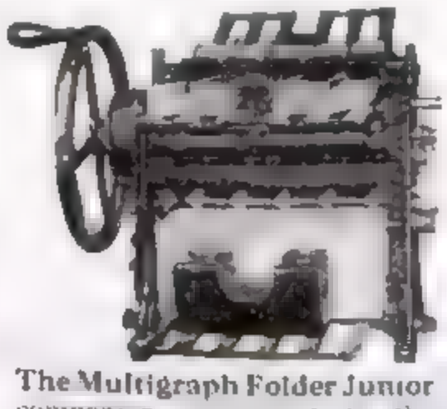
Newman, Ga.: "The expense is small when compared with the fine volume of business it brings to us."

El Paso, Texas: "We believe a conservative estimate of what the Multigraph Department saves us monthly would be $300.00."

There are sure to be people in your own town—probably in your own kind of business,—telling the same kind of story. Won't you send the coupon for a copy of the Southern Edition of Definite Facts,—which will tell all about it in greater detail?



The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment, easily and quickly attached to the New Multigraph, $35.00 additional.



The Multigraph Folder Junior companion equipment to the New $150.00 Multigraph, has a folding speed of 4,800 pieces per hour, hand operated.
Price $100.00 in U. S. A.

Prices in Canada: $38.00 down; cash price $190.00
Printing Ink Attachment $37.50

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1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Have a representative show me (without any obligation) the New Multigraph and explain its possibilities in the business.

(Be sure you indicate your business.)

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Street _____

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An Old Key Winder

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Ladies Chatelaine Watch

What a half century has done *to beautify the watch*

LITTLE more than a half-century has passed since the old key-winder watch burdened your grandfather's pocket—since your grandmother wore on a chain around her neck a timepiece as large as a man's watch of today.

Heavy, ornate, cumbersome, they were the height of style and convenience in their day.

With the Civil War came the man's stem-winder, still of unwieldy proportions, and then the woman's chatelaine watch. Gradually, toward the dawn of the present century, the modern thin watch was evolved, together with the smaller movements which made the strap watch and the woman's wrist watch possible.

In the phenomenal development since the early stem-winder, movement makers have achieved thinness, small size, dependability and lower cost for their timepieces.

But for the protection of these movements and the creation of style and beautiful design in the dress of the watch, Wadsworth has played a most important part.

For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the leading watch movements. Wadsworth white gold and green gold cases, now the popular vogue, are accepted among jewelers as the standard by which others are measured.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and see that it is dressed in a Wadsworth Case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance of correct design, finest material and perfect workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, suburb of Cincinnati, O.
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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TAX DODGING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 15)

various brokers, but the real owners might well be these men from the West. The more the Jessups thought of the Westerners the more worried they became. To think that such people had thirty or forty million dollars in good hard cash to play with in the stock market! It was difficult to forgive J. P. Morgan for having bought out these men's plants to consolidate into his hydra-headed monster, otherwise the United States Steel Corporation.

"There was only one thing to do. Much as it galled the aristocratic Jessups—who, being third-generation millionaires, couldn't understand why such things were allowed—it was decided to try to reach an understanding. It was admitted between groans that the Westerners had revolutionized financial warfare pretty much as Napoleon did—by concentrating his artillery overwhelmingly at one point. They simply flung an irresistible number of millions against a single stock, and no defense was possible—except at a cost that appalled the aristocrats who had inherited the right to control railroads without actually owning anything like 51 per cent of the capital stock.

"Col. John Gardiner Wimbleton, a relative, was sent as an envoy to the enemy. The Westerners received him with great cordiality. He belonged to a set in which they had never before dreamed of moving, but for which they had never felt any profound respect. The colonel represented the Jessups—a family that did not dream of allowing the newspapers ever to print estimates of their stock-market winnings. The Western vandals, however, displayed the camaraderie of fellow craftsmen. They offered the colonel an armchair, three big cigars and a tray with a decanter and four glasses.

"Colonel Wimbleton was not at all supercilious—he did not dare be—but he maintained what they call a dignified reserve. He had the Wall Street millionaire's habit of speaking in dogmas, but without especial emphasis or heat, so that no resentment was aroused—in Easterners. He spoke now about the Jessups' vested rights in the Great Southern's management. Then he passed on to intimate that an attempt to interfere with the immemorial status quo was worse than a crime; it was the sort of faux pas that right-thinking people deem a catastrophe. To nothing but the recognition of this fact was it due that it had never occurred to any financial interest to endanger the delicate balance of power of the railway world."

Choosing the Board

"He was speaking evenly, emotionlessly, in the voice of a man who expects no arguments in rebuttal because there aren't any. It got on the nerves of Bill Griswold, the youngest, brashest and ablest of the Westerners. Moreover, he always did the talking for them.

"He now broke in, saying: 'That's all very well, but we've got the goods, Wimbleton. We are now so close to the control by actual ownership of stock as to justify us in talking straight to you or any other man. We don't need any bank's help to finance our operations. We pay cash. But that's all right. We don't want to run your old railroad. There are other ways of having fun in this world. But we haven't bought all this stock just to leave your family in control because it flatters us to be allowed to give you our proxies.'

"'I called to ascertain what your desires were,' said Wimbleton, quietly but with a red face. It wasn't often that a human being talked that way to him.

"Bill Griswold nodded grimly.

"'Thanks. Well, I'll tell you not what our desires are but our intentions. We propose to have a great deal to say about the next Great Southern board of directors. The party that can vote 51 per cent of the capital stock at the annual meeting will be able to elect the right men. We're glad you called, colonel.'

"'I can tell you now that there is no doubt whatever in my mind as to who will vote 51 per cent of the stock at the next annual meeting,' said Wimbleton, with the tortured calmness of a man who would much rather use dynamite.

"'Then what the hell was the use of your wasting eleven of your precious minutes on us roughnecks?' And Bill Griswold rose.

"'Hey, Bill! That's no way to speak to the colonel,' said Bill's burly partner, Rodney Bruce.

"'Why not?' controverted Bill.

"But Bruce said smoothly, 'Colonel Wimbleton understands perfectly well that we are entitled to representation on the board. There are three of us who will be on the next board of directors, colonel. We three here. That leaves you six other men. We'll vote for you and your friends gladly.'

"'Your own holdings ——' began Wimbleton.

"'Are large enough to entitle us to six of the nine directors,' cut in Griswold, 'or they damn soon will be.'

"'Bill,' rebuked Bruce, 'if you can't talk like a gentleman, then keep your flytrap shut, understand?'

"'No, I don't understand,' said Bill impatiently. 'This man knows that if the stockholders ever learn just how the surplus is allowed to grow the directors will be forced to declare a big extra dividend in cash or stock and then three hundred dollars a share won't seem such a high price. Before that's done we can put it up to 350 and we'll be on velvet after we unload a quarter of our stock. Why prolong the agony? Let the world know who owns the Great Southern.'

"'Bill,' frowned Bruce, 'I want to speak to you.'

"'I don't want to speak to you,' said Bill angrily.

"Colonel Wimbleton looked—as he felt—uncomfortable."

A Poker Face in Finance

"'Be reasonable, Bill,' said Bruce coaxingly. He turned and whispered to the gray-haired member of the triumvirate, Al Mayhew—a nice loud stage whisper for Wimbleton's benefit:

"'Fix it up with the colonel, Al.' He rose and took Griswold by the arm and led the source of discord out of the room.

"Al Mayhew was a calm, slow-spoken man who was believed to be the financial genius of the bunch as well as the diplomat in chief. He said, in his friendly, leisurely way:

"'Colonel Wimbleton, you doubtless know to a share how much Great Southern stock we own. I assume that a man like you has ways of keeping tabs on such matters. That being the case, you must admit that our desire to get three out of the nine directors is, to be frank, more than fair. Isn't it, now?'

"He looked placidly at Wimbleton, who did not know that Al's financial genius was never so great as at a poker table. What the colonel was thinking was that the control of a fine railroad might easily pass into the hands of these men. Why not grant the terms asked? It was plain that they wished to get into good financial society. To include the names of Griswold, Bruce and Mayhew among the directors of the Great Southern Railway Company was like admitting the same men to a first-class club. If he said no, there would be war—and Griswold wouldn't wait for the colonel to reach the elevator before he would be buying G. S. in the market. If Wimbleton promised, he would stave off an expensive battle. Moreover, it would give him time to confer with his associates and, if necessary, increase the family holdings of Great Southern and in the end not elect the roughnecks to the board.

"'The arrangement you suggest might be carried out if you really own as much stock as you're trying to make me think,' said Wimbleton, who was at heart a Bourbon and learned nothing and forgot nothing.

"Mayhew looked at him steadily a full minute before speaking. Then he said slowly:

"'I am glad Griswold did not hear you say that, sir. We come from a section where such things are never thought aloud, sir. Do I understand that you wish us to show you that we actually control a majority of the stock and that in return we will get a minority of the directors? If we own 51 per cent of the stock we get 33 per cent of the directors, do we?'

"Colonel Wimbleton flushed. Al spoke so gently. Danger! He faced it and said. 'We'll put you three gentlemen on the board, provided you vote with the management.'

"Now I can see why STABILATORS hold you down

"I COULDN'T see, before, why STABILATORS were different from any other 'easy riding' device.

"Of course I've heard all the talk about them, but I just couldn't get it.

"Some of my friends have tried to tell me how differently their cars have behaved since they were STABILATED but now I can *feel* the way STABILATORS actually work.

"If I let this down just a little way then I can pull it up easily—and the *farther* down I let it go the *harder* it is to pull up.

"Sure—I get it now—it holds you down with a resistance exactly in proportion to the rebound force which would throw you up—naturally, the farther the car goes down and compresses the car spring the harder will it throw you back and the more the device must resist this force.

"It's just opposite to all other devices I have seen but so obviously right that I wonder I never thought of it before."

The totally different principle of STABILATION is hard to explain in cold words but extremely easy to demonstrate.

Take hold of a STABILATOR demonstrator and feel for yourself the way STABILATORS actually work on the car, completely controlling the tossing and throwing tendencies of spring rebound.

And because STABILATORS hold easy when the rebound is mild and hold hard when the recoil is violent, rough roads or bad bumps don't make any difference to you.

You can buy new cars STABILATED at the factory or your local Distributor or Dealer can STABILATE your present car in a few hours.

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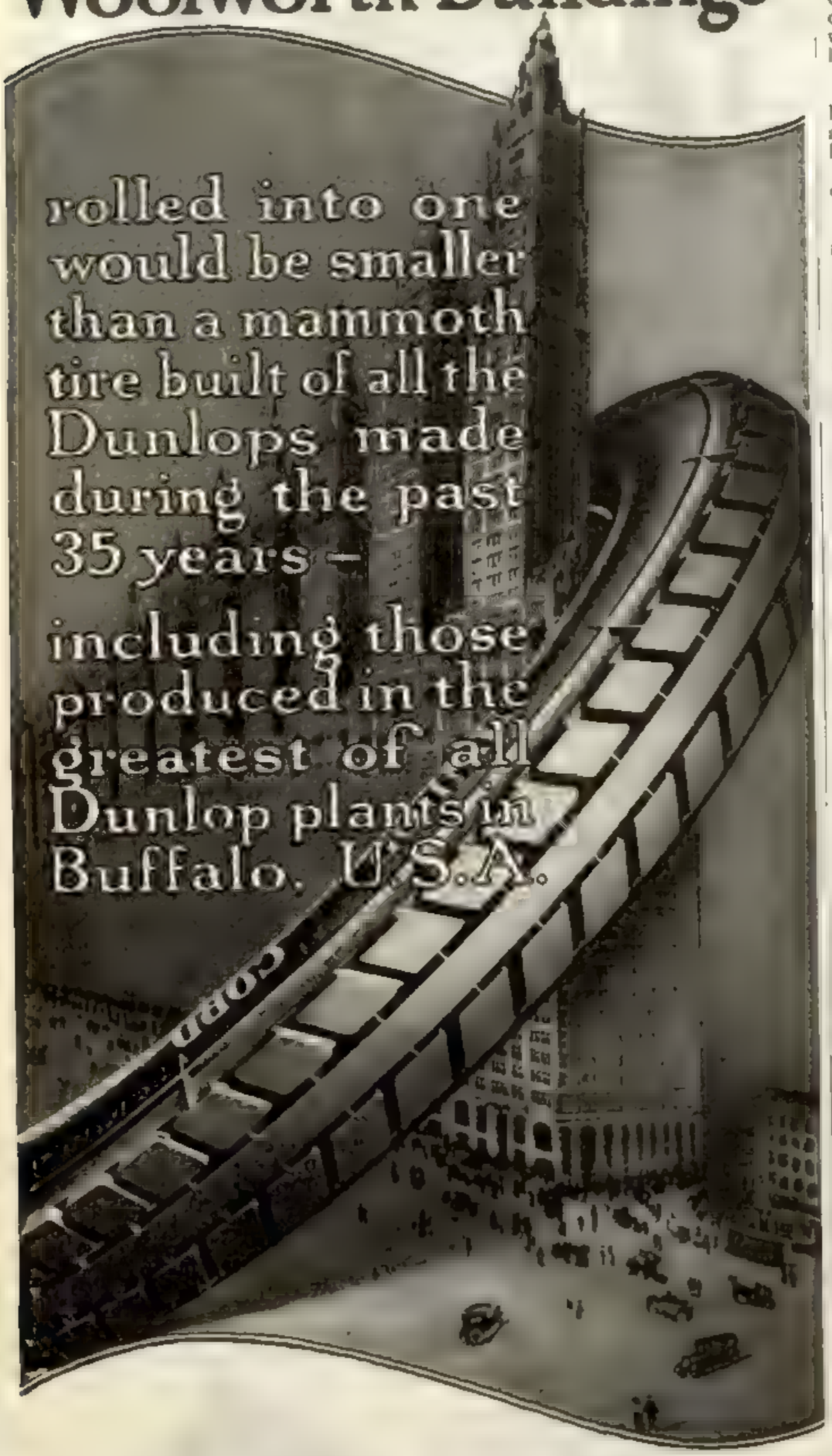
A *thousand* Woolworth Buildings—

rolled into one would be smaller than a mammoth tire built of all the Dunlops made during the past 35 years—

including those produced in the greatest of all Dunlop plants in Buffalo, U.S.A.



DUNLOP

Built on honor to honor its builders

"Mayhew pushed a button on the desk. Presently a girl came in. She was Bruce's secretary. She came from Chicago and had been written up in the Sunday papers as a woman who could keep a secret better than any man.

"'Miss Lee, will you ask Mr. Griswold and Mr. Bruce to come in, please?' asked Mayhew.

"'Sure thing!' answered Miss Lee from Chicago cheerfully, and vanished audibly. Colonel Wimbleton shook his head. He couldn't help it. A secretary like Miss Lee was like having a butler who coughed behind your head or wore spectacles. Horrid!

"Griswold and Bruce came in.

"'Colonel Wimbleton,' announced Mayhew, 'has agreed to our going on the board, and I have agreed to vote our stock with his party.'

"'In writing?' asked Griswold, with a disapproving frown.

"'No,' said Mayhew.

"'Then, how do we know that we will really go on?' asked Griswold.

"'Bill, here, is used to doing business in black and white,' explained Bruce to Colonel Wimbleton. 'I don't suppose there is any objection to a written memorandum from you? Pencil will do,' he finished, with a tranquillizing wave of the hand.

"Wimbleton, who did not wish to pledge himself in black and white, said austerely: 'Sir, when I pass my word it is accepted without question or all negotiations end. I rather think that we do business in New York a little differently from what Mr. Griswold is evidently accustomed to.'

"'I am accustomed to being done when I don't look out for myself,' said Griswold. 'I can't say that there is any difference, East, West, North or South. I am for a written pledge or else a nice little scrap to see who gets the whole bally board of directors. Six is better than three, and nine is better than six.'

"'Bill, shut up,' said Bruce sternly. 'I vote to accept Colonel Wimbleton's offer.'

"'I vote yes, also,' said Al.

"'And I vote no,' said Bill.

"'You lose, Bill,' said Mayhew, and Bill nodded peevishly.

"Colonel Wimbleton rose, bowed gravely to the Westerners and walked out of the room; but not before he heard Griswold say, 'I'm for buying fifty thousand shares more. The higher it goes the better it suits me. They'll sell out on each other, that inside bunch!'

"The colonel hurried to his office, summoned his associates, and told them what he had heard the unspeakable Griswold threaten to do.

"Harry Jessup shook his head.

"'I don't believe he'd do it,' he said."

Ticker Pyrotechnics

"'And I know he would,' retorted Wimbleton. 'You know as well as I do that these fellows are the modern prototypes of Coal-Oil Johnny and the Bonanza Kings. Money so quickly acquired means nothing to men whose needs consist chiefly of the craving for excitement. That fellow Griswold would not hesitate to risk ten millions more to get the control of the Great Southern away from us. We might as well frankly face the fact that we don't own anything like 51 per cent and that we cannot be absolutely sure of enough proxies to give us the absolute control. I think we ought to buy enough more stock to strengthen our position before they decide to increase their holdings.'

"The effete East by this time had come to feel toward the Westerners as the old-school Austrian generals felt toward the young Napoleon, who broke every rule of the art of war as it had been waged up to that day. There was no telling what they might not do next—some fool thing or other that would cost the financial aristocracy real money.

"'I fancy he has begun his buying,' remarked Harry Jessup from the ticker. The other Austrian generals rushed to his side. The little machine was going like mad. Enormous blocks of Great Southern were coming out on the tape and the price was going up by leaps and bounds. It takes a firmly established investment stock to do real stunts, once it starts. It is as if its previous sedate behavior justified any extreme of financial pyrotechnics.

"'That,' observed Harry sapiently, 'looks to me like Griswold's buying.'

"'He's carrying out his threat,' said Allan Jessup 3d. 'He means to get the actual control.'

"'Unless we beat him to it,' said Wimbleton.

"Harry Jessup nodded and said, 'We could call a special meeting of the Midland.' He meant the main Jessup road, on which were saddled most of the Jessup enterprises. It was a family perquisite.

"'We won't have time,' said Wimbleton. 'Each of us must buy ten thousand shares at once. Later we can decide what to do with the stock. The problem before us is not how to finance these purchases, but how to continue in control of Great Southern.'

"'Won't that be more stock than is really necessary?' asked one of the aristocrats. 'The less stock you own the nicer it is to control the company.'

"'I shall buy my quota,' said Wimbleton.

"'And I,' said Allan Jessup 3d.

"'And I,' said Harry Jessup.

"'Let each man buy as much as he thinks he ought to carry,' suggested one of the associates. They agreed hastily.

"The meeting then broke up. The Jessups telephoned to their brokers to buy thirty thousand shares of Great Southern carefully but without delay. They would take up the stock as soon as it came in.

"Their broker was experienced and competent. He managed to do his work so cleverly that at no time was he guilty of competitive buying. He was able to accumulate the entire thirty thousand shares between 268 and 274. Considering everything it was mighty good brokerage."

Woolly for Revenue Only

"The upshot of these purchases was that the Jessups party found themselves in possession of enough stock of their own and enough proxies to be able to vote nearly 60 per cent of the capital stock at the annual meeting. That, they logically contended, obviated the need to keep Wimbleton's verbal promise to elect Griswold, Bruce and Mayhew to the directorate, as Wall Street had been exultantly told by the Westerners' industrious press agent. The newspaper reporters who had gone to the Great Southern annual meeting in the hope that the truce might end and hostilities start with a great explosion, were disappointed. They sought Griswold, the Westerners' habitual spokesman.

"'How do you explain the fact that you gentlemen claimed to have 51 per cent of the capital stock and yet you are not represented on the board of directors, Mr. Griswold?' asked one reporter.

"'I explain the sad fact to which you refer by the still sadder fact that a gentleman's word isn't worth a damn in Wall Street,' answered Griswold pleasantly.

"'And the gentleman's word was that you would be elected to the board?' asked the reporter.

"'Just that; and so we voted to continue the present management in power.'

"'And the gentleman's name?'

"'Of course I cannot tell it to you. I suggest that you ask Colonel Wimbleton that question. He might develop autobiographical aspirations.'

"'And you believed him, hey?' And all the reporters, being financial reporters, smiled.

"'We were that childlike,' admitted Griswold. 'We had given our collective word to vote with the Jessups in return for the directorships. We naturally did as we agreed. But the *quid pro quo* did not materialize.'

"'And now what do you intend to do?'

"'Pray for the health and happiness of all the Jessups.'

"'And what else? Tell us as if you were under oath, Mr. Griswold.' The financial reporters by this time knew that Griswold had one of the subtlest minds in the financial district. He spoke exceedingly well and he was a wild and woolly Westerner for revenue only—that is, whenever that pose was profitable.

"'As long as you have sworn me I shall tell you the truth. But the story does not come officially from any of us. We are misunderstood enough as it is. Well, we did think of buying the control of the Great Southern, hoping it was adapted for our needs. We were thinking of a man-size railroad consolidation. But no big stock-market deal was possible because there were insuperable legal obstacles in the way; certain charter provisions that we did not learn about until after we had accumulated quite a jag of the stock.

"'There we were with more stock than we wanted, and the price was up to 260. Our holdings averaged us in excess of two

hundred and thirty dollars a share. Of course if we tried to unload, the insiders who had sold us most of it at below our average figure would naturally cut the ground from under us. What chance did our crowd have against high-toned gents like Wimbleton and his friends, to say nothing of what the room traders and the thrifty specialists would do when they saw the easy pickings? It was a case of the boneyard for ours unless we found a way of getting a fair price for our stock. So, of course, we found the way. That is to say, when Colonel Wimbleton called on us we did the only thing we could do.'

"'And got the dirty throw-down,' said a reporter.

"'That depends on the point of view. Wimbleton, after talking to us roughnecks, got the notion that we were after the control; in fact, that we nearly had it. So he said if we voted our stock with the Jessups party he would vote to elect us three on the board of directors. That was quite an honor for us, and we were pleased as anything. At the same time we had much more Great Southern stock than we needed to qualify as directors. The problem was still there. So the moment the colonel left us I shot some orders into my brokers' hands, and they washed up G. S. It sure looked as if those crazy Westerners were buying up every share of G. S. that wasn't locked up in the Jessup family vaults. On the way up some buying orders came in, and thanking Providence for its mercies, we supplied same. We got an average of 272 for our surplus holdings. As long as we were going to be made directors by Colonel Wimbleton we didn't need over five thousand shares each. That's all we kept. It stands us in about par, which isn't bad for a gilt-edged railroad stock. Of course we knew that it was the Jessups and their friends who took the stock off our hands and we thought they would pay an extra dividend, to lighten their load. That's exactly what happened. When we wild Westerners some weeks ago merely suggested such a thing the Street called us marauders and Jesse Jameses and even modern financiers. But when a bunch of Metropolitan Opera House box holders actually did it, you congratulated the shareholders. I think that a free press is the bulwark of a nation's liberties and that you can bear up with your fate if the dividend rate is maintained or increased. Gentlemen, I haven't said a word. You can ascertain exactly how many shares of Great Southern stock each of us owns by applying at the transfer office. The price of same, through the beneficence of the insiders, was less than one-half the prevailing quotations. I'd like to answer your questions, boys, but you know we never speak to reporters for publication. It is too indelicate. Good afternoon. Sorry I can't help you.' And Bill Griswold smiled deprecatingly and left the reporters, followed by his grinning partners, Rodney Bruce and Al Mayhew, who had helped him to lower the price of their investment in Great Southern by playing their parts at the historic meeting with Colonel Wimbleton."

Uncle Sam to the Rescue

"That is a bare outline of how the Jessups and Colonel Wimbleton came to have in their strong boxes blocks of Great Southern stock which cost them two hundred and seventy-two dollars a share on an average. Of course the Jessups also had stock that cost them several dollars a share less than nothing—stock acquired by their grandfather in the early days.

"In the deflation that followed the end of the World War, stock prices, as you may remember, went down. The railroads all suffered from a variety of ailments, but some suffered more than others. As time wore on, observant insiders were able to note the greater rate of recovery in Midland as compared with the Jessup stocks. It was a foregone conclusion that if money was to be made by the gradual and general rise in prices of securities, the holders of Midland would fare better than the holders of Great Southern, for instance. The wisdom of the swap of G. S. for Midland became apparent to the insiders very early. I do not know what the other members of the Jessup family did, but I happen to know that Colonel Wimbleton sold ten thousand shares of Great Southern, on which he took a loss of one hundred and thirty-five dollars a share, or one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This he deducted from the joint income of himself and wife for 1921. Then he bought fifteen thousand shares of Midland. That Midland stock showed him a profit of over nine hundred thousand dollars when the dividend rate was increased. You say that when he comes to sell his Midland it will show him a profit and that he will have to pay some income tax on it. Perhaps. He may have some Midland bought at higher than prevailing prices. Of course he has to sell his oldest holdings first—that is, he must dispose of his lots of stocks in chronological order. Never you fear. He will act in strict accordance with the law.

"I imagine it must have been some comfort to Wimbleton to think that after the late Bill Griswold and his crowd bluffed him into the hasty purchase of a lot of high-priced Great Southern all he had to do was to sit tight and Uncle Sam would help to make up the loss for him. I don't exactly know what moral you may draw from this story, but I know that Bill Griswold would have laughed himself sick to think of the final chapter of Wimbleton's Great Southern investment."

My lawyer friend who told me the Dolliver story suggested that some day the millionaires would find themselves without cats and dogs to sell at a loss. As a matter of fact, the day will never dawn when human beings will stop making mistakes. Out of curiosity I asked the head of a prominent banking firm to estimate for me their bad guesses. He said he couldn't.

"Why not?" I persisted. We are friendly enough for that.

Mistakes That Spell Minus

"Why should I remind myself of my misses? The reckoning would have no educational value because it isn't a case of learning not to make the same mistakes twice. It is a case of human fallibility continuing to coexist with a fairly thorough knowledge of the banking business. I figure on making a certain number of misses. Even Napoleon had his Waterloo."

"Yes, but Wall Street bankers are more like physicians. They don't pay for their mistakes out of their own pockets. They pass the buck to their customers."

"Likeell they do!"

"Why not?"

"When we merely misjudge the time, we wait, and in the course of one, two or three years we get out even or merely with a loss of interest. We are very conservative and I in particular dislike mistakes that spell minus. I have found out that since I have been a partner in this firm we have averaged an annual loss of six hundred thousand dollars. I mean, specifically, that our average investment in cats and dogs stands us just that. I guess the supply won't fail us."

I cannot give the name of the firm, but it enjoys a deserved reputation for sagacity and judgment. The total on which they will pay income tax will continue to be reduced by about six hundred thousand dollars a year.

However, the selling of worthless securities that originally cost good money is only one way of taking advantage of the income-tax law's provisions. There are other ways.

The head of one of the large insurance companies told me about a friend of his, a very wealthy man with a hobby, which was his belief that there ought to be more sanitariums for poor people to go to. In the large cities there are plenty of hospitals, dispensaries and free clinics where the poor can be treated or operated on for nothing, but places for penniless convalescents to recover in are few and far apart. He planned to have his fortune after his death go to building such a sanitarium near the city where his fortune had been made by his father and himself. He was a bachelor, had no brothers or sisters, and long since had decided on the final disposition of his estate, which was large enough to put him in the maximum-surtax class.

Well, the more he thought about it the less he relished paying over some hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Government in the shape of income tax. So he hit upon a plan which would enable him to eat his cake and have it too. He turned his beautiful country estate into an endowed sanitarium. He gave his entire fortune to the Hillcrest Free Convalescent Home. It was to be managed by life trustees selected by him, and the chairman of the board was to have a home free and his living expenses paid. The trustees decided to erect adequate sanitarium buildings on the ground, and in the meantime the chairman of the

(Continued on Page 130)

Do you know what is causing your foot troubles?

In the majority of cases the cause of foot troubles is the failure of some bone or bones of the foot to function normally. The foot is a complicated structure containing 26 bones, each of which must function as nature intended or foot trouble results.

But now the foot pains and aches caused by fallen or misplaced bones can be relieved at once. How? Simply, nature's way—the holding of the 26-bone structure of the foot in normal position with adjustable all-leather

Wizard Arch Builders

which fit as comfortably as insoles in your shoes. Instantly the pain is relieved and the cause of the trouble corrected forever.

How Wizards relieve Callouses

Don't confuse Wizard Arch Builders with ordinary arch supports. They contain no metal. They are made of flexible leather with a series of pockets on the under side. By placing a small rubber insert in the pocket directly behind the callous, the lowered bone is supported in normal position. The pressure thus removed, pain stops instantly, and the callous in time disappears.

How Wizards relieve fallen arches

Arches, even in normal feet of the same size, vary greatly in height, length and shape. The pockets on the under side of Wizard Arch Builders permit the building up, with soft inserts, of a comfortable support which exactly conforms to the shape of your individual arch.

How Wizards correct run-over heels

The pockets under the heel permit placing of inserts under the leaning side of the heel, the exact thickness necessary to perfectly align the leaning ankles and counteract the tendency of heels to run over.

Relief even in fashionable footwear

No fixed or rigid arch support, either separate or a part of the shoe, provides for supporting the leaning ankle or fallen bone which causes callouses and other troubles. Wizards alone can do this. Furthermore, with Wizards you can have relief in any shoe that fits you, dancing pump, dress Oxford or other stylish footwear.

Where to get relief

Go to a shoe dealer where there is an expert who has studied the Wizard method. If you don't know of such a dealer, write us. We will send you, free, our book, "Orthopraxy of the Feet," a chart on which to make a diagram of your foot and direct you to immediate relief.

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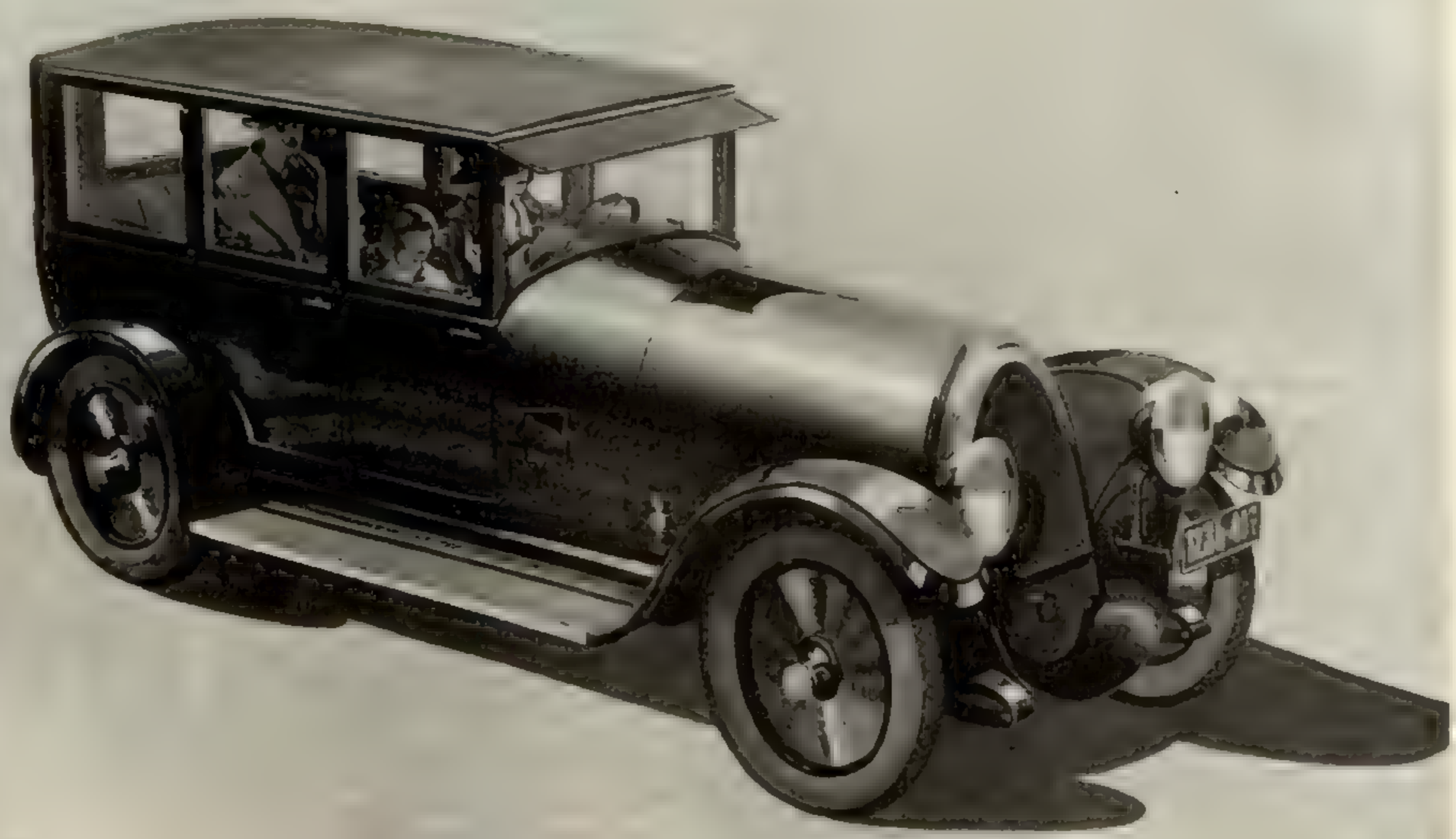

The Sedan

A new four-door type, seating five passengers. A great car for touring, and for anyone in the family to drive.

The Brougham

A smart, compact car for town and touring, seating five. Wide doors, Pullman front seats, luggage trunk. Finished in Royal Blue

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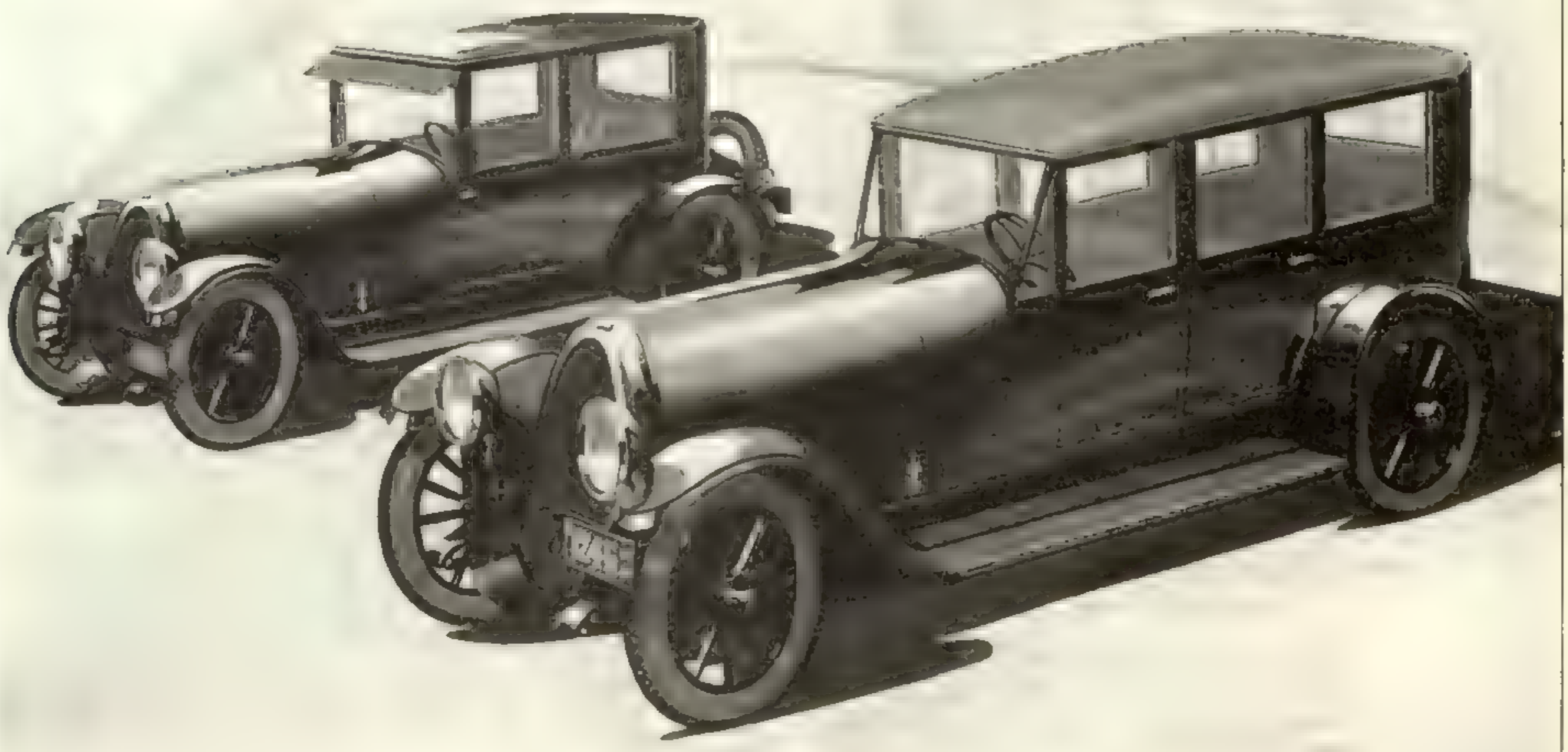

The Coupé

An intimate personal car that seats four when required. Folding auxiliary seat, rear hamper, receptacle back of driver

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Closed car comfort with open car character and performance. Permanent top, leather upholstery, disappearing glass windows

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Inquire to-day. You will never make big money working for somebody else.

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You can make big money as the dealer for Ames Special Passenger Bodies for Ford cars in your vicinity. This is assured even though you are not at present in the automobile business—even though you have never had a bit of automobile experience.

To the man with the vision to see it, regardless of his present occupation, here is a business of unlimited possibilities. Think of the Ford owners in your city. Here is an opportunity for you to sell them a beautiful, distinctive body for their cars. Ames Bodies give those graceful lines and roomy riding comfort to Fords that are usually found only in cars at many times the price.

Every ambitious man, with a moderate capital, will want further information about the Ames franchise. Think what this franchise will mean to you. Write us for the illustrated story, which explains fully the entire Ames proposition, and shows reproductions of actual Ames Bodies mounted on Ford chassis.

Make sure that you get the franchise by being the first to write for it from your territory. Don't wait. Don't put it off. Mail the letter to-day.

Look for the Ames name plate shown below. You will find it on the lower right-hand corner of the cowl.

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Owensboro, Ky.

FOR FORD CARS

AMES

Bodies

(Continued from Page 127)

board of trustees, who is none other than himself, is living at his former home with the same servants, motors, and so forth. He is not paying any income tax because he has no income. The money he is able to save thereby will pay for one mighty fine building every year. He is having the pleasure of doing himself what was going to be done after his death by his executors, and nobody can object to his tax dodging.

Of course his is an exceptional case. Not every man can be a philanthropist, but every rich man can certainly anticipate the inevitable and save money thereby.

There is the famous Scott family that has been identified with mill property for three generations. The head of the family is Mr. Charles Scott, and he with two brothers constitute the firm of Scott Brothers. Their father retired at the age of sixty to devote himself to chrysanthemum culture. He figured out how much he would need to gratify his hobby and laid aside a life interest on enough property to give him that income. He then turned over the rest of his vast estate to his three sons. He did not wait to die to make them rich men. He was through with the mill business and so he was through with superfluous property. The real name is not Scott.

The Scott Scheme

The sons increased their patrimony. The Scott fortune probably decupled in twenty years. It put the three Scotts in the front row so far as income was concerned. The eldest and wealthiest of the Scott brothers had five children, all of them splendid business men and model sons. He was brought up to abhor waste and of course he chafed when he paid his income tax; not so much, he says, because he didn't wish to pay such a sum to Uncle Sam, but because it went against the grain to see how Uncle Sam often wasted the Scott money after he got it. He did some thinking and then evolved a plan whereby he did two things: He did for his children what his father had done for him, and he quit sending heart-breaking checks to the collector of internal revenue of his district.

His net income was exactly one million dollars a year from investments—that is, from stocks and bonds. Well, he created five irrevocable trusts, one for each of his five sons. Here are the figures:

Net income	$1,000,000
Exemption	2,000
Taxable for normal tax	$998,000

NORMAL TAX

		TOTAL TAX
$ 4,000 at 6 per cent	$ 240	
994,000 at 12 per cent	119,280	
Total normal tax		$119,520
Surtax on $1,000,000		$583,510
Total tax		$703,030

When the one-million-dollar income was split up into five irrevocable trusts, each trust had a net income of two hundred thousand dollars, and the tax was computed as follows:

Net income	$200,000
Exemption	1,000
Taxable for normal tax	$199,000

NORMAL TAX

		TOTAL TAX
$ 4,000 at 6 per cent	$ 240	
195,000 at 12 per cent	23,400	
Total normal tax		$ 23,640
Surtax on $200,000		$ 77,510
Total tax on each trust		$101,150
Total tax on five trusts		$505,750
Tax on $1,000,000 for one individual		$703,030
Tax on $1,000,000 divided into five trusts		505,750
Reduction		$197,280

And his saving represents the interest on four million dollars at 5 per cent.

But that wasn't all. Mr. Scott was able to save the entire tax—that is, this year he paid only a few hundred dollars on his 1922 income. By means of certain sales and purchases of securities in and between the different trusts, there was practically no taxable income. I cannot give these transactions in detail because they are too many, and, moreover, I did not ask for a transcript of them. But the essential thing was that the Department of Internal Revenue went over Mr. Scott's return very carefully and accepted his figures without any exceptions. Whatever he did was in strict accordance with the law. With a net income of a million a year, he saved his entire tax. And that is equal to the interest on fourteen million dollars at 5 per cent. Fair! Fair!

It is plain that if the Revenue Law requires profits resulting from the sale of capital assets to be taxed as income it must allow losses on such transactions to be deducted from income. Though the principle is general it applies with peculiar significance to the case of individuals or corporations who sell tangible assets, like real estate, or intangibles, such as stocks, bonds and choses in action.

Now the average Wall Street man believes that no individual or corporation trading in securities or like assets makes profits all the time or suffers losses all the time. A person may make profits on the sale of certain assets, and during the same year make losses on the sale of others. Or he may have profits one year and losses in the next. At all events, it would seem that a man is more apt to take losses than he is to cash in his profits. Most of the men I interviewed — bankers, corporation lawyers, brokers, insurance men—were pretty well agreed, though without corroborative figures, that taking it over a period of years and considered as a general proposition, the aggregate collected by the Government is not commensurate with the capital turnover involved, nor with the time, labor and expense entailed, to say nothing of the annoyance inflicted upon individual taxpayers. The British income tax makes no levy on profits resulting from sales above cost price and does not allow deductions from analogous losses.

I asked an official of the Revenue Department to give me his side of the case. He said:

"Nearly everybody that talks about that feature of our income tax drags in poor old England. The conditions were different over there. Of course the British income tax does not tax capital profits nor does it allow deductions of capital losses. If you will stop and think a moment you will realize that if England had allowed deductions in income resulting from capital losses she would have been bankrupt during the first year of the war. As a matter of fact, during the war they had a business-profit tax which took about 80 per cent of a man's profit. Canada had the example of the mother country before her, and nevertheless the Canadian income tax is modeled after ours and not after the English."

Blame the Constitution

"The truth is that the people who object to that feature of our income tax do not understand why it was written into the law. The reason is to be found in our Constitution. Don't forget that we are the only nation whose government and laws are founded upon a written constitution.

"The point is always made that capital accretions are not, strictly speaking, income, and should not be taxed. As a matter of fact that feature must stand if the income-tax law itself is to stand. Moreover, the department is firmly of the belief that it pays to allow deductions of capital losses if it taxes profits on sales of assets. I can't give you the figures, but I know it is so. We have checked it up. But the chief point is to be found in the Supreme Court decision where the question of whether income represented by increased value of stocks over March 1, 1913, value was taxable, and the plaintiff questioned whether or not such taxation was not adverse to the Constitution as represented by the Sixteenth Amendment. This decision was made in the case of The Merchants Loan & Trust Co., trustee of the estate of Arthur Ryerson, deceased, versus Collector First Dist. Ill., October, 1920, Term. Full decision marked in June, 1921, C. B. Pages 35–38 inc. The scope of this decision was that the definition of income as made in the various revenue acts was in accordance with the intent of the Sixteenth Amendment, and therefore constitutional.

"If the framers of the law had left out that feature it would have made the entire act unconstitutional. Discrimination would have been charged, and a lot of other grievances would have developed. The man with a salary of taxable dimensions would have refused to pay the tax, on the ground that the law did not comply with the requirements of the Sixteenth Amendment.

"When the law was framed the Government was anxious that business should not

Continued on Page 133

A little child can operate the convenient Sunbeam Wall Regulator

FROM THIS WARM-AIR HEATING SYSTEM CIRCULATES HEALTH AND COMFORT THROUGHOUT THE HOME

FRESH MOIST AIR RISING FROM

A Quick Response from Warm-Air Heating

There'll be many a frosty morning this fall—many a sudden temperature drop this winter—many a raw, damp morning next spring—when you'll want more warmth and want it *quickly*. You'll get it if your home is heated by a Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating System.

Just a turn of the convenient Sunbeam Wall Regulator and fresh, warm air in greater volume flows directly, quickly into every room in the Sunbeam-heated home. Bed rooms are quickly made comfortable for dressing in the morning, the dining room is warm and cozy for early breakfasts—you can have abundant heat in quick time whenever and wherever you want it!

It's easy to explain why Sunbeam Heating is so quick in its response. It's because warm air heating is *direct* heating—there's nothing to be heated but the air in the Sunbeam Home. Every ounce of fuel burned in your Sunbeam Furnace is quickly converted into healthful warm air—and this warmed air is just as quickly circulated into every room upstairs and down.

Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating Does More Than Heat

It Saves Money—saves it at the very start—saves it in spring and fall and all winter long—saves it year after year. That's because a Sunbeam Furnace—Pipe or Pipeless—is low in first cost, involves little or no upkeep expense and gives long years of trouble-free service with small consumption of fuel.

It Insures Health and Comfort—Abundant, even warmth in every room upstairs and down—the air in your home always in circulation, always properly moistened! Doesn't that spell health and comfort all winter long? It's exactly what Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating gives you. It's the most healthful heat there is.

It Saves Floor Space—No space-filling heating equipment in the rooms of the Sunbeam-heated home. Nothing to heat but the air. You save valuable floor and wall space all over the house.

It Saves Time and Steps—You can easily see how. The Sunbeam Wall Regulator quickly controls room temperatures all over the house. No need of traveling up and down the cellar stairs to regulate drafts and dampers.

Get the Whole Story—Send for a copy of our interesting new booklet on warm-air heating. It gives the whole Sunbeam Story. We'll gladly send you a copy—no obligation. Write for it today.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

Boston Atlanta Cleveland Chicago Denver San Francisco

SUNBEAM

WARM-AIR HEATING

Of Interest to Dealers: We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

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The Fox Furnace Company

[*Public officials please note*]

This Fire Escape is a Death Trap!

"The other day," writes a Boston man who has been following the Save the Surface Campaign, "I ran across something that emphasizes, more than anything else I have ever seen, the importance of education such as you are trying to spread." And he told us the story of the treacherous fire escape on the building in which he is a tenant.

WHO would think, to look at this fire escape, that it belongs to a fully tenanted "modern" office building! Neglect—nothing short of criminal—has converted it into a death trap.

What would happen if there were to be a fire in this building—or even a fire scare! Yet just such death traps, masquerading as fire escapes, are to be found on buildings in every city.

Fire escapes, bridges and the girders of all structures must be kept strong and safe. *Paint is the only thing that will do it.* Yet how many owners overlook *this* kind of *life* insurance!

"Save the surface and you save all" means more than sound economy—more than protection against rust and rot—*it becomes a solemn public duty.*

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

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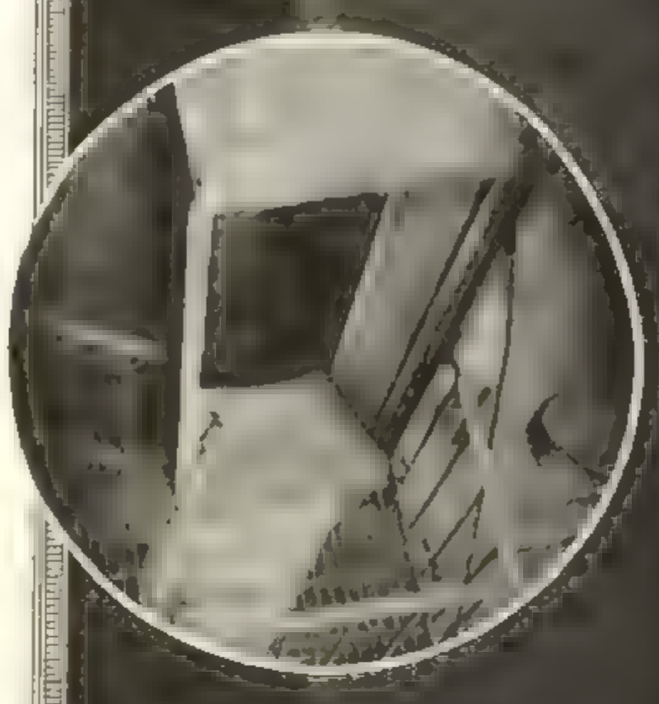


"Save the surface and you save all"— *Paint & Varnish*

RUST has eaten its way into the iron tread of this fire escape to such an extent that in many places the metal crumbles in the hand. To step on this thin broken film would be to risk a 7-story plunge to certain death. Rust always can be prevented by PAINT

(Continued from Page 130)

be too heavily burdened. In the last analysis all income taxes are paid by business. If there was no business there would be no income to pay taxes on. The Government sincerely desired to keep capital employed, and the exemptions were placed at a sum so small that it would not pay to collect the tax on anything smaller. Then came the war and the need of huge revenues, and—let us be frank—sectional prejudice rather than economic farsightedness hit upon the high surtaxes as the easiest way to get the money. Now the emergency has passed. Reduce the surtaxes to a maximum of 25 per cent, as Secretary Mellon suggests; or, better yet, educate the public until there is a demand for the only tax that can be collected without expense, that will be borne by all, and that will not prove onerous to any man, rich or poor. I mean, of course, a sales tax."

This official expressed his unofficial views, but they are shared by men in the Department of Internal Revenue, who certainly are familiar with the workings of the present income-tax law.

It would be well for the public at large to realize that the present agitation for a more intelligently levied tax does not come from the whining rich. They would not be the only or, indeed, the chief beneficiaries. The demand for a change comes from everybody who can think straight. The poor man who opposes reductions in the surtaxes does so from one of two reasons—ignorance or stupid spite. There is no use blinking the fact that the average man thinks that the problem of taxation consists of taxing the rich to the limit. This belief is responsible for the fallacy that the higher the surtaxes are the more the rich have to pay, and therefore the less the poor are obliged to contribute.

Suppose it were desired to raise revenue by means of a tariff, by duties on goods. Anyone can grasp the fact that if the duties are placed too high the object of the revenue-raising measure is defeated. The higher the rates of duty the more dollars the Government ought to get—in theory. But in actual practice, if the duties are too high the people won't buy the goods, because the high duties have made them too dear. If the goods are too high to sell readily, importations decrease, and the revenue derived from duties is thus much less than if the duties were lower and the goods correspondingly cheaper.

Injudicious Taxes

Make it "taxes" instead of "duties" and the principle works just the same. There is a point beyond which the object of the tax is defeated. Moreover, revenue obtained through injudicious taxes may be too costly for real profit to the country at large.

There are between eleven and twelve billions of dollars invested in tax-exempt bonds, exclusive of such United States issues as are partly exempt. This is about two and a half times as much as was invested in such securities ten years ago. Municipal bonds are coming out at the rate of considerably over a billion dollars a year, and in addition large amounts of farm-loan bonds are also being issued. On the income from these no tax will be paid, and of course the principal purchasers are precisely those very men whose incomes it was chiefly desired to tax. You cannot blame anybody for buying bonds which not only are safe but will yield a bigger net income to the holder than he can get from railroad or industrial bonds or mortgages on which he would lose from 25 to 60 per cent of the yield in taxes.

If the law should be changed and no more tax-exempt bonds issued, then the states, counties, cities and villages would have to pay a higher rate of interest on what money they borrowed for improvements, and that would mean higher local taxes. And that would mean that every owner of property would have to pay the difference.

On the other hand, if nothing is done to check investment in tax-exempt bonds the Federal Government and those states which have an income tax will receive less revenue than they are really entitled to from incomes. A particularly bad feature is that, owing to the demand for tax-exempt bonds, dealers who specialize in such issues are going about encouraging villages and counties to issue bonds for roads, schools and other improvements, whether these be really needed or not. It is so easy to get the money these days that there has been an appalling amount of extravagance for which the people—all the people, poor as well as rich—will have to pay in the end.

When Capital Becomes Lazy

Every voter in this country ought to realize that the rich cannot be made to pay all the cost of government, no matter what scheme of taxation may be devised. Buying tax-exempt bonds means that capital is forced into laziness by the excessive surtaxes instead of going into enterprises that would create new wealth, increase employment and thus increase the revenues under intelligent taxation. The loss of production thus entailed is a very serious matter to everybody. This grave condition probably was not foreseen by Congress when it passed the law. Prof. E. R. A. Seligman has put it very clearly:

> Where a tax definitely impedes production the loss to the producer is to be measured not simply by the tax paid, but by the tax *not* paid, that is, by the absence of profit on the output which is now destroyed. In the same way when a tax checks consumption, the loss to the consumer is to be measured not simply by the tax which he pays on the commodities consumed, but by the absence of the commodities which he is now prevented from buying, and by the substitutes which may be either unsatisfactory or entirely beyond the reach of his purse. In all such cases the loss to the taxpayer is greater than the gain to the treasury. The evils are disproportionate to the benefits. In these cases the tax is to be conceived not as a burden on existing production or consumption, but as a bar or barrier to future production and consumption. A tax as barrier may often be worse than a tax as burden.

One of the problems of Congress should be to stimulate production. Capital might take a risk and pay a quarter or a third of the profits to the Government, but it balks at giving up a half or three-quarters, not because it doesn't wish to share, but because the net reward would be too small for the risk. It would not be hoggishness, but ordinary prudence. And why should the Government insist upon sharing the profits and not the risks?

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lefèvre.

Whiteside Mountain, Jackson County, North Carolina

Send No Money

Just Mail the Coupon Below and Your Foot Measurements

Foot and Leg Pains Go in 10 Minutes

This New Way—Absolutely Guaranteed

We worked five years to learn how to rid foot sufferers of foot and leg pains. Now we guarantee to banish them in ten minutes. If our method fails it will cost you nothing. So it were folly not to make the test.

Aches and pains in the heel, instep or forward part of the foot as well as the ankle, calf and knee are quickly overcome. Cramped toes, callouses and tenderness beneath the instep are promptly relieved. No more sharp pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. That tired "broken-down" feeling disappears.

In nine out of ten cases these troubles and many others are due to arch weakness.

Science discovered that arch weakness is due to strain on a group of muscles in the front of the foot. Now we relieve these muscles of strain with the Jung Arch Brace, and the pains vanish—like magic.

Something Entirely New

No more stiff arch props, metal plates or bunglesome pads. Just a simple, super-elastic, bandage-like brace, that takes the strain off the weakened muscles. It is as easy to slip on or off as a garter. But what wonderful relief it gives!

Hundreds of thousands of foot and leg sufferers have found it a boon. Doctors, recognizing its correct scientific principles, recommend it. Chiropodists endorse it.

Not a Miracle—Just Scientific Correctness

The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band, its contour and design. That is where five years' experimenting went. It acts naturally—just a little help to nature in rebuilding the muscles by relieving them of strain. Eventually the weakened arch will be strong again. You will be able to discard the braces entirely.

Try Without Risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung's Arch Braces. Wear them. If they don't relieve you return them and get your money back. So you assume no risk.

If your dealer can't supply you send the coupon below. With a strip of paper ½ inch wide, measure around the smallest part of the instep, just back of the toe joints, where the forward end of the brace is shown in illustration above. Mail us this measurement and the coupon. We will mail you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces. You pay the postman $1.00 and postage. If not delighted return them and your money in full will be returned. If you prefer to send $1.00 with order, we will prepay postage.

The Jung Arch Brace Company, 493 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you live in Canada, address
Canadian Office—(Kickham & Roberts, Mgrs.) 493 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
Canadian Price $1.25

Book on Feet—Free

In your letter for our free book. Can you describe what is wrong with the feet? Is it weak arches, broken down arches, fallen arches, flat feet, etc. If your dealer does not carry Jung's Arch Braces, we will send you a pair postpaid.

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

SEND NO MONEY

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO
493 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces. I enclose foot measurements. On receipt of package I will pay the postman $1 and postage, my money to be refunded if not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

P. O. _____ State _____

I wear size _____ shoe _____ width or last _____

My dealer is _____

Clear as the Open Air!

LOOK through a Plate Glass window. You will see every object within your field of vision as clearly as if the Plate Glass were not there—as clearly as through the open air itself.

Observe the Plate Glass windows of a house from the outside. Note the clear lustre of their polished surfaces, and the clean-cut reflections of lights and shadows.

These are the properties of Plate Glass that make it the best glass for windows in residence, hotel, apartment house or business building.

Plate Glass is worked down and polished like a fine mahogany panel. It is free from the imperfections of common sheet glass—the ripples and swirls that distort objects and annoy the eye.

Plate Glass costs slightly more than common sheet glass, but in any residence or building, the difference is more than compensated by the enhanced value, increased rentability and salability. See that Plate Glass is written into the specifications.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS
of AMERICA

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 29)

experiences of your own human life still to be learned, I doubt if it is possible to be satisfied with merely the witness of the spirit and the hope of eternal life hereafter. The prospect is too far distant.

But can you see me as I was then? So recently shrived of my sins, so innocent of myself, stepping along toward paradise, still wearing a bustle, still vaguely, sadly in love with Sir Lancelot, the maiden mind of me still swinging like a fragrant censer filled with poetry, prayers and fine illusions? The Maiden's Prayer was popular in those days. I have not heard it for years. But it was an instrumental piece, played on the piano with the soft pedal. No words could have been written to the thing, because the real soulful prayer of a maiden cannot be said or sung in words. Her window sill is her shrine, the moon and stars her witnesses, and she makes her petition with tears. How well I remember the window sill in my own little room, and the prayers in tears I shed upon it! I had to have salvation as some people must have riches to insure their happiness in this present world, but what I wanted above everything was a lover. All human beings are dear creatures, especially the young ones, in the artless mixture of their innocence, their desires, even their transgressions, if only we are wise enough and kind enough to judge them by the heart, not the way their conduct looks.

I taught one of those summer schools that year that spring up in country neighborhoods during the laying-by season of the crops and die down as soon as the cotton begins to open in the fall. I may say that up to this time I had never really learned to talk. The general impression was that I was turned toward silence, which is a charitable way of saying that I was stupid. But I talked so much by way of teaching that at the end of six weeks I lost my voice and was obliged to close the school. The sum due me from the county for this terrific labor was fifteen dollars. Father collected it. I do not remember ever wanting any money or of feeling the need of anything that I did not have.

My recollections of this school are like the faded pictures of children's faces in a little old album. Mandy Jones' youngest sister was one of my pupils, a pretty child whose pantalets were noticeable because it was no longer the fashion to show your pantalets. I remember she always missed her lesson with the happiest smile. She became one of the plain good women of the community. And there was a yearling boy named Billy Mike. I remember him by his teeth. They were the largest, whitest teeth I ever saw in the human head, and they were always apparent, though I recall him as a serious young person. And there was a little girl named Susie. She was a downy young thing with blue eyes and yellow hair, who always sat in the corner behind the door, and was still the most noticeable child in the room, not pretty nor very good, but adorable. Afterwards, when she became a sparkling beauty, still without being good-looking, and a famous coquette, I forgave her, remembering that this was her gift, not her fault. She was as skillful at tuning a man to love as any musician ever was with a piano. It is not vice but talent, I tell you, to change every man into a lover merely by the enchantment of your presence.

There was a little motherless boy in this school; a delicate child who had some spinal trouble and wore a brace. Sometimes when he fired up with hot fever from this affliction I used to sit with him in my arms while I heard recitations. Long afterwards, when he had become a good man and a prominent citizen, and I had been the circuit rider's wife and was now only his widow, I visited Emberton for the first time in twenty years. I met him on the street and recognized him by the anguished look in his fine eyes that all people have who suffer too much pain in their childhood. And for one moment I had the same wing-hovering sensation I used to have for him.

Sometimes I think it is natural for every woman to be the mother of men whether she ever has a son or not, and no choice about it; whether it is a straight man or a crooked one, a good one or a bad one; any little thing that happens will stir her maternal instinct toward him, even if she despises him every other way.

The eldest pupil I had was a huge young lout of what you may call the sawmill breed. He was three years my senior, and probably felt his oats. Anyhow, his deportment was bad, and he had no higher nature for me to appeal to in this emergency. At last my patience reached the militant stage of exasperation. I kept a long hickory switch. Every teacher did in those days. I called him up before the school to be punished. I closed my eyes and thrashed him blindly, letting the strokes fall wherever a chastening Providence directed. When I had performed this duty I opened my eyes and stared at him through tears. He was standing with his arms folded like the pleased statue of himself, looking down at me with a sort of witty sympathy. After this his conduct was as correct as a polite joke.

I would not risk praising the woman I have become, but for the girl I was then I have at least a sneaking admiration; especially when you consider that she had recently passed through the emotional crisis of repentance and conversion, which is an experience that frequently has a softening and sentimental effect upon feminine character. The modern young girl may have presence of mind enough to defend herself even with her dear little naked fists. I have heard that she has, but I hold it would be very unusual in this age of merely equal rights for a sixteen-year-old girl to have the moral courage and power of personality to pull off such a stunt as this, and do all the work, with no assistance at all in the way of resistance from her victim. Some credit, of course, may be due the young man for the forbearance he displayed.

I not only believe in prayer as a spiritual exercise but I believe in answer to prayer; that we do get what we pray for if we place ourselves in an attentive executive mood for accepting the answer when it shows up. This is essential. For example, if you pray for the ideal lover of your fancy, and a real human man with a cast in one eye, and both legs bowed, and no money in his pockets, appears upon your scene you may not recognize him as the answer to your prayer; but he probably is. What are your qualifications? How would you feel and look, anyhow, as the wife of the prince of your imagination for whom you prayed so earnestly? This is what I am telling you about prayer: It is a form of spiritual negotiation and ought to be made honorably, according to what you are worth in exchange, especially if you are praying for a husband.

This is what we did in my young days: We prayed romantically for a lover, and then accepted sensibly the man who showed up in response, whether he was a rich and handsome man or not. So more women in proportion were married then than now are. My suspicion is that the modern young woman prays for a position or a career, if she prays at all; and that even if she wants a husband, he is not an answer to prayer but a sort of secular addition she shrewdly makes to herself in the way of worldly position or wealth; or she wins him in a flirtation as you trump something in a game of cards. What I mean is that piety and prayer have gone out of the modern marriage prospectus. It is becoming a legal contract that may be more easily dissolved by law than almost any other contract. This may be for the good of the race and for society, but if it is, the countenance of goodness has changed since I was young.

In January of the following year I was sent to a school in another part of the state, of which my uncle, Mr. Wootten Matthews, was the principal.

I may have learned something from the texts I was supposed to study, but nothing that I can now recall, as we do not remember the bread we ate when we were young and growing. It was here that I met Lundy Howard Harris, who was my uncle's friend, as one scholarly man is of another man; not quite so learned but more fiercely established in what he knows. That is, they were congenial intellectual antagonists.

I have no reason to suppose that this man suspected I had been asking my Heavenly Father for him. One must be old and have prayed many years in secret before one gets that sweet, longing, prayed-faced expression. Some of us never get it, no matter how much we pray. And I was equally far from suspecting that he was the answer to my window-sill petitions for a

(Continued on Page 137)

Good Driving Is Mostly

NICE STEERING

HOW TO PARK—HOW TO DRIVE—HOW TO ENJOY YOUR MOTOR CAR MORE

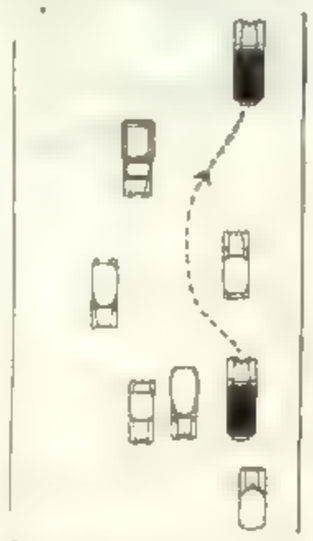
THIS INFORMATION (Continued on next page) SHOULD BE KEPT FOR REFERENCE

THE suggestions for the driving of motor cars and motor trucks presented here are not intended to be absolute or final. It is understood that exigencies arise around which no rules can be laid; on the other hand the applications of the few simple principles outlined here, in ordinary driving, will better fit the driver to meet the emergency situations as they arise.

ATTENTION TO THE JOB IN HAND is first and most important. The good driver is never careless.

TREATING YOUR GUEST IN YOUR CAR AS YOU WOULD IN YOUR HOME is the first point of driving etiquette. It is not only discourteous, but illegal, to risk lives.

In interpreting some of the instructions and suggestions the divergence of State Laws must be considered.



It is safest to turn out to pass, immediately after a car has come by in the other direction. Then you are sure no one behind is passing you

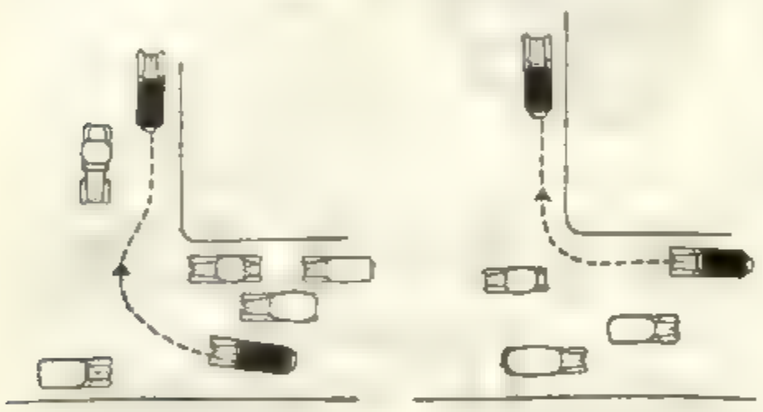
City Driving

Avoid sharp turns, either to right or left.

When moving out from curb, do so in a gradual, diagonal line. When swinging in to curb, do so slowly and gradually.

Tell the driver behind as much as possible by the use of left-arm signals.

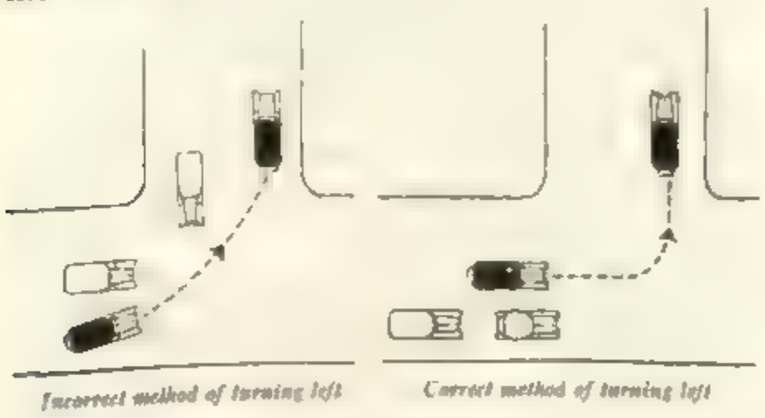
Do not depend upon his following your instructions. Your signal does not give you the right to turn in front of him.



Incorrect method of turning right *Correct method of turning right*

When turning to right at street intersection get as close to right curb as possible before turning.

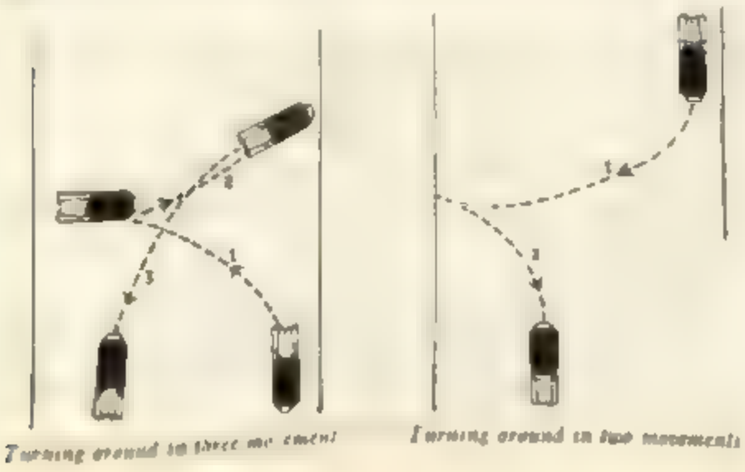
When turning to left at street intersection get into extreme left lane of traffic.



Incorrect method of turning left *Correct method of turning left*

When approaching a street intersection, the "Nice-Steerer" slows down to a speed from which he can stop quickly.

In turning around in a street where there is much traffic three movements are necessary. In streets where there is little or no traffic, the "Nice-Steerer" can easily turn in two movements by following the method shown in the diagram:



Turning around in three movements *Turning around in two movements*

The "Nice-Steerer" never cuts in quickly after passing another machine. He realizes that the other car is moving also, and he allows ample time before gradually getting back to his place on the right of the road.

The traffic lanes near the center of the street are for "through" traffic; that is, cars that are not contemplating turning off to the right at the next several streets. The right-hand lanes are for slow, or parking, or right-turning traffic.

The "Nice-Steerer" remembers that the rear wheels do not "track" the front wheels in turning. He allows ample, but not too much, leeway for the rear wheels to miss curbs, posts, guards, traffic signals, building corners, etc.

As a rule it will be found a time and trouble saver to "turn about" by driving around the block rather than jamming traffic by turning in the street. (This is not allowed, anyway, in many communities.)

MOTORISTS, motor clubs, truck operators, garages, automotive manufacturers and dealers, insurance companies, police chiefs, and other public officials, not only in the United States and Canada, but in Europe and elsewhere, have so far absorbed 1,784,392 copies of the booklet, "Good Driving Is Mostly Nice Steering."* 17,842 letters of commendation have been received. And the method of distribution has been through receipt of actual requests.

Nothing better indicates the deep and widespread interest in good driving, which is mostly nicety of steering.

It is plain how largely nice steering, so greatly in demand, depends upon ease of turning the front wheels.

—Wherefore an ever-increasing number of manufacturers use Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the steering pivots.

In steering pivots, as in transmissions, *and* on differentials, *and* on pinions, *and* on worms, *and* in rear wheels, *and* in front wheels, Timken dominance results from Timken extreme load capacity and ruggedness, and from Timken adjustability for the wear that *must* follow motion.

*These pages are reprinted from the 12th edition of the copyrighted booklet, which will be sent on request, made to the Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Another opportunity for "Nice-Steering" presents itself minutely in avoiding bumps, ruts, track-crossings, etc. The steering wheel should not be moved too quickly; the reaction is difficult to compensate for; and it imperils all neighboring cars. So long as both front wheels, or both rear wheels, do not hit the obstacle at the same time, the results are not bad.

Street car tracks are at all times, but particularly in wet weather, dangerous to negotiate. If the "Nice-Steerer" finds himself in the tracks, he flips his wheels first to one side, then quickly to the other, and thereby scrapes the tires as little as possible, while maintaining complete control of the vehicle.

Wet Streets

On wet streets the careful driver is even more careful.

Skidding, once started, is hard to stop. Turning the wheels in the direction of the skid will help. But this is dangerous inasmuch as usually there are cars, or children, or curbs in the way.

THE ONLY SKID THAT YOU CAN CONTROL ABSOLUTELY IS THE ONE THAT DOESN'T START!

Slow, even turns; slow, even stops; slow, even starts will avoid skids.

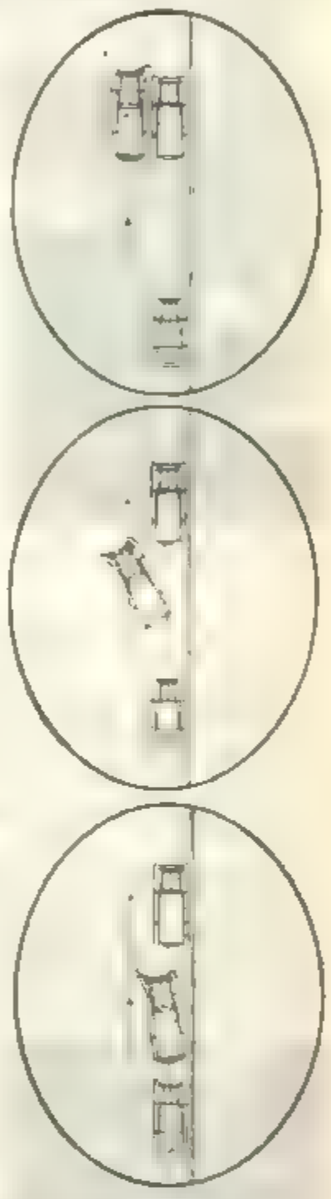
Do not disengage your clutch!

Tire chains are of assistance on wet or muddy roads.

Clear vision, obtained by windshield wipers, is also essential.

Can You Park?

An easily learned method of proper parking in a limited space is to stop parallel to the curb alongside of the car behind which you are going to park, about one foot outside of it; turn the front wheels sharply to the curb and back slowly until you can see that by swinging the front wheels hard over to the left, your right front fender will just clear the left rear fender of car ahead, turn wheels fully to the left and back to proper position at curb. This method, once you know positions at which extreme turns are to be made, will park you at the proper distance from curb and other cars in one backward movement.



Country Driving

While the "Nice-Steerer" keeps constantly on the alert even while driving through little-trafficked roads, the first thing to be learned for comfortable touring or long-distance driving is a safe method of relaxation.

Authorities agree that the safest and sanest grip on the wheel is one hand above the other, one palm up, the other down. (See illustration.) This grip provides the greatest leverage on the wheel with the least exertion. And all of the necessary exponents of safe driving—hand brake, horn, throttle, etc., are within easy reach.

The intermittent use of the hand throttle, on good, open roads, will rest the right foot and leg. The occasional use of the hand brake, besides being an excellent method of conserving both brakes, is also expedient and safe.

At no time should both hands be free of the wheel. Small stones, ruts, and bumps will quickly disturb the equilibrium and throw the car into the ditch.

Do not stop (to repair tires, etc.) in the middle of the road, near curves, or near the crests of hills.

Stones should be removed from the road, after using them to block the wheels.

Starting the Motor

The spark should be retarded.

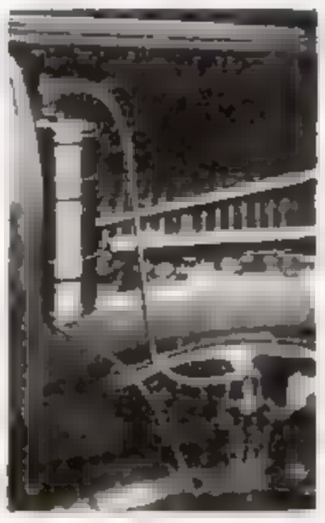
The clutch should be disengaged so that the battery need not uselessly turn over the transmission gears.

It is often easier to start the motor by turning it over several times, with the air choked, before turning on the switch.

(Continued on Page 136)

GOOD DRIVING IS MOSTLY NICE STEERING—(Continued from Page 135)

Gasoline Line and Carburetor



Dirt in the gasoline line—and there will be dirt despite the most careful filling—should be forced out by air.

Dirt or water in the vacuum tank may be removed through the cap-screw at the bottom.

Dirt or water in the float chamber of the carburetor may be cleaned out by removing the screen container and blowing out both the container and screen.

The petcock at the bottom of the carburetor should be opened frequently to permit the accumulated water to run out.

Tire Pressure

The "Nice-Steerer" checks th air in his tires every week. Tires should carry:

Tire Diameter	*Pressure*
3½ inches	60 pounds
4 inches	70 pounds
4½ inches	80 pounds
5 inches	90 pounds

Cord tires may be run somewhat softer according to tire men, without excessive injury.

The spare tire should be protected from the weather.

Wheel alignment front and rear should be checked regularly.

Inspect tires frequently and fill up holes and cuts with tire filler.

Cooling System

Keep the radiator well filled. Use soft water, if you can get it.

The radiator should be completely drained and flushed at intervals of about once a month.

The fan belt should be tight to prevent slipping, but not too tight for easy running.

In the mounting of the fan, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings assure the same attentionless service that they give in the more severe service points of the motor vehicle. For lubrication of fan see general lubrication chart in this article.

Tire Chains

If properly applied, chains are less harmful to the tire.

The hooks, when laying the chain over the top of the tire, should be toward the rear.

The chains should be just tight enough to allow them to creep on the tires.

Insurance

Because not all drivers are "Nice-Steerers," and if you are contemplating buying automobile insurance, be sure you are covered before taking the car out of the garage. Not only may "tomorrow" be too late—it never arrives.

Steering Apparatus

The steering apparatus requires little attention, but should be inspected frequently to make sure that the front wheels are in line and that there is no play in either the wheels, the tie-rod, or remainder of the gearing.

Tires should be kept properly inflated. (See table of tire pressures in this article.)

And above all, the best assurance of easy steering is to own a machine, the steering pivots of which are mounted on Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. In such machines the steering mechanisms—instead of scraping and grinding—turn easily on the rollers of Timken Bearings.

Battery

At least once in two weeks, and oftener in hot weather, the battery should be inspected to see that distilled water covers the plates in each cell by ½ inch.

If the hydrometer shows a reading of less than 1250, the battery should be recharged. A reading of 1280 means that the battery is fully charged.

Dry the top of the battery after filling. Keep terminals clean. An application of vaseline aids in preventing corrosion.

Spark Plugs

Clean, heavy-hitting spark plugs delight the "Nice-Steerer."

Plugs can best be cleaned by soaking in kerosene and scraping with a dull knife.

The points of the spark plug should be set apart about the thickness of a worn dime.

Lights

Both head and tail lights should be inspected before starting out.

It is a good plan to carry an extra headlight bulb, tail light bulb, and fuse, for lights may burn out any time.

To avoid danger to yourself, as well as other machines, your lights should be focused so that they do not throw their rays above four feet from the ground at any point.

The "Nice-Steerer" uses his dimmers when meeting other machines, for many lenses that are legal throw a blinding glare when the bright lights are on.

If You Have Never Driven a Car

This is the way to start your car after starting your motor.

(1) Disengage your clutch, put the gear-shift lever in low (first) speed position, and engage the clutch slowly as you depress the accelerator.

(2) After the car has gained some momentum disengage the clutch, move the gear-shift lever from low (first) to intermediate (second) speed and engage the clutch gradually, as you slowly depress the accelerator.

(3) When the momentum is between from 15 to 20 miles an hour disengage the clutch. Move the gear-shift lever from intermediate (second) speed into high (third) speed. Engage the clutch. (This does not apply to cars with planetary type transmissions.)

Maintenance of Timken Bearings

The greatest advantage of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings is the adjustable feature, or "take-up," as it is commonly called.

Many different methods are used in mounting Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in front and rear wheels, differential, pinion, and transmission of various types of vehicles. In any case the adjustment is easily made. All that is required is a half turn of a nut, removal of a shim, or the screwing up of a carrier that holds the cup. This moves the cone and roller assembly and cup closer together.

Wheel Bearings. To take up the wear on wheel bearings is a simple matter. Draw up the nut on the end of the spindle until the wheel binds. Next revolve wheel to be sure all working surfaces are in contact. Then back off nut from one-third to one-half of a turn to a point where wheel is free running. At the same time see that there is no "play" when the wheel is shaken. Lock the adjusting nut at this point.

Do not mistake wear on steering pivot bolts or bushings for play in wheel bearings.

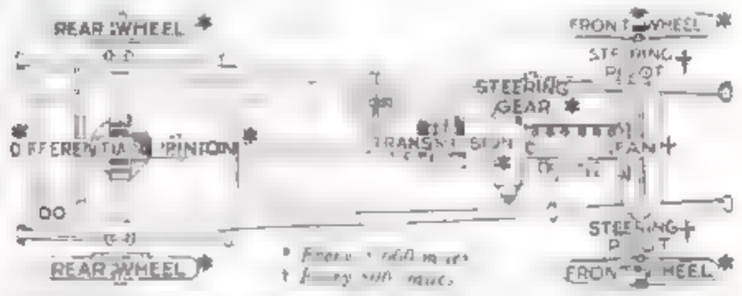
Nut or Screw Adjustment. To take up the wear at rear axle and transmission, where screw or nut adjustment is provided, the nut or screw should be drawn up to a point where it starts to bind. It should then be backed off from one-third to one-half a turn and locked at that point.

Shim Adjustments. To take up wear where shim adjustments are provided, remove the bolts that hold the carrier in place. Take out one of the thinnest shims. This is usually all that is required. Next put bolts back in place.

Worm Shaft Adjustment. The following instructions should be observed on adjustment of worm shaft bearings on 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, and 3½ ton trucks.

The worm shaft should be so adjusted as to make allowance for expansion from heat generated in service. On most trucks the adjustment is taken up on the front end of the worm housing by screwing on a sleeve which forces the cup farther over the cone and roller assembly. One notch on this sleeve equals about .005".

Adjustments should be made on various trucks as follows: On 1, 1½, 2, 2½ ton; screw the sleeve in until the end play is out of the worm shaft. Back off two to three notches which equals .010" to .015" end play. On 3 and 3½ ton trucks; screw the adjustment in until all end play is out of the worm shaft. Back off 4 to 5 notches, which equals .020" to .025" end play. The reason for this end play is, as noted above, to take care of expansion of worm shaft.



The circled points at which Timken Bearings are used in automobiles. Each of these points should have attention (either inspection, lubrication, or adjustment) at the mileages indicated

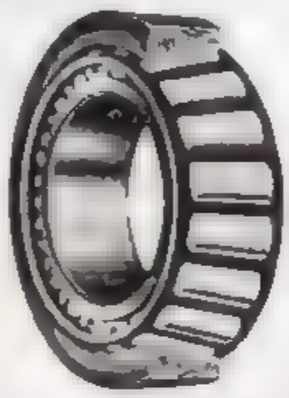
Lubrication of the Bearings. Any light grease or heavy oil will serve as a lubricant for Timken Roller Bearings, if it is positively free from acid.

The lubricant should be placed in the grease cups, where they are provided.

In the case of wheel bearings, the lubricant should be spread with a paddle. It is advisable not only to spread it on the cage holding the rollers, but also fill the hub. This may appear like too much grease. Any apparent excess, however, will be taken up by the parts as soon as they are in operation.

The greatest care must be exercised to see that there is absolutely no grit on the paddle, in the grease, or on the bearings themselves.

Should the presence of grit be detected, wash the bearings thoroughly with gasoline and dry them, after which the lubricating should be done over again.



THE basic design of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings is inherently adapted for Dual-Duty—the ability to carry not only radial loads, but all thrust loads, and resultant loads at all speeds.

This simplifies mountings, permits smaller and lighter housings and thus inaugurates an entire series of refinements and economies which have been a major influence in evolving motor cars of such high value as those of today.

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

You will Know a "Nice-Steerer" by

His keeping to the right of the road, particularly on curves and over the crests of hills.

His extensive and intelligent use of arm signals.

His avoidance of all obstacles, however small, without endangering the occupants of his car or any other car.

His ease of handling.

His strict obedience of every traffic regulation.

His respect for "No Parking" signs.

His courteousness in hugging the right of the road when you blow your request to be let by.

His protection of his motor; his use of second and first speeds.

His alternate use of foot and hand brakes on long grades or in emergencies.

His never coasting (he always retains absolute control).

His thoughtfulness of pedestrians; he thinks for them.

His respect for railway crossings; he stops, looks, and shifts gears BEFORE he is actually on the tracks.

His realization that though the Manhattan Limited may be five minutes late, it still has "divine" right-of-way at the blind crossing.

His consideration of others by keeping his muffler closed in cities and towns.

His further consideration of others by ringing the door-bell instead of blowing his horn repeatedly.

His properly adjusted steering apparatus.

His slowing down at street intersections.

His use of the brakes BEFORE he gets to the curve.

His realization that, having seen the child, he (not the child) is responsible.

His "Nice-Steering."

These suggestions enlarged and ramified, have been incorporated in a readable booklet, "Good Driving is Mostly Nice Steering" which will be sent upon request. The Timken Roller Bearing Co, Canton, Ohio.

© 1923, By The T R B Co, Canton, O

(Continued from Page 134)

lover, because the answer to prayer so rarely looks like the thing you asked for. By no stretch of the imagination could Lundy Harris be said to resemble the Lancelot ideal of my dreams. He was a man of letters, erudite, and wore a beard. Lancelot certainly was no scholar, and by the poetic license of my maiden fancy I had always thought of him as being clean-shaven. How I ever came to fall in love with a man who wore a beard is past my present comprehension. But two years later I was to become the wife of this man, and he was to be my circuit rider, William Thompson, the hero of those tales.

He was more than ten years my senior. He had been editor of the Southern Christian Advocate for two years, and later one of the teachers of Greek in Emory College. At the time of which I am now writing he had not been called to the ministry. But he was the descendant of four generations of Methodist preachers, with a side line including a bishop behind him. Undoubtedly the Lord recognizes heredity in managing the affairs of His kingdom in this present world. Lundy's two brothers also were Methodist preachers.

But when I first knew him there was nothing about him to suggest the witness of the spirit or the tyranny of righteousness under which we passed all the years of our married life. He was a handsome man, not tall, but erect, and carried himself till the day of his death with the swift rhythmic step of a happy soldier marching to any fate. His complexion was very fair, highly colored, his hair coal-black, already gray about the temples. A kind brow that always served to show the good weather to a man of his spirit. A straight, beautiful nose; fine, lively blue eyes that could darken and change to a deeper look of wisdom and back again to a sort of earthly brightness. Never was there a man with such a heaven-bound spirit who had such a kindling eye for the wit and comedy of human life.

The manners and customs of lovers vary according to the times in which they live. There was a period not so very long ago when Sir Knight riding by seized the lady of his choice, slung her across his saddle-bow and rode away to his castle a properly married man with all his love-making still to be done. And if I remember correctly, a certain novel with the scenes laid conveniently in a remote desert, and portraying a marauding sheik as such a lover, continues surreptitiously to be a popular book to read in the so-called best society from its flappers all the way up through its club-cultural stratum to its apex of political-minded women engaged in the most searching reforms. We condemn the thing, because the most strenuous work we have to do is to equalize the relation of the sexes where the balance of power has always been with the cave man and the modern altar cave man. But we read it because it makes a damnably fascinating appeal to the original feminine instinct, which cannot be changed by the ballot or any other demand upon us. The fact remains that the more modest, sane and sensible a woman is the more she contradicts herself by wishing for a bold lover who will relieve her of a part of the responsibility of being too coldly sane and sensible.

But I came up during a period when there was no such provision as psychoanalysis made to explain or excuse doubtful romantic conduct. Now it is different, maybe for the better; but it does not look so very good.

In any case, I suppose a courtship of nearly forty years ago would seem as tame and ridiculous now as a religious revival of that period would seem boisterous and spiritually unkempt in a modern church. Still, I must fill out this record with one little leaf of love as I learned it then.

Girls are easily attracted, but men are not. Even when they seem to be, they are only prospecting in love to pass the time agreeably. I shall always believe Lundy's first interest in me was one of amusement. I was a gawky young thing with a deep emotional nature and a mind absurdly garnished with fragments of ancient learning, stuffed with familiar quotations from great poets and a sublime sense of space that I had got from reading after Jean Paul Richter, and no doubt from spending so much time on the wide green hills at home. I remember the artful mischief with which he used to draw my fire, the quizzical gleam in his eye when I would buck up and hand him an opinion on the life and times of Pericles, or split a rational conversation with a quotation from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. I must have been showing off, as we say now.

Nothing saved me from being a stick but the fact that I was always tremendously stirred by my plagiarisms. I remember the amazement with which he regarded me when he learned that I had never read a novel. It was the look a rich man might bestow upon a starving child. The next day he sent me a copy of Molly Bawn, by The Duchess. What has become of that book? Does anybody read it now? And who was The Duchess? I have forgotten. Fortunately, I was away from home at this time, and my uncle believed in light literature for girls as we all believe in wings for butterflies. So I studied Molly Bawn and must have derived great benefit from it as a textbook on love. For forthwith my association with Lundy ceased to be intellectual and took a more intimately personal turn. This may have been his dark purpose in lending me the book.

I remember the first love letter I received from him, and how entrancingly guilty I felt; and the first walk we had together one spring morning through the blossoming woods to Sabbath school. I do not recall that we arrived there; but I remember how dear the day was, like a whole world's answer to prayer; how green the moss looked under the trees, little white flowers blooming like kisses above the sod and the faint sweet fragrance of trailing arbutus.

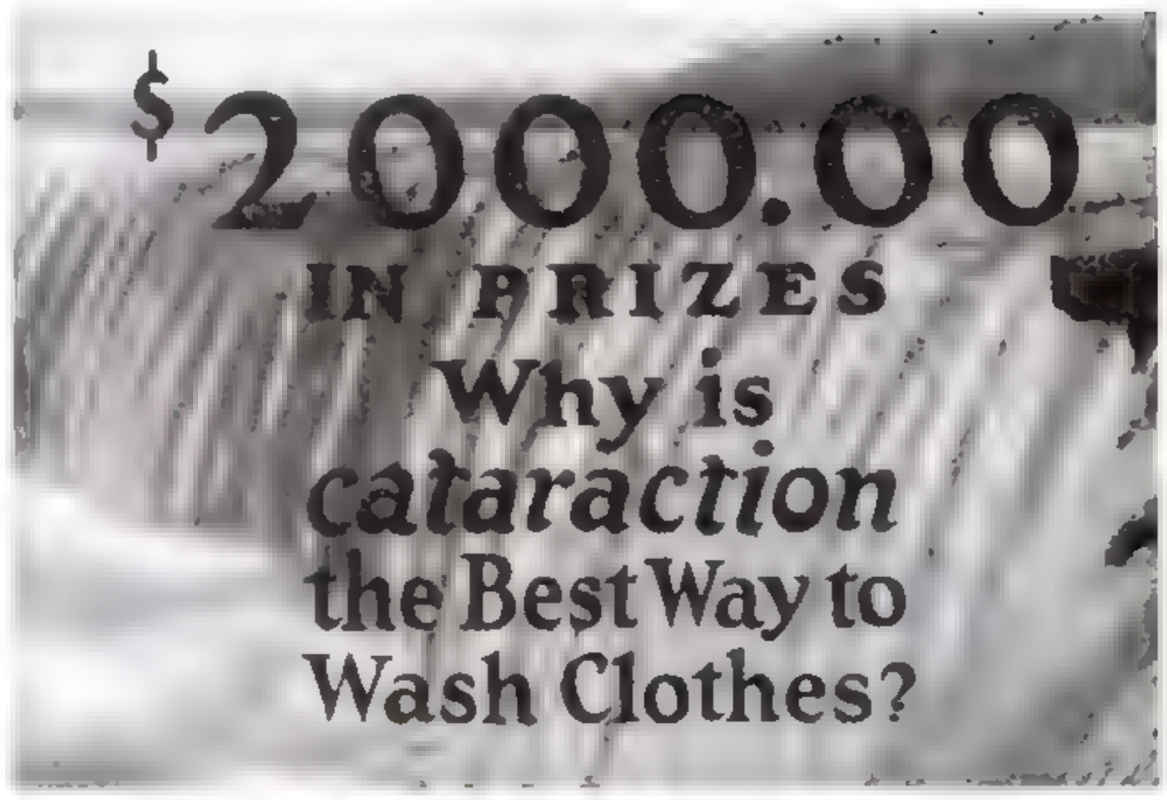
This is what love can do to us—make a holy vision of every common sight. It is a good thing. And no woman ever forgets that first pilgrimage she makes with her lover, even if it is along a dingy village street. Nor his tender flattery, nor his vows, those first ones. I am old and love has passed away, but I never see young hickory buds swelling like green lilies, nor pale violets bending in the deep shade of the woods, nor a wren building her nest low behind a heart leaf, that I do not recall some of the glory and sweetness of that day; and my lover as he was then, not shadowed by the awful wings of God as he was afterwards for so many years, but lifted with a sort of gayety, taking note of my timid reserve with a reverence shot through and through with a man's humor.

And I remember myself like the picture of a girl I used to know in a story long ago; the honest little straw hat I wore, with the brim cupped like a bonnet in front, very narrow behind, tied sidewise under my chin with blue velvet ribbons; the blooming green beard of the oaks beneath which we passed sifting down upon this hat and over my shoulders; the prim white dress I wore, short-waisted, and a sash with tucks and a ruffle at the ends, floating back behind me stiffly like the white tail feathers of propriety—the skirt very wide, garlanded far up the sides with a tiny ruffle crisply fluted; the way the wind blew this skirt teasingly back like billowing white veils behind me, and clinging close in front.

I have noticed this about the wind: When it catches the skirt of a middle-aged woman, it flaunts the thing roughly, as if nothing mattered; but it whisks the skirt of a girl softly, meaningly, as a handkerchief is prettily used in a flirtation, or like a neat little cloud that belongs to her.

For so many years now the wind has dealt harshly with me, and life has been such a terrible friend to me it is hard to believe that ever I wore a frock like that, or felt so near and kin to the blossoming boughs above my head. I am not complaining, you understand; for never yet have I known a soldier, however victorious, to return from the wars in a fine shirt with his cravat properly tied. He is a bit frayed about the edges; there is dust on his shoes. I reckon by this time I may be something like him, coming back home across the kind green hills of Time, tired out, but with a reasonably good conscience.

But when you are old and peacefully settled behind your years it is a pardonable vanity to boast of how beautiful you were as a girl. The homeliest woman I ever saw will do that. She may have a parchment complexion, a nose drawn up at the corners and spread like a bulbous knob at the end, thin lips that look like a puckered stitching, a mere wisp of hair, eyebrows so sketchy that they show like rubbed-out lines above her faded eyes; still, she will toss her palsied old head, give you a proud look and inform you that she was a famous beauty in her youth. She may, indeed, be telling the truth, because age does make astonishing changes in the human countenance. Nature



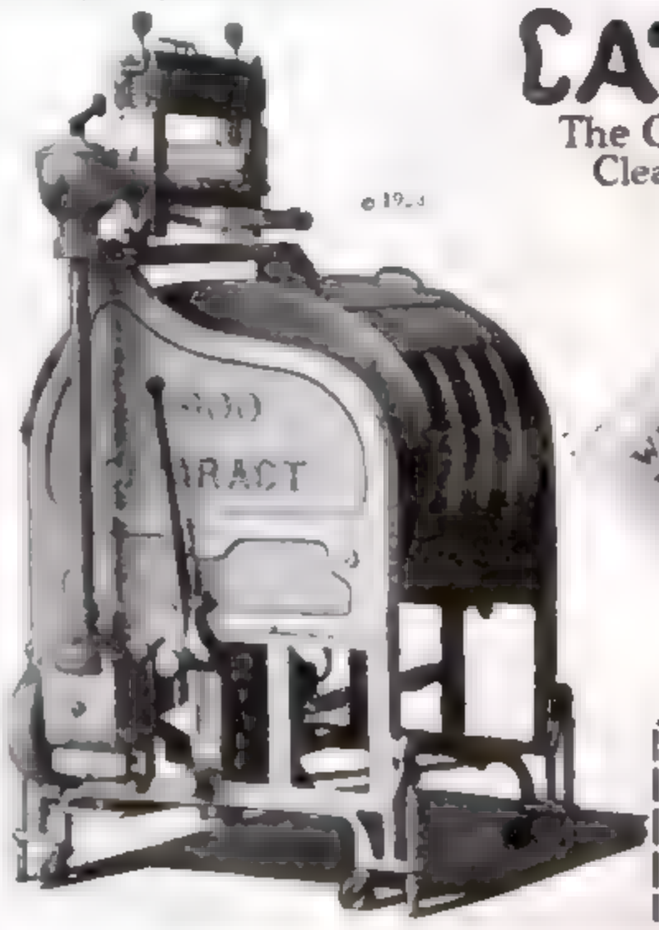
PRIZES

1 of	$500.00	$500.00
1 of	$250.00	$250.00
2 of	$100.00	$200.00
3 of	$ 50.00	$150.00
7 of	$ 25.00	$175.00
15 of	$ 15.00	$225.00
25 of	$ 10.00	$250.00
50 of	$ 5.00	$250.00
	Total	$2000.00

Water dashed through the clothes 60 times a minute

The only washer that swings back-and-forth and rocks up-and-down at the same time—double action—

cataraction
the right way to wash clothes



THOUSANDS of competitive tests have proved that the cataraction method washes clothes cleaner, quicker and without injury to even the finest fabrics. There is no doubt in *our* minds about cataraction, nor in the minds of more than a million women, users of "1900" washers—but how can we explain cataraction in simple language, so that *every* woman will understand its superiority?

For the best letters of 100 words or less, telling why cataraction is the best way to wash clothes, we will give $2000.00 in prizes—over a hundred chances to win, as tabulated on the left. Every contestant will receive a 50c copy of Dorothy Donnelly's book of recipes for removing stains, with our compliments.

Cataraction is the exclusive double-action principle of the Cataract Washer which flushes the *most* soapy water through the *most* clothes in the *least* time, with the *least* labor, and strain on the garments.

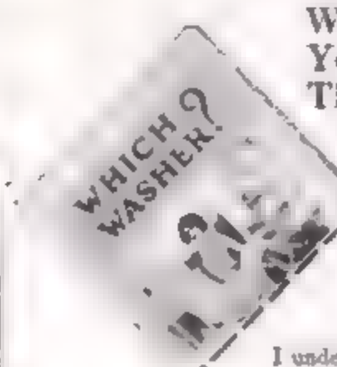
The Cataract dealer in your town will explain this principle in detail, and make it possible for you to compete more intelligently. He will also give you a contest-blank. See the dealer, or write for the free book, "Which Washer?". Then put your thinking-cap on and win a prize. Contest closes December 15th.

1900 WASHER COMPANY, Binghamton, New York
Incorporated 1898

Beatty Bros., Ltd., Fergus, Ontario, distributors of the 1900 Washer Co.'s products in Canada

1900
CATARACT
The ONLY Washer that
Cleans by Cataraction

Don't Buy ANY
Washer Until
You Read
This Book



1900 Washer Co.
203 Clinton St
Binghamton
New York

I understand your book contains many valuable hints on laundering. Send me a free copy, without obligating me in the least.
You may also send me the free "Cataraction Movie."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City and State*_____

Be Sure Your Clubs Are Right

Unconsciously many golfers are badly handicapped in their play by inferior clubs. Their average round could be a few strokes better if their clubs were of more uniform quality, stronger and better balanced.

(Patented)
Nov. 22, 1910 May 13, 1914
Oct. 3, 1911 May 2, 1916

"Bristol" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Golf Shafts

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No player need gamble with his clubs when he can buy Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs, for here he gets shafts every one of which is exactly the same in quality. Their balance is wonderful, the "feel" is sweet and they have the strength to withstand hard shots from the most difficult lies. They give you that most important of all golf factors—CONFIDENCE.

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Select your fishing tackle just as carefully as you do your golf equipment. It means just as much. Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines mean much to the best fishermen.

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seems to lose interest in you, once you have fulfilled her purpose. But my belief is that we only remember how beautiful we felt when we were young, whether we were or not.

So, bearing this in mind, I merely record the fact that I felt during this transient period of my life as lovely as the loveliest. And I may add as a sort of psychological phenomenon that this sensation has never entirely passed away. As near as I can tell, it is an inward feeling, grave and sweet. But no mirror I consult confirms it, no picture or portrait ever made of me bears more than the faintest, kindest resemblance to the stern-featured Empire face I have now.

The end of the school term was at hand. On the last night before I was to leave for home Lundy came as usual, not anxious or sad at this parting, but as if everything had been settled between us, when nothing had been settled beyond the fact that we loved each other and knew it.

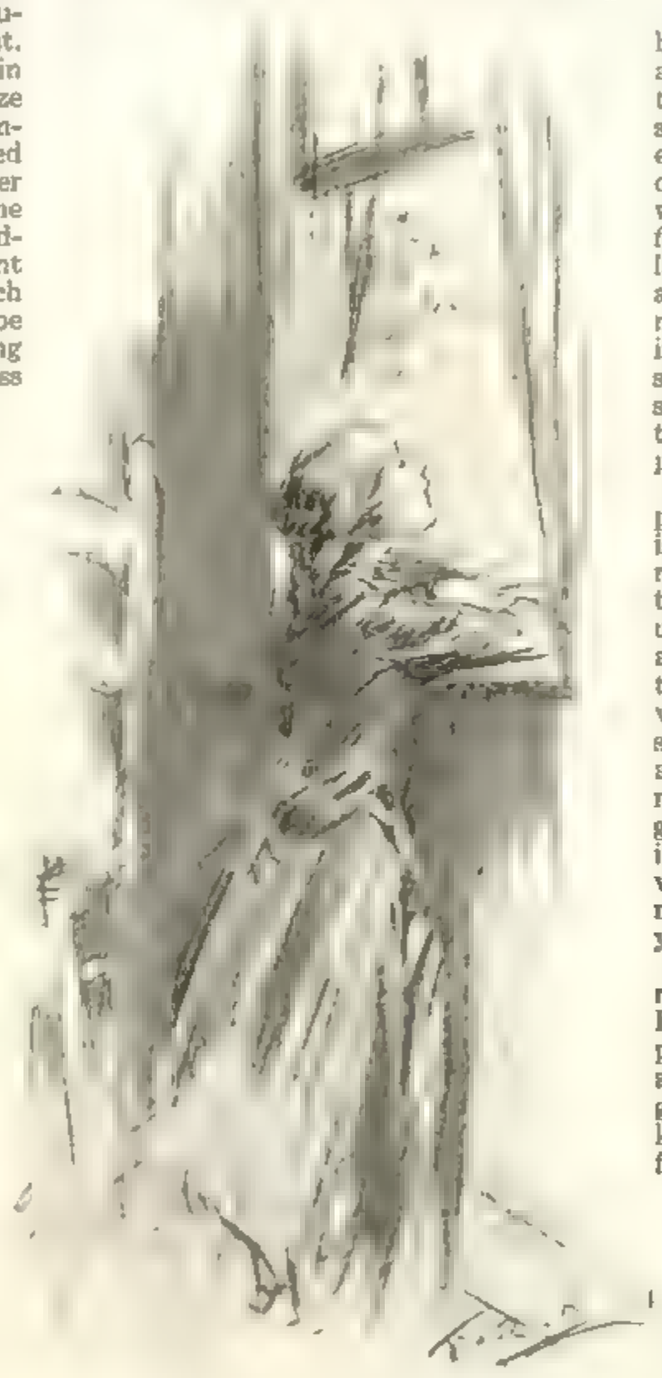
There was a final scene in the moonlight during which I kept faith with those pluperfect women of my family by the hardest. Lundy graciously declared a moratorium in the matter of this kiss until I should realize that the debt I owed him was more important to pay than any allegiance I owed to my feminine ancestors. I remember something he said about this: That the dead were the most rapacious of all creditors, and once you started a living account with them it never could be settled, which shows how unscrupulous a good man can be as a lover. Still, I think there is something in this point of view. The people who pass away do frequently hold a sort of a mortgage on our liberty and conduct, else I suppose we might spend life too freely.

But with my hand clasped in his, and an elderly lady moon for the only witness, he told me when I should be old enough we would be married and live happily ever afterwards.

At the time I was contented with this assurance that took me so much for granted. But years later, when wisdom came to me like a broken spell, I used to recall this proposal, which was no proposal at all; too casual, like the good-by of a kind man to a child; and I had my misgivings about whether he really meant it for better or worse. But not even from him in paradise shall I ever know the truth if it should be diminishing to my pride. He had chivalry so fine that it must still characterize him as a saint. As for me, I regarded him as an answer to prayer, by which the whole of my life was fashioned. As the years passed this impression deepened, for I have learned that an answer to prayer is no light and frivolous gift to satisfy some human whim; but it is a stern and beautiful thing that binds us to God. And I reckon this is what my husband became to me—a tie that bound me to his kingdom of heaven.

So I have never fashed myself about those other women who claimed to be the Circuit Rider's Wife when that book appeared. If they show up on the last day there will be no such confusion about whose answer to prayer he used to be as there was in New York one time when three of us simultaneously appeared in that town. A certain morning paper published an editorial demanding explanations, which seemed to reflect upon my identity, because the circuit-rider's wife from Arkansas was on hand who had lectured all over that state in the most feeling way about her experiences in the itineracy, and the other one from Virginia had just been magnificently entertained as the author of that book. But if you have really been a circuit-rider's wife it takes the worldly rostrum strut out of you, and you cannot make a travesty of yourself to wring dollars and tears from an audience. Also, it takes the social starch out of you. And you cannot pose as a celebrity at a reception with your books spread on the library table as printed proof of your distinction. I suppose audiences can recognize a tear-drawing lecturer when they see one, and I suppose society in particular easily recognizes a woman who looks elegantly like an authoress; but I am wondering if the old right-eyed world would not have instantly recognized me as the circuit-rider's wife if a real picture of me had appeared in that paper that next morning.

On the evening of the eighth day of February, 1887, I was married to Lundy Harris in the living room of my father's house. We have lost the vocabulary and the imagination to describe such a wedding as that was. No bridesmaids, no display of wedding presents; only a wide, kind old room, lamplit and fire-glowing, filled with a few relatives and friends who had known me all my life. I wore a white gown, not satin—nun's veiling, I think was the material—with winged panels of lace, and my first pair of white kid slippers. And we stood in front of everybody, with a tall window behind us which had long crimson curtains over lace curtains that were draped back with evergreen vines. As I remember it, this room glowed like the very heart of love with a sort of green crown of leaves on it, probably these vines. And the boards of the floor were still bare, but very wide and white; and a sword with a bright hilt was slung above the fireplace; and I can still hear the roar and crackle of the blazing logs on the wide white hearth. I can see Bishop Atticus Haygood standing



How Well I Remember the Window Sill in My Own Little Room, and the Prayers in Tears I Shed Upon It!

a little way off with the open Book in his hand; but for the life of me I cannot fix my attention on him, nor upon Lundy by my side. For in the deeper shadows behind him I can see mother, somehow seeming to stand alone, and apart from everyone else, though father must have been beside her. But I did not see him; only mother regarding me with a strange foretelling look. I did not hear Lundy being married to me; I heard only the busy crackling of the fire, and saw mother's long, long look through me and past me beyond all the years to come, until the bishop called me by name. Then her face seemed to fade. She was no longer between me and this vow:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, serving him, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

I have been told that I answered, "I will," in a stronger voice than is the custom of brides, who usually take this vow in a meek undertone. Anyhow, I kept it!

Every Methodist pastor is required to read the general rules of our church once a year, and preach his sermon that day on these rules by way of stimulating the weakening saints in his church. I must have heard a hundred such sermons in my time; but never yet have I known a preacher in any church to read the marriage vows from the pulpit and take them for a text with which to search the consciences of dilatory wives and delinquent husbands, and may be restore love and loyalty in the homes of his people. I have wondered about this, especially during recent years.

Why should a church be so particular about reminding you of your membership pledge to behave yourself, love, honor and support the church, and leave you for forty wearing, tearing years without reminding you of the vows you took when you were married? They are more important and far more binding before the Lord. For you can be a divorced woman and still be a prominent member of your church. You can be divorced three times, for that matter, and still sing in the choir. And you can be the very fiend of a husband and still be a steward in the church with a good collection-taking countenance.

I do not say that you will be damned, my brother, for this meanness tacitly encouraged by your church; but I do say that the Lord will lather you and chasten you somewhere, somehow, no matter how liberal you are or how pious you look stepping down the aisles of your church on Sunday with your collection tambourine filled with fluttering bills, if you are charged in your last accounts with debts of love and honor and faithfulness to your wife that you did not pay. And if there are any drudges kept in heaven I doubt not they will be selected sternly from that class of women who had such good taste for expensive things that they bankrupted their husbands in this present world.

What I mean is this: With the motion pictures showing how ephemeral marriage is, and comedies making the relation ridiculous, and the best plays dramatizing three-cornered love affairs, with one corner unlawful, and the courts granting divorces at the rate of twenty-five an hour when they start a day's grinding up of marriage vows, it does seem that preachers should say more than they do from the pulpit about the sanctity and glory and permanence of marriage. Instead of that they get together on their blue-Monday mornings and pass resolutions advocating a revision of our divorce laws! There can be no honorable revision of marriage vows, you understand. They are permanent.

I think one trouble is that whether we marry for love or not we expect happiness I do not know why we do, because it is not promised in the Scriptures; only peace, at a great price. In life it comes to us and goes away. We have no power to will it or keep it. Even the Constitution of the freest country in the world does not guarantee it; only the pursuit of happiness, because, I suppose, the eminent psychologists who wrote the thing knew that we would pursue it anyhow. And I remember, like any other lover, Lundy promised the same thing—we would be married and live happily ever after. And we did; but it was a happiness strangely like sorrow; sometimes like the high, keen anguish in the noblest lines of a triumphant hymn.

Formerly we were the sons of God, but I doubt if the Almighty makes us now; we seem to be making ourselves. And formerly men were called of God to preach the Word, but now many of them seem to preach like smart fellows who chose the ministry as a public career. We are passing through a period of rationalism, materialism and humanitarianism. But it will not last very long.

We cannot bear it long, for the works of our minds lead to spiritual suicide, and riches pass away, and humanics is a commissary of foods and ideas respectable people keep to nourish each other.

There is nothing divine in any of these secular provisions for the spirit of man. They only make him eminent in this present world. They do not promise the one thing we forever crave—life, and more life, even to life everlasting. They do not recognize the fact that immortality is an instinct, not a conceit; and that there is an answer that confirms it, as even the instincts of the flesh are satisfied, else we should not have them. So I say men will be called again, sooner than some of us think, to preach the Word; and once more they will become the great teachers and builders of men.

(Continued on Page 141)

SUN OILS

80%

You're paying good money for motor repairs—80% of them unnecessary

A PROMINENT AUTOMOTIVE engineer says, "80% of motor repairs are due to faulty lubrication."

Fouled plugs, sticky valves, hard carbon, knocks, and many other more serious motor ailments—80% due to oil; and most motorists "take" any oil that's offered. It's an insult to a good motor.

Good oil of the right type cuts repair bills; reduces gas consumption; prolongs the life of the car, and gives it higher resale value. A few cents a gallon more for oil is nothing compared with what it saves.

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We don't take a light oil and add cylinder stock to it to get "body"; our heaviest oil is wholly distilled. Sunoco gives pure lubrication, with none of the elements in oil that cause trouble.

You'll see the difference in the performance of your car almost immediately if you drain your crank case and refill with Sunoco Motor Oil; and a mighty pleasant difference to your purse.

Write us or ask your dealer for our booklet "What's Happening Inside Your Motor?" If you operate a car or a truck, you'll learn something about oil that will save money for you.

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"Results have been as follows: The trucks run cooler, on half as much oil as they used last year; we use 15 to 20 gallons less gas per month than last year; repairs have been much less than half of last year's; and all in spite of the fact that the trucks are a year older, and much too light for the job.

"This seems a remarkable performance."

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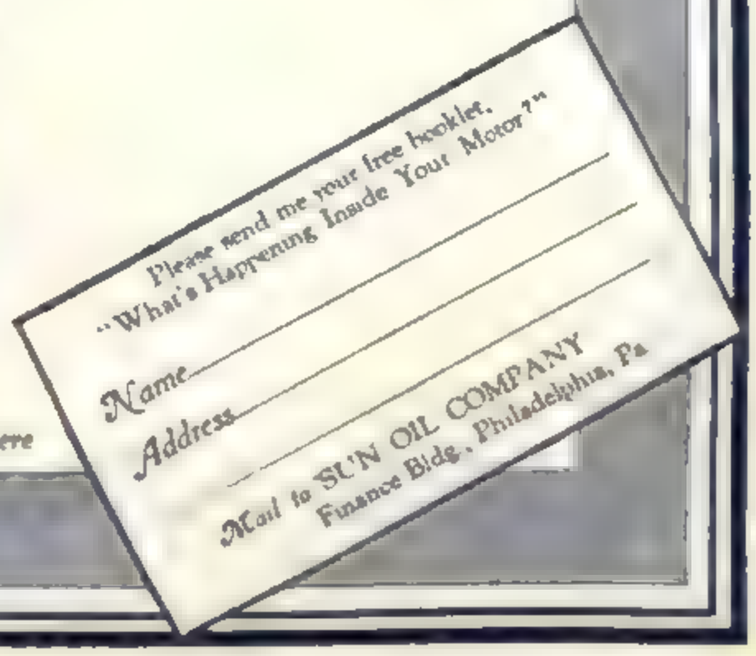

Does *your* child see a clean, bright world?

Would things look queer? Bigger? What would his new "specs" *do*, anyhow? Perhaps they'd make him feel shut-in oppressively as by a baseball catcher's mask. Perhaps—! ! He gazed the full length of the street through his new glasses. And you may be sure that the father who watched him was quite as anxious and eager as the boy.

Suddenly back from the horizon to the anxious face above him swept the boy's eyes. His features lighted into a happy smile. "Why, Daddy," he exclaimed, "the whole world looks cleaner!"*

Before his young eyes all blurs, black patches and vague shapes had rolled quickly away like clouds out of a wind-scoured sky. Shadowy forms had become definite. Blurs had changed into clear-cut shapes. The world was suddenly cleaner—life, brighter.

Five million children in this country are struggling through school and making hard work of play—handicapped by imperfect and inadequate vision. They don't tell you about it because they don't know they are handicapped. They've never seen through any eyes but their own. How should they know, therefore, that other eyes are different?

Your child may be thus pitiably handicapped. His progress in school, his happiness at play, his chances in later, grown-up years may depend upon the action you take in this vital regard. Investigate his eyesight. For his sake have an examination by an expert—immediately.

There is absolutely no other way to be sure—and safe. Avail yourself of the tremendous resources which the Wellsworth Scientific Staff—and other agencies for the betterment of vision—put at the command of those who examine your eyes. Have your child's eyes examined today.

**The incident is true: the father is one of America's foremost educators.*

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

(Continued from Page 138)

I do not understand this. I have often wanted to flare up and preach, but I never have felt the call. My skirts seem to be in the way. Still, there is such an experience, or used to be. I have known a little dizzy fellow to hear it and be transformed, and I have known great men who heard the same voice calling them, and I have seen them fold away every worldly ambition to answer it.

Lundy was one of these. He was as far from the ministry as any other secular young man with a brilliant future when I first knew him. But sometime during the year previous to our marriage he was called to preach. No good end will be served by recording the tragic circumstances attendant upon this period in his life. I was myself ignorant of them for many a year afterwards. It is enough to say that he obeyed the call, was licensed to preach and joined the North Georgia Conference in November, before our marriage the following February. He was sent to the Redwine circuit, which consisted of five churches.

Our wedding journey started over the narrow-gauge Seaboard Air Line Railroad between Elberton and this appointment, which was twenty miles distant, and it continued round and round that circuit during the year. I carried a heart for any fate, not knowing much about fate; and I wore a brown sealskin turban, a long brown coat and a smart little frock made of brown tricot cloth. Coat suits were a later invention. I felt very pretty, and must have been, with my bright hair showing against this rich dark color; but why I had all these brown things I cannot imagine, when I had always worn the more entrancing shades of blue. Maybe it was because I was to be a circuit-rider's wife and felt that entrancing colors would be out of place. Drab shades have ever been associated with the practice of piety, which is queer when you consider what a futurist the Lord is in ravishing colors.

When we were settled on this circuit Lundy had six dollars; I had a trousseau that filled two trunks, a thimble, a pair of scissors, several spools of thread and a needle case—the tools of my profession, you may say—and what more could one want? So far from being dismayed, we felt rich. Love, dear friends, is the only wealth that counts up right, even in this present world. The other kind is something we spend, or it is something we pinch and swindle and starve to save and are too mean to use; but love is a fortune that increases with poverty, trouble and sickness. It is the immense dividends we declare upon the vicissitudes of life. I never believe the old saying, When poverty comes in the door love flies out the window. Love abides, whatever happens.

From that day till the day of his death, Lundy was never in debt, although we never had what an ordinary laboring man now would call a living wage. At last when his long day's work was so tragically finished and he was laid back in the kind dust, and his frugal funeral expenses paid, I had two dollars and forty cents. But he made it through without a debt behind him, except ten thousand debts of gratitude to him that he never thought of collecting. When I think of his touching charities, the rage he used to fall in toward Christmastime when the worthy poor were hawked about for funds to feed them, and how he denied himself to bestow little personal blessings upon the unworthy poor—when I think and think, and never get through the years and years' end of his good deeds, I could go out and kiss a thousand stars in memory of him.

The burden of these sacrifices fell upon him, for I never felt a sacrifice in my life; and I have never known poverty, not even in the years when I had one good frock for Sunday, and one pair of shoes for Sabbath and secular use. But I believe it was different with Lundy. He craved books. He longed to travel; never man had a more famished eye to see his own particular parts of the world, such as Greece and the Holy Land. He was a strikingly handsome man who carried himself with an elegant air. He was born prideful in the flesh, and it must have been that he had some vanity like other preachers about his pulpit appearance. But he did not gratify this. I could almost count the suits he had during the whole of our married life. He made at least half the distance between earth and heaven in half-soled shoes, and I used to make his cravats. His only recklessness was in the matter of shirts. It was very difficult for him to pass a good-looking shirt in a show window without at least going in and asking the price of it.

I remember well the first time this vanity popped up before me. It was the day after our marriage. I was unpacking my trunks, spreading my frocks and things on the bed and chairs, showing my bridal plumage to him. He began by being pleased and praiseful of all these fine feathers. Then he fell silent. Presently he excused himself and disappeared. An hour later he came in with a stack of new shirts in his arms. No bride of his should have more frocks than he had shirts.

What beautiful things we remember of the dead that we took for granted while they lived, missing the charm and loveliness of a look, a word or some little deed that afterwards sends a fragrance down the years. I recall now so many things like this of Lundy; how absent-mindedly he used to kiss me good-by in the morning as if this was something he had done so many thousand times it was like batting his eyelid as he hurried by me. But it is a thing you never forget to do—bat your eyelids. So he never forgot that kiss that fell on my face anywhere.

He could not bear a skimpy table frugally supplied. Nothing else depressed him so much as barely enough to eat. He desired there some evidence of bountifulness, merely as evidence that the wolf was nowhere near his door. I believe he was always anxious about that. To produce merely the appearance of plenty required management. There is now somewhere in this house an old blue platter upon which I used to serve an omelet made of two eggs but beaten to an exaggerated froth to fill the space. Then a wreath of bacon browned and curled like autumn leaves, and at each end of the dish I made out with a huge bunch of parsley. He was indifferent to food, and would as soon eat one thing as another; but the sight of that dish fussed up like this with anything always cheered him. Sometimes when I had poured the coffee and was ready to be served he would say, looking at me, "And you, my dear, who deserve everything, what will you have?" as if there was a wide choice in foods before us.

Now at last I have hit the old trail covered by the circuit-rider stories; but I shall never travel it again, not even in a book. This time I am keeping close to the intimate memories of life in my own heart.

Still, we may sometimes cross the old trail quite by accident. This is what happened to me last summer. I was returning to the valley by motor from North Carolina. I was not thinking about the direction we were taking. I had spent the long day swinging down through the hills mulled in the bright sunshine. Late in the afternoon we passed through the little town of Hartwell and out again through the wide level fields for another hour. Then suddenly I was aware of something familiar, as one might feel, I imagine, if he took a walk thirty years afterwards in the cemetery where he had been buried. Maybe it was the shadows of all things lengthening across the land like the wide palm of the approaching night that reminded me of another evening long ago. I cannot tell what it was, but I knew this road, and that presently it would turn toward Redwine Church. Years and years ago, at this very hour, Lundy and I had been upon it. We were on our way from Brother Fleming's house to Brother Agnue's home to sit up with somebody who was sick there. This was in May of 1887, when the scourge swept over Redwine community and so many of our people died.

Balanced Rock, Sixty Feet High, in the Chiricahua Mountains Near Douglas, Arizona

The scenes were greatly changed; only here and there the shell of some old homestead where we had visited in those days; many new, finer houses. Once the road seemed to change its mind and start off in the wrong direction. And I could not find the woods upon the edge of which Redwine Church stood. Nothing lasts, my friend, but the earth, and we change the face of that according to our will and greed. I saw at last a clump of pines standing in the distance, where I remembered a forest. By turning out of the main road we approached this grove. And presently I saw Redwine Church, where Lundy had preached his first sermon after we were married, and where I came a shrewdly prim young bride to sit among the sisters in their amen corner, which was a silent corner, so far as the spoken amen was concerned.

I believe if we can wait long enough that every honorable sorrow will become a kind of joy. My heart filled with memories as sweet as a song as I stood on the threshold of this church. We must have had our anxieties and hardships that first year, but I could not recall them. I could only remember the happy fearlessness of my youth, and Lundy standing in this pulpit, a young man, not chastened as he was afterwards.

Nothing was changed in there—a little pious litter on the floor of Sabbath-school papers, the benches a trifle askew as they used to be when we hurried into the aisles after the benediction; the hymn books scattered on them, with the backs of these books sung off as usual; the same organ, I believe; the same altar; the great gilt-edged Bible solemnly closed, with the same broad white ribbon marker hanging from between the leaves; the wooden brackets still on the walls where the candles used to burn and shed such a dim, pious light.

I did not see the empty house, but all these benches filled with people, so many of whose names are now carved upon the tombstones outside; rows upon rows of faces that I had forgotten; the very way the women's hats looked and the long hegoat beards of the saints; and the little red-headed man who was converted the night Lundy preached on the prodigal son—how stodgy he looked as a newborn soul, and the way I laughed, not piously but with all the relish of humor, when he sailed down the aisle proclaiming himself this returned prodigal son, when we all knew he had never been away from home, nor very bad.

One change there was, but it must have been in me. I remembered this as a large church with a wide altar where many penitents could kneel. Now both seemed strangely contracted. But since I knelt there in the dusty amen corner so much water has passed under the bridge of the spanning years. I have been to some of the ends of the earth and back again. I have seen so many huge churches, such lofty spires. I have worshiped in great cathedrals, of which this church would be no more than a chapel in a corner. I have seen so much splendor in the way of religious scenery. And there was none here, nothing to lead your mind to a creed or distract your thoughts from the Lord. If you never had a great soul, but are by way of becoming a good old rocking-chair saint, this is a better place to kneel and pray than in the lonely wide gloom of a cathedral.

I came out and wandered a while among the tombs, seeing those that had been so white when I was there, gray with lichen, and the names like shadows upon them. I abhor cemeteries, but I love these little churchyards where the dead rest forgotten, no fashion at all about the way their graves are furbished up and kept. They look more peacefully dead to me the less the living have to do with them. I want no meddling with my dust once it is laid. I want to feel the tall grass wave in the wind above me and die and live again, as I shall live again, simply according to the immortal nature of my spirit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Cuts tall grass—cuts dandelions—June grass, spire grass, wild geraniums, etc. Ordinary mower just pushes them over.

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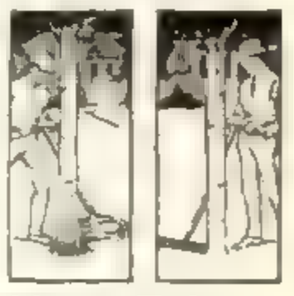

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The things of life that always are serious

A LOVED one passes, and the family is left with only a helpless sorrow. Grief-torn hearts turn to the thought of protecting the remains. It is the one source of comfort.

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Lower an inverted glass into water. The water cannot enter the glass, because the air within keeps out the water. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

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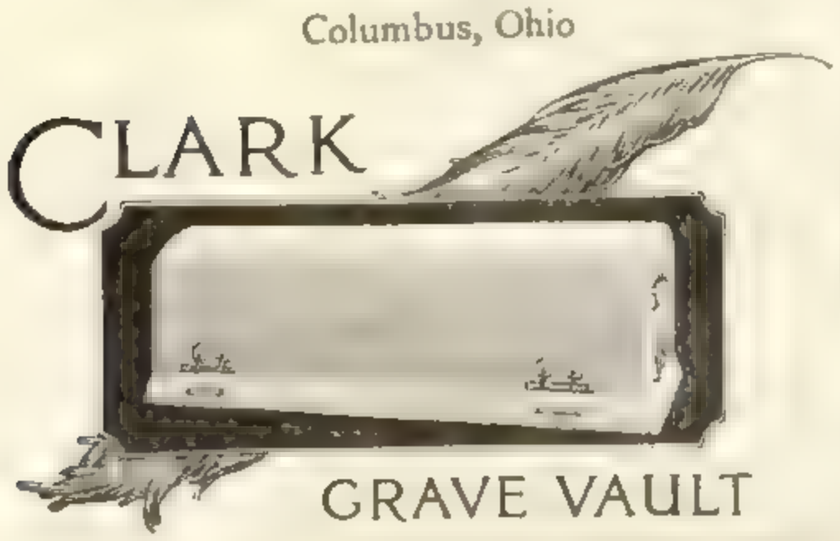

SPRING FEVER

(Continued from Page 17)

"I should say I do know him! I do business—that is, I see him on business very often. My name's McCray—Robert McCray."

"I'm Ann Mayo. My mother, Mr. McCray."

Her mother was far from sure that it was proper. She was one of those fluttery women, doubtful about nearly everything. But she was over fifty, and women of that age are easy to get along with. In five minutes I had her laughing too.

That little outing at the beach must have been just what I needed. My glumness was all gone. Ann Mayo danced with me, and I could fairly feel the music flowing through us, drifting along. She put back her head to smile up at me when we did a bit of fancy stuff, and I was morally certain that I could sell H. W. Mayo those slasher saws; yes, and get that installation order too. It didn't even worry me to remember that I had already sent in my resignation. If Uncle John accepted it, why, I would simply get another job. I was full of energy and confidence. It's wonderful what a little recreation will do for a case of spring fever!

I even got Mrs. Mayo to dance. She refused at first; said she hadn't danced for years. But I could see by her eyes that she wanted to, so I insisted, and she did; not badly either. She got as pink as a girl and talked all the time, the way they used to do.

"It was nice of you to dance with Ann."

Can you imagine anything funnier?

"I mean it. Savannah is a little difficult for strangers, and it's lonely for her. Different from out West, isn't it?"

I might have known there was something wrong then. Savannah isn't easy for newcomers, but even Charleston ought to have been easy for Ann Mayo; and you can't say more than that.

"You don't talk like Westerners," I said, meaning really, I guess, that they didn't talk the way you'd expect H. W. Mayo's folks to talk.

"I'm not—or wasn't. And Ann has been East to school most of her life. You live in Savannah, Mr. McCray?"

"No, ma'am. I told you; I'm a traveling man. I don't live anywhere, unless you call hotels and boarding houses living."

"But your family?"

"Haven't any near enough to count."

"No home at all?"

You'd have thought snowflakes ought to have been whirling about my homeless head, the shocked way she said it; and she wasn't making fun of me either. She was fluttery and uncertain about things, Mrs. Mayo was; but when it came to kindness she was all there. After that dance she patted my hand and wouldn't dance any more, only sat watching us, smiling every time we went by.

I never knew when Diamond Bill and Al Forsyth and the rest went back to town. The first I noticed, Mrs. Mayo said uncertainly that they ought to take the five o'clock train; and I looked at my watch and it was already 5:15.

She was startled, distressed, frightened to find that it was so late; but Ann only laughed and held up her arms to dance with me again, and I thought no more about it.

"I never hated so to see the sun go down," I said; not joking. "I —— Listen! May I ——"

But Ann lost the step just then, the first time she had done it, and didn't look at me. Maybe she didn't hear.

So we took the six o'clock train. Have I mentioned those flat salt marshes that give Savannah its name? They're worth going miles to see. Wide views of waving grass and wandering paths of water stained with rose and gold, luring you, saying you never know what lies off yonder in the dusk. Ann Mayo and I explored them from our window; and we caught a glimpse of the house of the Waving Woman, far off and lonely under the sky.

You know? I suppose every seaport has such legends—this woman whose lover went away to sea, twenty or thirty or fifty years ago, and never came back. But she still expects him. Waves to every boat that comes in from the ocean; and the boats all whistle, answering. It makes you feel solemn somehow. Ann Mayo and I spoke of her almost in whispers, though it was no secret at all. And following that sailorman over the edge of the world, we came to places never seen before—green islands and coral sands, painted war canoes plunging through the surf, and women singing. We even named them; you will not find them in the geography.

We rolled into the station and a string of freight cars shut off the view. That was the first I noticed of the crowd that jammed the train. It flowed out and absorbed every taxi in sight, and Mrs. Mayo was so distressed about it that she nearly cried.

"Never mind," I said, never guessing how real her trouble was. "We'll find one in a block or two."

And I walked with them till we did; and she was distressed about that too.

"I'm afraid we've taken you out of your way."

"You've given me a few minutes more of the most pleasant afternoon I've had since old Heck was a pup," I told her, feeling pretty sober now that it was over. "The hotel will still be there."

"Oh, that's so; you're all alone. Why can't you come to dinner with us? It's not much to offer," she worried, fluttery and uncertain, "because Mr. Mayo goes to the woods on Sundays and we never know what time he'll get back. It will be only a pick-up meal, but we'll be awfully glad to have you."

Unless you've lived in hotels and sawmill boarding houses you'll never know the charm of eating just what happens to be in the house, not ordering or caring what you get.

"Food," I said, "is the least important item of a meal. May I, honestly?"

The evening, instead of coming blank to an end, glowed before me. I guess I didn't notice that Ann didn't say anything.

We got out before a house fronting on one of those little parks that cut Bull Street into sections; a solid house with a wide and solid door. I remember the massiveness of the door because of the startling suddenness with which it opened, the width of it because the wide bulk of H. W. Mayo didn't fill it.

"Henry," said Mrs. Mayo timidly, "this is Mr. McCray. He has been very kind."

"Hello, Mr. Mayo!" I chuckled.

Then I learned how it happened that a girl like Ann Mayo could keep on being lonely in Savannah.

"Humph!" said H. W. Mayo, not moving from the door.

IV

WHAT could I do? Selling saws teaches you to keep up a cheerful front even when you feel as if you could bite a tenpenny nail in two—or somebody's ear. I took off my hat and offered my hand to Mrs. Mayo. She didn't see it.

"I I've asked Mr McCray to have dinner with us, Henry."

"Thank you; some other time," I said brightly.

"Please!" said Ann Mayo.

Over her father's shoulder the light fell on her face, and I had a queer feeling that she was asking me to stand by her. You couldn't have driven me from those steps with a gatling gun.

"Out of the way, father! We're hungry!"

Gayly she threw herself on him and turned him, like a small tug turning a ponderous steamboat; and I stopped hating him so suddenly that I almost laughed out loud with relief. H. W. Mayo was a big man in the sawmill game, a terrible fellow to his wife; but his daughter wasn't afraid of him.

Over his shoulder he said grudgingly, "Come on in, Mac; come on in."

Maybe, I told myself, he didn't mean to be inhospitable. Maybe he was tired from his day in the woods, or irritated because dinner was late or something. While we were waiting he offered me a cigar, but he didn't make me feel at home. He just sat there.

Selling saws, though, teaches you how to get along with people. I asked him a lot about the new mill, and spoke of the slasher at Vale Royal. He'd never noticed that slasher, having so much on his mind. I told him the bed ought to be shortened, to drop the slabs before they had a chance to twist and jam the saws. He was interested; we were sawmilling at a great rate when Mrs. Mayo called us to the dining room. We went in, and he kept right on.

"Henry," said Mrs. Mayo, hesitating, "don't you think you've cut almost enough lumber for one meal?" And she smiled

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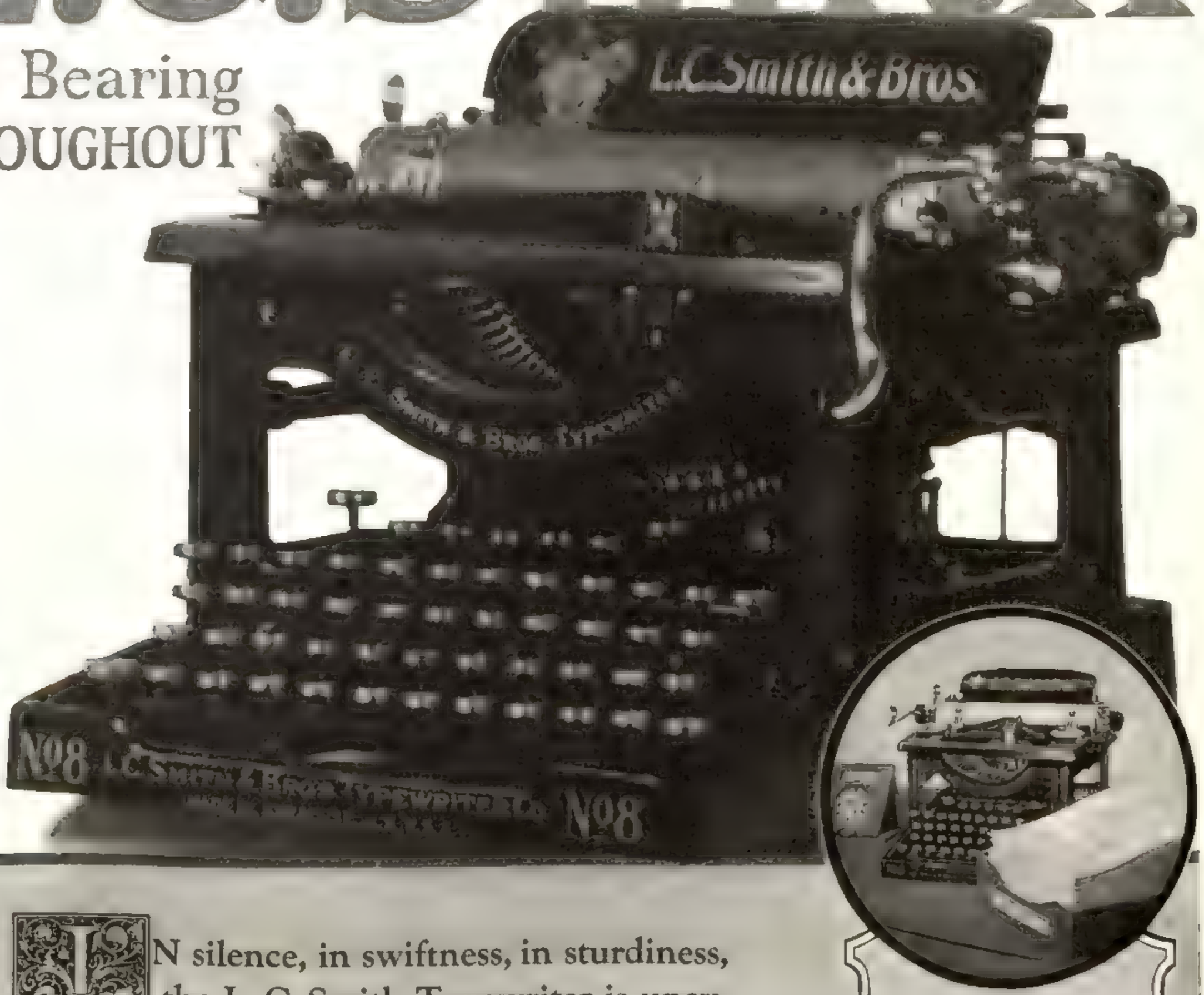

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anxiously at me as if to say "See how jolly we are!" But she might as well have added "Please excuse me for being alive, Henry!"

He grunted and shut up like a clam. Now it was nothing new to see a sawmill man who couldn't talk about anything but lumber; but I caught his eyes on me in a look that startled me.

It was the first time I'd seen him without his hat. He looked anything but impersonal when you could see his eyes: they were brown like Ann's, but darker, and looked small and hot in his fat face—suspicious, angry, violent. Made me wonder which of my secret crimes he knew about. Maybe that was why I couldn't sell him saws. Maybe he had something against me personally. But what?

Ann, trying to make him laugh, told him about the sensitive Algernon; and that wasn't a happy subject, either, because H. W. Mayo was A.'s boss.

"Al who? Forsyth, flier at Vale Royal?"

"Yes, sir," I had to admit; adding mercifully, "Poor Al! He'd have been rattled within an inch of his life if he'd known Miss Ann was your daughter. He didn't mean a bit of harm: he just felt sure all the world was his friend at the moment."

"Humph!" said H. W. Mayo.

Mrs. Mayo, murmuring something about something she had to do, went upstairs; but he plodded solidly after us into the living room and planted himself with the Sunday paper. Over the edge of it I caught his furious little eyes fastened on me. Pleasant, eh?

"Henry?" It was Mrs. Mayo timidly calling.

He growled "What?"

"Could you come up here a minute?"

He went grudgingly. Almost at once Ann Mayo's talk and laughter trailed off into nothing. She went to the piano and played, just restless bits at first. Then she ripped into something that sounded stormy and passionate and uncivilized. It got wilder as it went along, until I could fairly feel it lifting me out of my chair. I told you she could do anything well.

Bang! It stopped. She dropped her small, strong hands into her lap and looked at me and laughed.

"There! Now I feel better. That's my way of swearing."

"Do it some more," I urged, feeling better myself. "I like it."

"Poor old dad," she sighed, "he does work so frightfully hard! I do wish he'd rest, at least on Sundays."

"He's got a big job on his hands; doing wonders with it, too," I said. "The South Atlantic never made money before."

She played again, and sang, and I went over and stood by her and forgot all about H. W. Mayo. Her fingers fell more and more softly on the keys; the tall lamp by the piano drew us into its glow, and her face took on that peaceful, happy look of smiling even when she wasn't. Afterward we sat there and talked. I don't remember what we talked about, only that the world seemed wide and wonderful, promising things for tomorrow and tomorrow. Once I looked at my watch and it was nine; then suddenly it was eleven.

I stood up to go. There was a sort of library adjoining, and through the curtains I spied a baggy gray leg and an upturned foot. I can't tell you how it jarred—the thought of that fat, hostile figure listening there. My jaw tightened as I walked over to tell him good night.

He was asleep

I Sat on a Bench Just Across the Street Until the House Went Dark, and Never Heard a Sound

Poor H. W. Mayo! He'd stuck it out as long as he could, dead tired, likely, from his day in the woods. With his fat chin on his chest, a cold cigar drooping from his lips, his hot eyes closed—I can't explain it, I hated him, I was sorry for him, and I wanted to laugh. I thought I knew, you see, what was the matter with him. As I was saying, he came from somewhere out West: sawmill towns, of course, where manners were different; and with all he knew about sawmilling, when it came to raising a daughter he was simply all thumbs.

Oh, I made allowances for him! His hostility filled that big house of his, but it couldn't fill a summer night where high stars twinkled and the air was soft with the good smell of growing things; nor rob me of the picture of Ann Mayo singing, her sweet face pensive and the lamplight on her hair

v

YES that day at the beach must have been just what I needed. I hit the floor whistling. I made the waitress laugh at breakfast. I even made Ferguson, the South Atlantic purchasing agent, laugh when I tackled him about those slasher saws.

"Mac, you are a persistent cuss. Very well you know I can't buy your saws until H. W. says so. See him"

"My persistence," I told him, "is nothing to your tightness. Have it your way though. Has he come in yet?"

"And gone—out to the new mill. Back tomorrow or next day or the day after; nobody knows but H. W. Mayo, and the Lord who made him—maybe," said Ferguson, who remembered the South Atlantic in happier if less prosperous days. "But ease your pain, young fellow, ease your pain! I'll hold the order till you see him."

"Sometimes I think the Scotch are almost human!" I said gratefully, and went out, whistling to myself.

Yes, my spring fever was all gone. I was full of energy. That day I got some kind of order from nearly every plant I hit. Writing them up that night, I was well pleased with the world. But when I had mailed them I felt somehow blank and restless again. Nothing to do till tomorrow! Tramping around—out Bull Street, you know; that's the pleasantest way to walk, with those little parks every few blocks and a big park at the foot of it—I passed H. W. Mayo's house and saw a light in the living room. If Ann was there, though, she didn't feel like playing. I sat on a bench just across the street, smoking, until the house went dark, and never heard a sound.

Did you ever notice how empty a hotel room can look? Nobody there; only furniture. Oh, well!

Tuesday a wire came from Uncle John Kelley:

Keep your shirt on. Better drop everything and come in.

Come in, he meant, to headquarters, away up in Massachusetts! I didn't see how I could afford to go, with the South Atlantic business at this critical stage. Those slasher saws didn't amount to so much, but there was that installation order coming up. In a couple of months every saw man in the territory would be camping on H. W. Mayo's trail. Of course, I needn't be gone long, but

So I called Ann Mayo on the phone.

"Ann?" I said before I thought.

"Pardon?"

"I beg yours!" I said, feeling red and foolish. "Miss Mayo? Bob McCray talking."

"Oh!" she laughed. "I wasn't scolding you. Didn't recognize myself for a minute, that's all. My mother calls me Ann, but all my life I've answered to Andy; my violent habits, you know. I suppose I really ought to have been a boy. How are you?"

"Shuddering," I reported, "to think you might have been a boy and done your swearing with cuss words. I like your way better."

And we both laughed. Almost anything seems funny when you've been writing orders with both hands, and summer comes through the open windows and you are glad to be alive. So I asked her if I might drop in for a few minutes that evening, and she said I might, and I did; and you'd never believe what a difference it made, H. W. Mayo not being there.

She taught me the words of a rollicking duet, singing a droll, boyish alto herself; even my own voice sounded good to me. Her mother actually laughed out loud. It came to me that Mrs. Mayo must have been gay and pretty once, before the ponderous personality of H. W. Mayo had smothered her.

I don't remember when Mrs. Mayo faded away upstairs. The first I noticed, it was past midnight. So I went through the motions of picking out a piece of music, and showed it to Andy.

"Could you play just this one more for me?"

I didn't care what it was. I only wanted to watch her slim hands, her face, her dark hair with the lamplight on it.

Soft piano notes like something dropping into stillness; she sang, her head bent, her voice very small and true, like singing to herself. Funny thing I'd picked out. A lullaby; something about baby's boat being a silver moon sailing in the sky. Yet it had me thinking thoughts that made my throat feel full, made something ache inside of me. A room with lamplight, and a fuzzy head against a mother's shoulder; blue eyes closing, closing; night outside, deep, silver night, and a sky that meant eternity.

You never know how music will take you. I had to turn away. I was afraid she'd look at me.

"Thank you," I said huskily. "Gosh! Look what time it is! I'm ashamed of myself."

I guess it wasn't the right thing to say. Her eyes looked far away somehow; tired maybe. I blundered out and walked three blocks in the wrong direction before I noticed. Oh, well! You can't expect a saw plugger to be romantic.

It was Wednesday afternoon before I saw H. W. Mayo. Waiting, I called on a lot of little plants I had been in the habit of skipping. It's amazing how much business you can rake up when you are full of energy and too restless to sit still.

You'd have thought H. W. hadn't moved since the last time I'd seen him at his desk; his hat square on his head, the tip of a cigar breaking the fat curve of his cheek, bulky and dim against the window; but there was a difference. I could feel the hot eyes in his shadowy face. It was enough to make any man's selling talk go lame.

"For places like Vale Royal," I said, "where slashers get a lot of grief, we make a special saw. Two gauges extra thickness at the eye, to keep 'em from jamming into the chains; mild temper, so if they do hit the chains they don't fly to pieces."

He said exactly nothing.

"Let me furnish you this set, on trial if you like. Hard places are where they show the stuff that's in 'em."

He kept on saying nothing, but I could feel his eyes.

"May I?"

"No. I reckon not."

And there you were.

I couldn't think of another blessed thing I had to do in Savannah. The way I had made out my route sheet, I was due to be working toward Macon. I thought I'd take the four o'clock train to Allenhurst. But tramping restlessly around, I happened to see Andy Mayo working in the little garden at the side of her house. I stopped to talk a minute, and asked her to walk uptown for some ice cream, and the next I thought about it the train was gone.

You know how things happen. The morning train doesn't stop at Allenhurst; no use taking that. And I got to thinking.

H. W. Mayo came home only to sleep, it seemed; but he expected his wife and daughter to stay there all the time, like a harem or something. I wondered how long Andy's brightness would last under the sheer inhuman weight of his personality; how long before he would crush her as he had crushed her mother.

Being away at school had saved her so far. But here she was shut in with him, alone; you don't have to offend Savannah people twice.

Oh, it was none of my business, I admit. I still meant to take the next train to Allenhurst, but in the morning I asked Mrs. Mayo and Andy to run out to the beach for a couple of hours. It took my best salesmanship to persuade Mrs. Mayo; and the trip was a total loss to her, fairly trembling for fear H. W. would find it out.

On the train, far off across those flat grass marshes I was telling you about, we saw the lonely house of the Waving Woman. A big steamer was just passing in, from the

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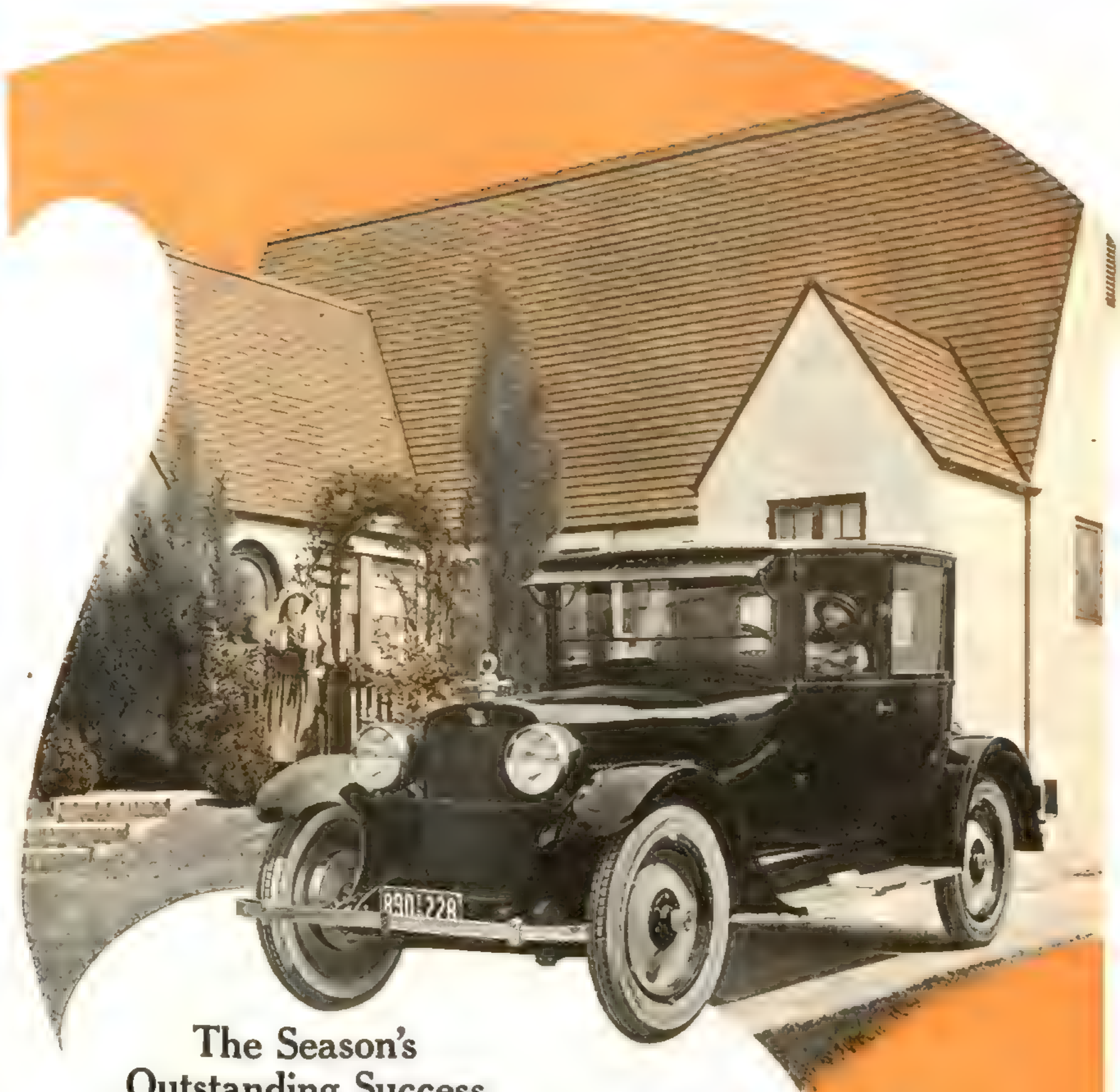

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(Continued from Page 144)

other side of the world, maybe; but the pilots all know her and humor her. Very plainly we heard the deep, kindly note of the ship's salute to her, honoring faith and courage and hope that never dies. It made you feel solemn, I tell you.

Andy looked at me, her brown eyes soft and sorry, and somehow I was holding her hand. And somehow, feeling her close beside me, sweet and alive and young, I was savagely glad I hadn't gone to Allenhurst. It was only thirty miles or so, but you never knew what might happen. Very likely that sailorman had never doubted that he would come home safe.

The fact is, I didn't go to Allenhurst that day either; nor the next day, nor the next week. I simply couldn't get my mind on it.

Oh, I didn't see Andy every day; some days I only sent her flowers. I got sort of used to H. W. Mayo, though he never changed. He could sit inside a door, not making a sound, and spread hostility all over the porch outside.

Then I got another wire from Uncle John Kelley.

Where are you? Have wired Allenhurst, Waycross, Thomasville, Lumber City, Macon, Atlanta. No answer. Where can I meet you Sunday?

It jarred me to find that I had been here in Savannah all this time, doing nothing. Well, if he was going to fire me Savannah was the best place for a new man to head in, wasn't it? So he could get acquainted with H. W. Mayo. I wired Uncle John to meet me in Savannah.

That was on a Thursday. Friday evening I was at H. W.'s house; I thought I was getting used to him. Saturday afternoon I happened to meet Andy on the street, and we strolled down to that big park at the foot of Bull Street. Saturday night—but let me tell you!

Saturday night I ran across Al Forsyth in the old Geiger House, and he was humorously sad. I hadn't seen him since that Sunday at the beach.

"Well, Mac, you know anybody that wants a good filer?"

"Some friend of yours?"

"My only enemy," said Al. "Me, in person; not a moving picture."

"You quitting Vale Royal?"

"I done done it," said Al. "Didn't you get my letter?"

He thought I had been out of town; I didn't explain.

"What for?" I asked him.

"H. W. didn't say what for. He said, 'Git your time!'"

"Then you're not going to file the new mill either?"

"I don't reckon he fired me off one job aimin' to give me a better one. Keep an eye out for me, will you, Mac?"

"You bet I will!" I said, feeling not guilty exactly, but responsible. "You bet I'll find you a job!"

So Al decided I was his best friend. He insisted on buying every time he caught me near the bar. But you can drink only so much ginger ale; and, as I say, I was on the wagon at the time.

The Geiger House was full of millmen. It was the favorite hang-out of the fellows from Millhaven and Pierpont's and Vale Royal.

That night Louey Rossignol, the night clerk, had a string band in the lobby, six black boys grinning from ear to ear and doing wild things to banjo and guitar and mandolin. You know how nigger music puts foolishness into your feet? Al missed me in the bar and came charging out.

"Hey, Mac, ain't this our dance?"

I consulted my order book and told him that it was.

Now Savannah isn't a sawmill camp, it's a city, and Broughton Street is Broadway. But you don't need liquor to make you hilarious when everybody around you feels that way, and music tickles you, and you have been walking with Andy Mayo in the afternoon. Men crowded in from the bar and the pool room, leather-necked, leather-lunged lumberjacks, coatless and collarless, yelling, stamping, patting juba for us; these niggers leaning heavy on the music; Al and I in a burlesque clinch, putting on the fanciest stuff we knew.

"Gangway!" I whooped, and swung Al in a circle, kicking high.

The front of the lobby was all glass. Of course a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, watching us and grinning. I grinned myself—for maybe a second and a half.

There stood H. W. Mayo, his fat face like a thundercloud, his little eyes fairly burning holes in the glass; Mrs. Mayo, trying not to see me; Andy behind them, her brown eyes wide and sorry and ashamed—ashamed of me!

It's a tough game, selling saws. You have to be a good fellow with the boys from the mill, a gentleman with the boss; but it's pretty tough to have to be both at once.

They thought I was drunk and disorderly, of course. With some rattled notion of showing them that I wasn't, I pulled down my coat sleeves and started out, laughing merrily, to speak to them. H. W. Mayo's eyes stopped me like a bullet. Mrs. Mayo ducked her head and moved to the other side of him. Andy simply didn't see me, and she never looked sweeter in her life.

Oh, well!

Uncle John Kelley rolled in Sunday at noon, and I couldn't get up enough interest to care whether he fired me or not.

"Well, Bob, where in the world you been all this time?"

"Right here," I told him listlessly. "In Savannah."

"Sick?"

"No, sir."

"You look pretty well shot. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said wearily. "Spring fever, I guess."

VI

HE DIDN'T say much, studying me. When we started for the dining room, though, he asked me if I wasn't going to offer him a drink.

"Huh?" I said. "Oh, yeah; sure. Didn't think of it; fact is I been on the wagon lately."

"Never mind."

I saw then what he'd been thinking; not that I cared.

"How long you been on the road for us now?" he asked me presently. "Four years, is it?"

"Nearly six."

A long, dull, dreary time, six years!

"Ever think about getting married?"

"Who, me?" I said bitterly. "What would I do with a wife? Living all over five states!"

"I married when I was covering eight," said Uncle John. "If you lived in Savannah, or Atlanta, couldn't you get home every week or so?"

"And hike right out again!"

He grinned.

"I notice," he said, "the married ones manage to stay home a good deal, at that, and do as much work as you foot-loose single bucks; yes, and more, take it the year round. Theoretically, I grant you, a bachelor is the ideal traveling man. Nothing on his mind; no family to worry about; nothing to do but keep fanning right along. Actually, though, it doesn't work that way. Sooner or later a fellow begins to wonder what he's working for anyhow; gets to thinking 'Oh, what's the use?' How about it, Bob?"

"Have it your way," I said listlessly.

"Any man can earn his own living with one hand tied behind him. But he's like an engine running idle. He runs himself to pieces. He needs a load to steady him, and you never know what he can do till the load comes on."

"Your selling talk," I said flippantly, "is fine. Do you furnish the girl?"

"I'm not a matrimonial agent; I'm a doctor. Something's wrong. At first we had to raise your pay every three months; then you hit a dead center; and lately your work's been falling off. Why? Because your heart's not in it, else you wouldn't be so easily discouraged. Better men than you have failed to sell Hank Mayo!"

"Oh," I said without interest. "Know him, do you?"

"I'm the guy," said Uncle John Kelley, "that spilled the beans! I'm the reason he won't buy Brown saws. But you never heard of me quitting on that account."

"What did you do to him?"

"I don't know," said Uncle John, "if you want the honest fact. It must have been something pretty raw, the way he took it."

He grinned reminiscently.

"The sawmill game was a tough one when I was plugging on the road, and Hank Mayo was the wildest roughneck of a pretty hard-boiled crew. He could drink enough for six men, and lick that many, and throw the bar out the window for the end of a perfect day."

"H'm!" I said, thinking of H. W. Mayo glaring into the lobby last night; a large black pot sneering at a not very dirty kettle. "How times do change!"

"He was a sawyer in those days, and strong for Brown saws. I bet you," said Uncle John, smiling, "no sawyer of his ever gets away with any little trick to make other saws look bad when Hank won't buy the saw he wants. Hank invented all those little tricks! Or maybe sawyers don't do that nowadays?"

"Huh? Oh, no; of course not!" I said, and he grinned.

"Nor drink liquor. Well, as I say, I never could carry liquor like Hank could; so I don't know what happened. But next day I carried my aching head into the mill where he was sawing, and he unshipped his lever and tried to knock my brains out. Hank was only about half civilized in those days."

"You don't say!" I murmured. "Ever seen him since?"

"Lots of times. But I've never got anything out of him; he just looks at me. He's a wonder at nursing a grudge."

"You said it," I sighed, and let it go at that.

There are disadvantages in staying at a hotel where all the bell boys know you. Instead of paging you they come and tell you, with personal interest, who wants you and all about it. One came to our table.

"Please, suh, Mistuh Mac, lady wants you on the phone, suh."

"Ah!" said Uncle John. "Aha!"

I didn't wait to hear what else he said. Ladies were not in the habit of calling me on the telephone or otherwise.

It was Andy.

"Bob, I—I've got to see you."

"I was afraid you'd never want to again," I said, suddenly warm inside. "When? Where? At the house?"

"No! No, Bob, you mustn't! Can you meet me in the park, the big one at the foot of the street?"

There was a tone in her voice that made me grab my hat and run, fearing I don't know what. And when I saw the look in her eyes I shut my teeth hard—searching her, I give you my word, for marks of violence. I wouldn't have put anything past H. W. Mayo then.

"I've had a dreadful row with father. I know I oughtn't to have argued with him. But he wasn't fair, he wasn't fair!"

"Steady!" I urged, but couldn't stop her.

"Oh, Bob, it's wicked for people to be so unhappy! We try so hard to keep him from getting angry. The doctor says it's dangerous. He's old and fat, and he eats too much, and his arteries —— But you don't know, Bob, you don't know! Hours and hours last night; all day today, talking, talking like a crazy man! And I didn't say anything and didn't say anything, and that seemed to enrage him more. Until—I guess I'm my father's daughter, Bob. My nerves just went off all at once, and I said the wildest things I could think of."

"Take it easy, please, honey!" I begged, and caught her strong little hands to keep them still.

"I don't know why he hates you so! He's rude to everybody. I didn't think it was you especially. But he—I can't tell you all of it. I never heard anybody talk like that. The—the way a traveling man lives and everything. I never realized, Bob!"

"Yes?" I said gently. "How does a traveling man live?"

"Wild and reckless; not—not caring for anything. Drinking and—and —— He said he'd kill you if you came near me again!"

But she had wanted to see me. She had wanted to see me!

"That's only his way of saying he doesn't like me," I said, "and that's no news. I know I looked like a fool last night; but if you're not too much ashamed of me, that's all I care about."

"I was ashamed," she said, not looking at me.

"And if it makes any difference to you I wasn't drunk. Not last night. Sober as a judge, I was; not a drop for weeks. I simply didn't stop to think how it looked from the street."

"But you do drink?"

"Why, yes, sometimes."

She sighed.

"Andy," I said, "listen! I'm a traveling man, yes; but there are a lot of things I care about. I have to! Every traveling man does if he wants to make good. We know more people, and we have fewer friends to make excuses for us. Ever think of that?"

"But you do have a lot of—temptations on the road?"

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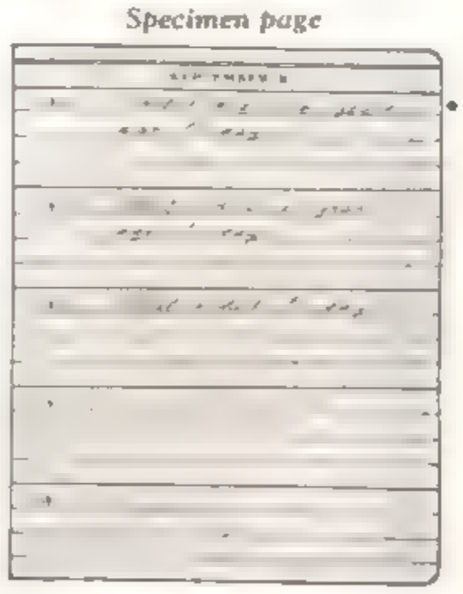

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It made something happy swell inside of me to see her so concerned about my worthless soul.

"Just as many," I admitted, "as other men. And we meet 'em just like other men, according to the stuff that's in us. Does your father think we're a special breed, different from the rest?"

"It feels good to see you laugh," she murmured. "It seems ages since I've seen anybody laugh. I'm so tired."

I didn't laugh then, believe me. I choked.

"Andy," I said, "I don't know what your father's got against me. I hoped he was getting used to me. Knowing you has been the happiest time that I remember. I love you. But ——"

She looked at me, her brave, tired eyes faintly smiling, and it was very hard to say.

"—— but rather than make any more trouble for you I'll—I'll ——"

Oh, well! You can't expect a saw plugger to find the right word. Trying to tell her how far away I'd take myself, I said the very thing I wasn't going to say.

"—— love you forever!" I said savagely. "I'll go and have it out with him. I'll make him ——"

"No!" she cried. "He isn't responsible, I tell you! And if anything should happen to either of you ——"

That stopped me. I couldn't fight him. He was her father.

"Please," she said, "just stay here with me and let me rest. That's all I want. It's comfortable with you."

The sky was soft with summer. The park was green; there were the voices of children, playing; strollers went by us, wearing the quiet air of Sunday, cheerful with interests of their own. One blessed thing—days always come one at a time.

VII

THINKING of her in that house of trouble didn't help my sleep any. I woke to hear my telephone screaming. I leaped on it before my eyes were open, expecting, I give you my word, to hear her crying for help. That's the state my nerves were in.

But it was only Uncle John Kelley, very sarcastic:

"Think you could spare a little time for business this morning?"

"Huh?" I said, trying to get my mind on it. "Why, I guess so. I mean yes, of course. What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I –there's something I've got to attend to first. What time is it?"

"Still eight o'clock. A bit early for you, is it?"

"Not at all, not at all," I said mechanically. "I'll—I'll look you up when I can."

"That will be sweet of you!"

But he was old enough to take care of himself, you know. There was only one Andy Mayo, and I could always get another job.

It wouldn't do to call the house at eight o'clock in the morning, would it? So I waited till 8:15. I was all braced to hear H. W. Mayo's hostile growl, but a timid "Yes?" relieved me.

"Mrs. Mayo? Bob McCray talking."

"Mr. McCray! Didn't Ann tell you? I hoped you had left town! Oh, please, I wish you would! Mr. Mayo is—you don't know how he is when he's angry! Promise me you won't go on the street!"

Poor, fluttery Mrs. Mayo, a helpless bystander in her own home!

"There was a a dreadful time last night! Ann I don't know what got into her. She told him that she— that you ——"

"Loved her? Yes, ma'am. Do you mind very much?"

"I? Oh, dear, I don't know! Mr. Mayo ——"

"Is he there now?"

"Oh, no!"

She wouldn't have dared speak to me if he had been.

This couldn't go on. It wasn't reasonable. At the South Atlantic offices they told me H. W. Mayo had gone to Vale Royal; I got grimly on a car and followed.

But walking through the storage yards I felt my nerves relaxing. The huge familiar bulk of lumber stacks with the tall gray mill looming beyond, the high musical whine of saws and the steady breathing of the shotgun feed exhaust, the smell of oil and steam and freshly sawed pine and cypress all made it seem a peaceful errand. It's a man's game, sawmilling; bigger than all the troubles of the men who work at it.

The stairs were outside the mill on the farther side; I went through the manless jungle of machinery on the ground floor and up to the main floor. The millwright and two negroes were working on the slasher, just inside the door.

They were always having trouble with that slasher. It was built wrong.

The outer slabs of a log, you know, are good for nothing but to burn. They kick off the roller bed onto moving chains and feed sidewise into the slasher—this gang of five or six saws on one long shaft along the side of the mill—to be cut up for the burner. They ought to drop the second they are cut. But at Vale Royal they moved on across the saws; you had to watch them every minute.

Heavy saws, slashers are. They have to be; rough work a slasher does, plowing through the slabs that come piled every way. The chains pass close by the saws. Let a cut slab twist between two of them and something has got to give. Warp a three-foot disk of heavy steel running ten thousand feet a minute, and try to hold it!

As I say, the steady snarl and thump and rumble of the mill soothed me. The ponderous crawl of thick logs, black and dripping from the pond, climbing in single file to the head end of the mill, rolling into parallel ranks on the slanting deck; the swift, measured swing of the carriage past the wide, singing ribbon of the saw, slicing off boards; the stream of lumber flowing on the roller bed to edger and trimmer—a man's game, making lumber, from the howl of the huge log cut-off on the deck to the rapid whistle of the shingle saw in the tail end of the mill.

When my eyes got used to the dimness I saw H. W. Mayo watching the work on the slasher; I stopped in the door, waiting. Any saw plugger knows better than to bother the boss when a jam is on.

Here's a funny thing: Now that I saw him I didn't hate him at all. He worked too hard, I thought, and didn't sleep well. His fat face was glum about the eyes, his mouth heavy, his gray clothes baggier than usual. When the slabs started moving into the slasher again I whistled cheerfully to catch his eye.

Voices don't carry in a mill, you know. But I didn't need to hear his voice to see what he said.

The millwright saw it, too, and forgot to watch the slabs roaring about the saws. One thing about H. W. Mayo—he never wasted time. He came for me like grim death, his fat face purple and his fat fists swinging.

"Hey! Wait a minute! I want to talk to you!" I yelled, and then the rail of the landing drove into my back, a twenty-foot drop behind me. "H. W.! Stop it! I want to talk to you!"

He must have been a terror in his day, this mountain of a man; fat as he was, it was all I could do to duck and block his heavy smashes, leaning on me and trying to hit me at the same time. It was a question which would break first, my back or the wooden rail.

Even then I didn't want to hurt him. I was half laughing, I remember, until his fat hands closed suddenly on my windpipe. Too late I realized how strong he was. Purple spots began to swim before my eyes. Desperately I worked an elbow up against his chin, trying to break his grip. Fog shut out everything but that savage, purple face with its furious eyes and somebody's elbow jamming frantically under the chin.

Whrang! Whrang!

I thought that harsh ringing was in my ears. I didn't see the men, crowded in the door, jump for their lives. Whoom! I thought my eardrums had burst. But air was cutting in my lungs again.

H. W. Mayo lay sprawled on the landing his head hanging limp over the edge—horribly, pitifully limp, it seemed to me.

"I've broken his neck!" That was my own voice hurting in my throat, soundless like a nightmare, lost in the banshee scream of the mill whistle overhead. The rumble of machinery was stopping, men crowding to the door. "Water! Get water, somebody!" I dropped on my knees, hauling up his head. "H. W.! Wake up! Wake up!"

His eyes were vaguely open. His lips moved.

"Bob?"

"Yes, H. W.!" I croaked. It was very pathetic.

"Take care of Andy—and Martha."

"I will, I will! But say, listen!"

His eyes closed peacefully. They opened with a puzzled expression, blinking at the men crowding out to stare.

(Continued on Page 153)

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By Coles Phillips

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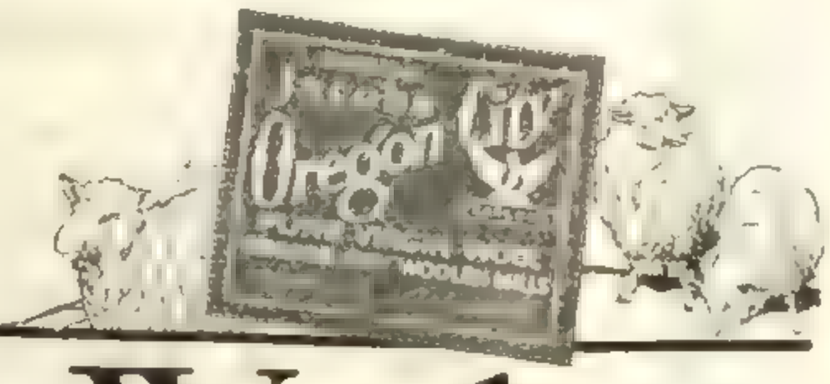

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 150)

"Hell!" he exploded. "I ain't dead!"

With a convulsive snort he rolled over and scrambled up, staggering, but brushing away my hands when I tried to steady him.

"Feels like somethin' hit me."

"Hit you!" said the millwright. "I'll say she did! Lucky for you she hit flat, that's all. If she hits edgeways, good night!"

All that goes up, you know, comes down. It was nearly a full half of a slasher saw that had bounced on his head, a three-foot slab of steel wickedly toothed and jaggedly broken. A hole in the shingles marked its upward flight. Innocently now it reposed on the ground twenty feet below us, burnished, shining in the morning sun.

"Hell! Is that all!"

Yes; you'd have thought it was a real pleasure to be spanked on the head by half a slasher saw. He grinned, sighed gustily, and pushed his way in to inspect the wreck.

"Say, Mac!" demanded the millwright. "What's the idea? What you been doin' to him? And how come him to get pacified all of a sudden?"

Why does a slasher go through the roof? Never mind; it does. But why should anybody enjoy stopping one with his head?

H. W. Mayo pushed out through the idle crew, himself again.

"If you boys was to get this mill runnin' and cut a little lumber it might help some. Say, Bob, I got to go on over to Millhaven now. But likely you'll be down to the house tonight?"

"Er—yes, sir. Very likely!"

Dazed, I wandered back to the hotel. Uncle John Kelley received me without enthusiasm, but I was full of business now.

"Uncle John," I said, "I've got to have more money."

"Do tell!" said he, very polite.

"To support H. W. Mayo's daughter."

"Ah!" said Uncle John. "Aha! Am I a good doctor or am I not? Hank's daughter, eh? I didn't know he had one. I see, I see!"

It was more than I could say myself. Not that I worried about it. The world was wide and full of interesting things, luring you, daring you, saying you never knew when the game would break for you. I was full of energy and confidence, all ready to talk business now. So I excused myself and galloped to the telephone.

VIII

YES, it's a man's game, making lumber; but it doesn't loosen the tongue. It was a long time before I learned the true inwardness of being thumped on the head by half a slasher. H. W. Mayo liked to come over and sit on my front porch, evenings, and talk sawmilling; he still does, for that matter. He rarely indulges in general conversation, but this time the subject was life insurance. He asked me how much I carried, and I told him.

"'Tain't enough, Bob. 'Specially if it was to be a girl."

It didn't happen to be a girl; this was just before the arrival of General Robert G. McCray, Jr. He's nearly seven now; and say, for his age—but never mind. There's little Martha, who is about a quarter past two; and you ought to see—but never mind.

"Girls," said H. W. Mayo, "are a hell of a responsibility, Bob. They're so innocent and helpless and sweet, and they got no idea what wolves and skunks and hyenas the world is full of. I never thought about it till I got married and found out," he said humbly, "how a nice girl looks at things. I actually felt like kickin' Martha's old man in the pants for lettin' her marry a roughneck like me.

"Oh, I been all along the line. But in my day a roughneck didn't pretend to be nothin' else. These days they dress like dudes and eat with their forks and act like butter wouldn't melt in their mouths; but you can't trust 'em behind a raindrop—and you know they fall mighty fast!"

At the time I thought he was prejudiced on account of his own turbulent youth, when the sawmill game was a rough one. But now I've got a daughter of my own, and I tell you flat, it's something to worry about—this younger generation. Thank goodness, little Martha is only two. I'd hate to have a daughter growing up just now.

"Yeah," said H. W. Mayo. "Here was Andy growin' up and gettin' sweeter and prettier every minute, and all these good-lookin' young skunks hangin' around; you couldn't drive 'em off with a stick. It sure was a relief to get her married off safe," he sighed.

"Yes," I said dryly, "I remember how glad you were!"

"Well," said H. W., "a feller's got to take a chance; and you turned out all right, I'll say that for you. That time I thought I was dead—you know, the time that slasher hit me; I thought I had bust a blood vessel; doctor was always tellin' me I was goin' to. And I was pretty near crazy, thinkin' of leavin' two helpless women without nobody to look out for 'em."

Mrs. Mayo and Andy, he meant; Andy, who runs a house and a husband and two children and belongs to six or seven clubs and saves money on a saw plugger's salary—helpless!

"That was when I give up. Oh, I liked you all right; but what I knew about saw pluggers was plenty—and lumberjacks," he added generously. "Oh, I admit it. I been all along the line."

"By the way," I said, "what was it that you and Uncle John Kelley fell out about anyway? I've always wondered."

"Well, now," said H. W. Mayo, "it'll sound kind of foolish; but you know how young bucks fly off the handle. I don't remember just how it started. We was on one hell of a toot, and I got sore at him. I don't know what for. I never could carry liquor like Jack could.

"Anyway, I swore I'd never use another Brown saw as long as I lived. I said it plenty; I said it all up and down the street. And after that," he said simply, "why, I was kind of ashamed to back down. I always liked Brown saws too."

It's a man's game, sawmilling; and something of the stubborn simplicity of the stuff they work with gets into the men who work at it. A sapling takes a kink, you know, and straight that way it grows into a tree. Try to unbend it then!

Spring fever? Oh, yes, I have it sometimes even now. But now I know the cure for it. The longest trip comes finally to my own front door, and Andy waiting, sweet and alive and young; I throw my battered old grip into a closet, my hat anywhere, and snatch up fat little Martha and make her gurgle; I challenge the General to combat, subdue him and heave him kicking into his bed—very bad for children, Andy says, to romp at bedtime! Then the house is quiet. Andy plays for me, her small strong hands moving softly on the keyboard, her clear face peaceful and the lamplight on her hair. And saws and sawmills drift away, and I can rest; for this is the end of the road.

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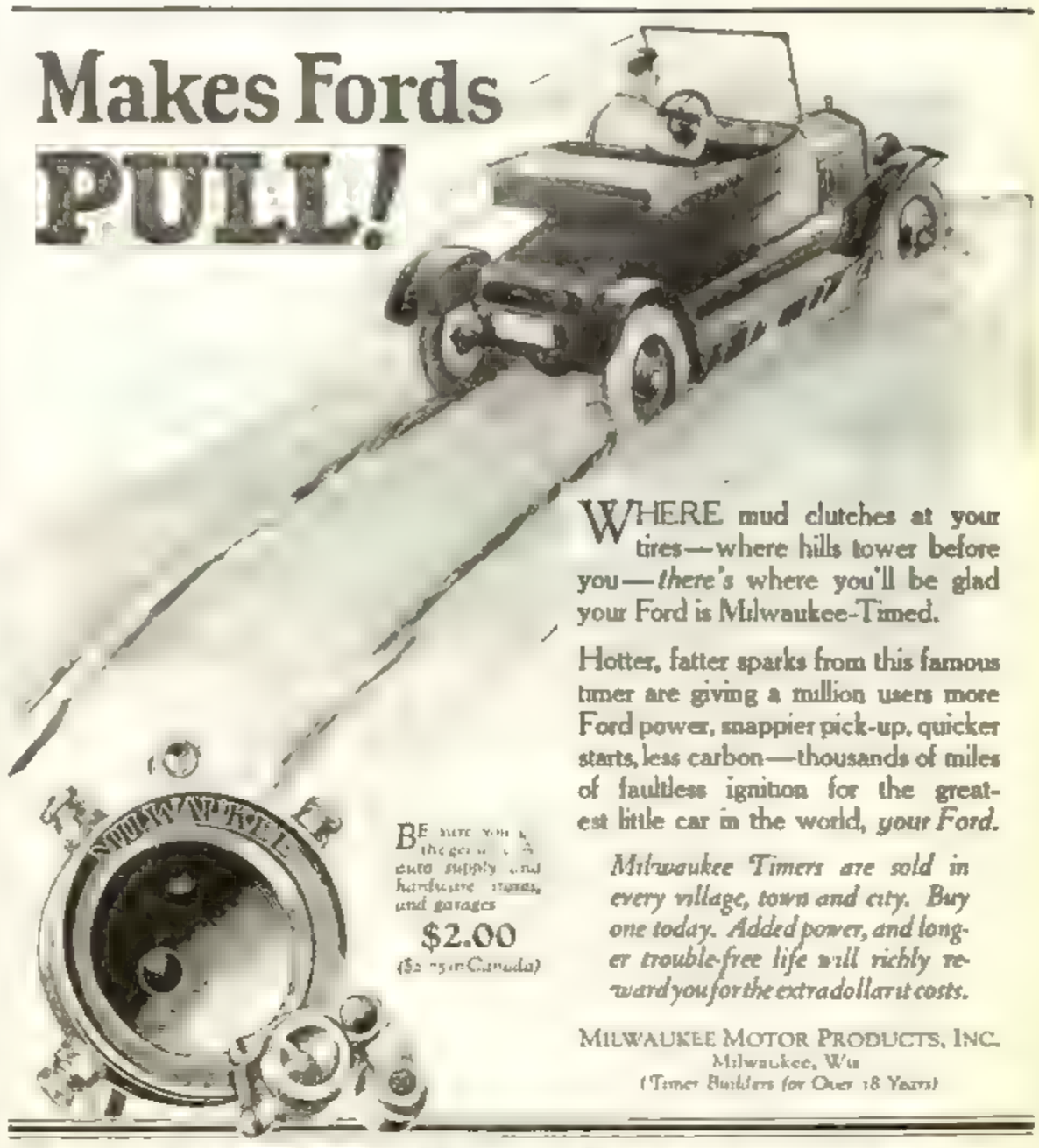

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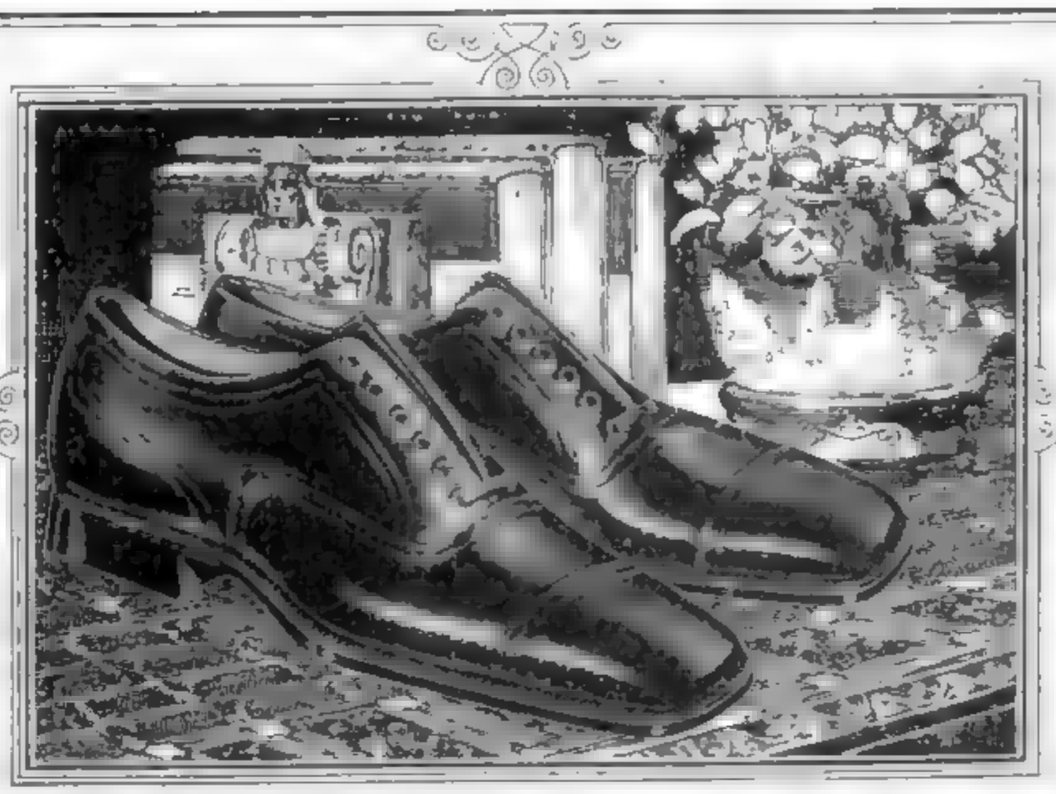

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A MATTER OF HANDICAP

(Continued from Page 23)

Now if one takes these words by themselves, there is nothing especially offensive about them. Any golfer may be forgiven if he mildly applauds his own good shot, because your ordinary golfer has so few shots which satisfy him that when one comes along he is entitled to almost any sort of celebration. But Mr. Goodhue accompanied his words by a manner. It was suggestive; it was not patently derisive; but the trio knew they were being derided, and what he said with reference to putting was almost legal justification for murder. For Goodhue was the thing he mentioned—an accomplished putter. He was more than that—he was an uncanny putter. Every proper golfer hates the man who is forever sinking twenty-foot putts, and rightly. He is the bane of an otherwise lovely game. Mr. Goodhue was this sort of golfer. If you and he were on the green in two each, you six feet from the pin and he sixteen, about four times out of six he would sink his putt for a three, making you so sore you would not only miss your six-footer but probably the twelve-incher which came afterward.

Now he did not need to sink his putt to win. Weevil was out of it and both the others were on in four. However, a birdie was a birdie; so Mr. Goodhue approached his task in his usual thorough and workmanlike manner. He stood back of his ball to get the line to the hole. Then he walked forward, sweeping away microscopic impediments. Following this, he lined the putt up all over again. Next he told the caddie to stand on the other side of the pin so his shadow would not fall on the hole. Then he looked everybody in the eye to impress silence and immobility. And at last he addressed the ball. He rested his putter behind it, he rested his putter in front of it. This he repeated seven times, lifting his head now and again to stare at the hole as if to make certain that no unfair player had picked it up and carried it off. Then he became rigid and stared at the ball for what seemed like a full minute. At last he putted. The ball rolled slowly, so slowly that those who were not acquainted with Mr. Goodhue would have calculated it would stop a yard short of the hole. But it did not. It kept on rolling as if with self-contained intelligence. It rolled deliberately, provokingly to the pip of the cup and dropped in.

"That little putt," said Mr. Goodhue, "costs each of you fifty cents."

There was little if anything to be said. The moment was one for action, but coroners and district attorneys and judges and juries have such quaint ways of disregarding the world's real defenses to a charge of murder that nothing happened. That is, almost nothing happened. It is true that Mr. Wills strolled slowly—a pantherlike stroll—to a near-by maple tree and with grave deliberation removed his eight-dollar driver from his bag. Slowly he gripped the club, took an appropriate stance and wrapped the shaft around the bole of the tree. One could see that he enjoyed it.

To follow through eighteen holes of golf would be to inflict more than human nature should be made to bear. Suffice it to say that, after this first hole, Mr. Goodhue did not have to play golf. All he had to do was to stay on the course and hole out eventually. Also, he had inspired such hatred in the hearts of his companions that they were in an argumentative mood, and that is synonymous with a betting mood. They hated him so that any form of antagonism was welcomed and relished. It became necessary for them to believe that anything Goodhue said he could do could not be done, and to wager their money on it. The result was that Mr. Goodhue walked off the eighteenth green a winner in the sum of sixty-two dollars and seventy-five cents and his score for the round was ninety-four! It is a well-known fact that a medal score of ninety-four will not affect an eighteen handicap.

III

A DOZEN members were sitting in the lounge of the Appletree Golf Club on a Saturday evening in July. The day's play was over and each gentleman was explaining to all the other gentlemen exactly and with circumstantial detail how it came about that he had played as poorly as he had done. One would gather from the conversation that not a man sat there who did not conceal within him the ability to play the course in par—if unforeseen and malign circumstances did not intervene. Everybody was having a wonderful time grumbling, and half the representation was paying bets to the other half of it. Mr. Atterbury Goodhue, as usual, was a member of the receiving wing. He was urbane, amiling, conversational. More than that, he was willing to advise and instruct.

At the moment he was showing Wills just why it was that Wills' mashie-niblick pitches failed to pitch, and that gentleman was as grateful as an actor in receipt of tokens in the form of eggs from his audience. He got up and scrutinized the printed house rules on the wall to make certain they could be interpreted as forbidding assault and battery.

Old Man Arkwright came pattering in from the showers to gaze about him mildly, waiting for an opportune pause in the conversation so he might describe the time he made a hole in one—back in 1892. He had not made a hole in less than seven since. But when his chance came he threw it away, for a notice on the bulletin board distracted him.

"I see," he said, "that the Gilpin Cup is played for three weeks from today." He paused and lifted an inquiring hand to his chin as if to make certain it was still in the usual place. "Goodhue will win it again, won't he?"

Mr. Goodhue was deprecatory.

"Scarcely—scarcely. It isn't possible for one man to have the good fortune to come through for the third year in succession," he said.

"If you do," Old Man Arkwright said, "it will give you the cup permanently."

It is more than likely that Mr. Goodhue knew this, but Old Man Arkwright had a passion for stating to any man the fact that man was most likely to know better than anything else in the world. It was reported about the club that he spent half a day on the telephone trying to get in touch with Bangs Murphy to tell him he had become the father of twins the day before.

"It's a beautiful trophy," said Mr. Goodhue.

"Well," said McWhinney shortly, "you might as well pick out the table you'll set it on."

"I'm not so sure," said Mr. Weevil, with intent and provocatively.

"Eh?" said Mr. Goodhue.

"Personally," said Mr. Weevil, "I don't think you've got the chance of a lame duck in a congressional election."

Mr. Goodhue smiled tolerantly and looked about the room in his bland, superior, aggravating way—a manner that seemed to ask of the occupants of the lounge that they enjoy with him a joke on one of inferior mentality.

"And what," he asked, "makes you think that?"

"Handicap medal play, isn't it?"

"As we all know," said Mr. Goodhue.

"Well," Weevil said, "with the low handicap you tote around, I don't see how you can expect to win."

It was a clean score. The lounge lifted up its voice and shouted to such an extent that Mr. Goodhue was thrown slightly off his poise.

"Perhaps," he said, "you feel so strongly about it that you would be willing to—er—back your judgment in some, shall we say, substantial manner?"

"One hundred plunkers," said Mr. Weevil succinctly.

"What odds?"

"Now listen, Goodhue; you win as many matches on the first tee bargaining for strokes as you do on the course. This isn't a bargain counter. There's the proposition. Take it or leave it. One hundred bones, even money."

"Self-respect compels me to take you," said Mr. Goodhue, who was given to talking a great deal about that commodity.

Mr. McWhinney shot a glance of deep inquiry at Weevil, who winked and nodded.

"If you want any more of it," he said, "I've got another hundred that's anxious to talk."

"Done!" said Goodhue shortly.

By this time Wills scented something and clambered aboard.

"Don't discriminate against me," he said. "I got a hundred, too."

Mr. Goodhue was a bit flustered by now, but the desire to maintain his self-respect, which was so strong within him, came to the rescue. (Continued on Page 157

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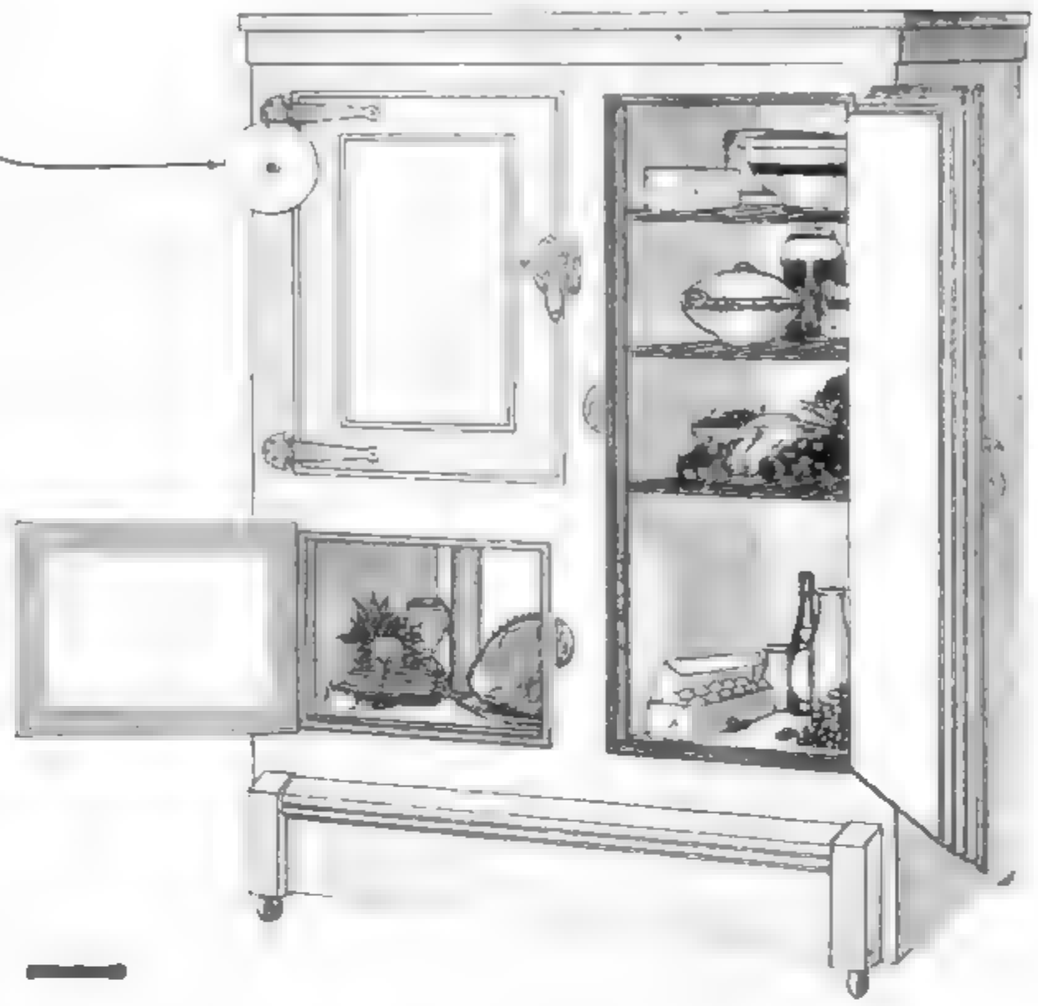

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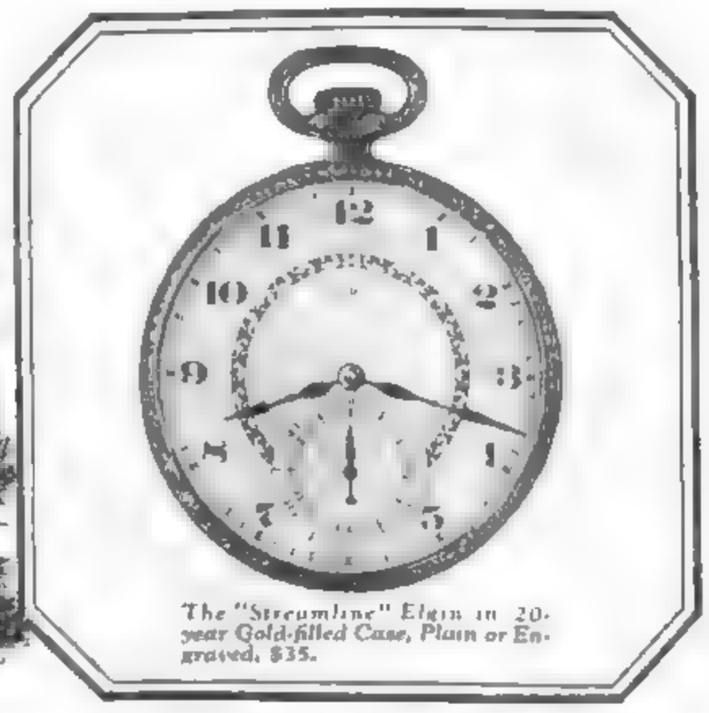

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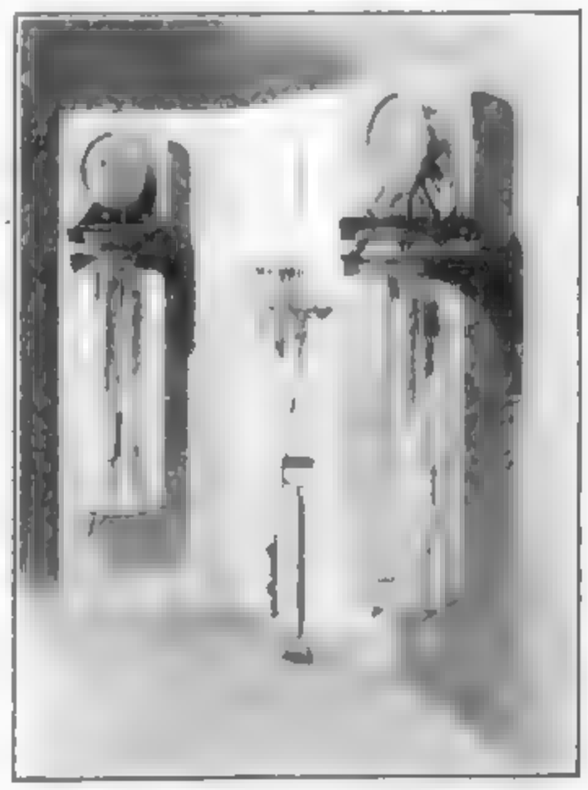

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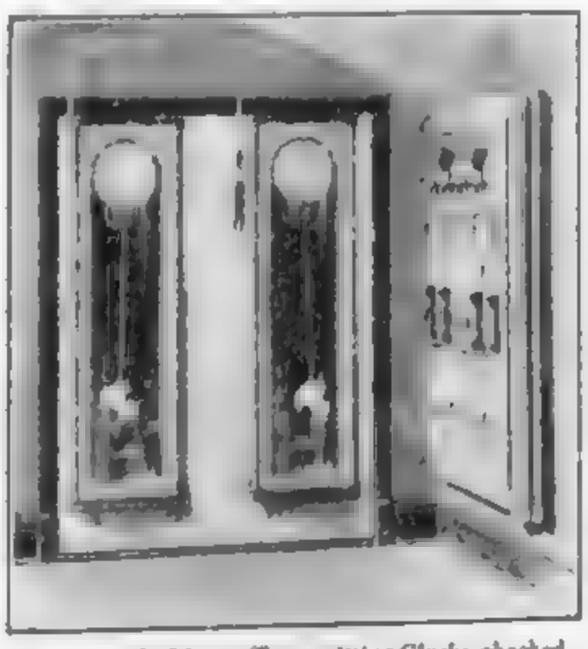

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ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 154)

"I take you," he said. And then with bravado: "Any more?"

There were no more.

Old Man Arkwright intervened.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I made the seventh at Rolling Stone in one?"

"I think," said Mr. Stoner, "I've heard about it; but I'm sure the rest of these gentlemen never have."

Whereat he arose and disappeared into the locker room

Fifteen minutes later Old Man Arkwright finished his narration. Weevil had welcomed it, for it rather took Goodhue's mind off what had gone before. He turned to Goodhue.

"By the way, Goodhue, can you make up a foursome Saturday morning? Wills can't play, but I've a friend who comes from the West, and, with McWhinney, you'll make the fourth."

"Fine!" said Goodhue. "What's your friend's game?"

Weevil grinned and waggled his head.

"He shoots some mighty eccentric golf," he said, "but he's fond of his game. He thinks it's good. Maybe it would be if there weren't any out of bounds."

"U-m"—Mr. Goodhue was calculating profits—"make it 9:30."

In consequence, at the designated hour Mr. Goodhue, Mr. McWhinney, Mr. Hooper the guest, and Mr. Weevil prepared to drive off the first tee at a seasonable hour on the following Saturday. But this time it was not Goodhue who shopped for bets—it was the stranger.

"D'ye know," he said confidentially, "there isn't much to this game unless you bet on it. Like horse racing. No bet, no game, eh? How about it?"

"Delighted to oblige," said Mr. Goodhue.

"How many strokes'll you give Hooper?" Weevil asked. "I've got to protect my guest."

"Don't want any strokes," Hooper said. "Never take 'em from anybody. Don't believe in 'em. If you don't think you can play as well as the other fellow, don't play with him. This stroke thing is baby play."

Mr. Goodhue smiled. He had encountered this type of individual before—to his profit.

"Just as you say," he said. "What'll it be, five-dollar Nassau?"

"Don't like Nassau. Holes. No use walking eighteen holes for nothing. Uh-huh say, ten dollars a hole."

"Suits me," said Goodhue.

"The rest of us," interposed Weevil, "will play the usual five-dollar Nassau."

"Syndicates and birdies?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Very well," said Goodhue. And then in his most unctuously courteous manner, "Won't you take the honor, sir? Show us your best."

Mr. Hooper teed his ball and took his stance. His practice swing sent a thrill of joy up Goodhue's spine. Then he addressed the ball and belted it. It started off almost at right angles to the hole, heading for some spot a hundred yards out of bounds. Then it began to slice. It curved and curved, out over the adjacent cornfield, back over the rail fence and onto the golf course, finally coming to rest on the very edge of the rough a couple of hundred yards from the tee.

"Well," said Hooper with a sigh, "the darn thing came back, anyhow."

"Have much trouble slicing?" asked Goodhue

"I slice 'em from Timbuktu to breakfast," said Hooper

"I think," said Goodhue, "I can cure it for you Next drive just advance your left foot and get your right hand under the club Try it Can't slice with that grip and stance"

"Nothing'll stop that slice"

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you five, if you'll try it, that you can't put that kind of a bend on the ball"

"Right now?"

Mr Hooper teed another ball, adopted Mr Goodhue's stance and grip and made his stroke Again the ball sailed out over the cornfield, back over the fence, but this time, so pronounced was the slice that it landed in the middle of the fairway

"Huh!" said Mr Goodhue.

"Told you," said Hooper. "Five bucks, please."

Mr. Hooper's next shot was a remarkable thing to see. His ball lay a hundred and fifty yards from the green, but he took from his bag a mashie niblick.

"You'll never reach it with that," said Mr. Goodhue out of his kindly interest

"Watch me!" said Hooper.

He almost wrapped the club around his head and hit with everything that was in him. The ball did not rise as a well-conducted mashie-niblick shot should rise, but went scooting away fifty feet above the ground, and in the most hopeless hook imaginable. Nevertheless, it curved around and onto the green, where it seemed to bite into the grass to get a footing, and stopped ten feet from the hole.

"That," remarked Mr. Goodhue, "was the dog-gonedest shot I ever saw."

"I'll say it was something," admitted Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Goodhue put his second on the green. Mr. Hooper missed an eccentric putt by inches, so that each was down in four.

"It looks," said Hooper, "like I was kind of lucky."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Goodhue, "by no means The shots were er perhaps not quite orthodox, but "

He smiled sweetly.

"We keep the honor," said Hooper.

"Try out that stance and grip again," advised Goodhue.

Mr. Hooper did so. The result was a hook. Not just a common, ordinary, every-day golfer's hook, but a weird, all-embracing half circle. But it ended its flight in the fairway. Mr. Goodhue's drive was straight and slightly longer. The second shot was a long mid-iron to the green. Mr. Hooper took too much turf and was twenty feet short. Mr. Goodhue took two practice swings and concentrated. He was on. But—Mr. Hooper took a jigger and chipped to within four feet of the hole. Again each was down in four.

"Let's carry over bets," said Hooper. "The bet on every halved hole goes on to the next, or till somebody wins."

"Fine!" said Goodhue.

The next hole was a one-shotter—a pitch to an elevated green some hundred and ten yards away. Mr. Hooper took his niblick, looked down the fairway and then took a stance facing almost at right angles to the hole.

"Take no chance on that hook this time," he said.

But this was not the same kind of shot as the other. It arose almost perpendicularly instead of flying low. True, it hooked and hooked. But it came down almost as straight as it went up, and where it dropped it stayed six feet from the pin.

"Gives me a sure two," said Hooper. "Never miss six-foot putts"

Goodhue took four minutes to shoot, and laid his ball inside Hooper's Then he sank his two. So did Hooper.

"That makes this next a forty-dollar hole," Hooper said.

Hooper sliced. The ball finally settled down in the rough across the adjoining fairway. Goodhue slugged out a long straight ball and had forty dollars all rung up on the cash register. But then came Hooper. Goodhue saw him take a brassy out of his bag and grinned, for he knew nobody could use a wooden club with that lie. But Hooper used it. Out came ball, sod, weeds, roots, pebbles, and the ball kept on going and going, over the bordering trees, across the guarding pond and onto the very edge of the green. This flabbergasted Goodhue to such an extent that he played short and to the left. A funny-looking shot put Hooper's ball close to the pin and each holed out in four.

Something was pleasing Messrs. Weevil and McWhinney. It is true they were losing hole after hole, but their hearts seemed light and gay, and their faces were wreathed in smiles.

"Fifty dollars on the next hole, as I count it," said Hooper.

By this time Goodhue was beginning to count his score. It worried him. He couldn't afford to lose any fifty-dollar holes; but, on the other hand, he couldn't keep on shooting fours and under. That would do something to his handicap not pleasant to contemplate. However, even a handicap isn't to be weighed against fifty dollars, not counting side bets—and his chance would come to run up a few eights. Anyhow, this wild luck of Hooper's was bound to break. No man could be as wild as Hooper without landing up in deep grief soon. And when it came—well, it would land in a bunch. So Goodhue shot all that was in him. And this time, in spite of stance and grip, Hooper was straight. It was a long hole, a three-shotter, but an inexpressibly clumsy third put him within striking distance of the pin. Goodhue overran his approach putt, but sank his ball in five.

"I have this for a win," said Hooper, and proceeded to sink a birdie four. "Fifty dollars," he said pleasantly, "and a few syndicates and a birdie. But that one looked bad. Gosh, I hope I can steady down!"

From then on Mr. Hooper played shots never seen or heard of in the annals of golf. He sliced, he hooked, he overclubbed himself and underclubbed himself. He was in the rough and in roads, but always by some outrageous break of what seemed like silly luck he was right there putting for a half. Goodhue couldn't find a hole on which to let down. Usually there were from twenty to forty dollars hanging on a hole, and he had to play for all that was in him. He won thirty dollars on the eighth, but Hooper picked up forty on the twelfth with a miracle.

His drive went into the road, rolled along the rut, bounded out and finally came to rest on a flat stone embedded in the clay. The second shot was one calling for a long brassy, and when Goodhue saw that lie his soul became lighter. When Hooper took out his brassy Goodhue's soul almost sang an anthem.

"You're not going to try that, are you?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Hooper. "Try anything once. Saw a professional drive balls off the crystal of his watch. If he can do that, I ought to be able to pick this off a rock. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Goodhue.

And why not it was. Hooper picked off that ball as cleanly and sweetly as an expert flapjack fryer picks his pancake off the griddle, and it carried straight and true two hundred and twenty-five yards to the green.

"Don't know that I ever shot one just that way before," said Hooper, "but I knew I could do it if those fellows can."

Goodhue said nothing. He was sore. He was being beaten by bull-headed luck. The man had nothing. He couldn't play golf, and he, Goodhue, was playing the best golf in his system. It should win. It was entitled to win. Any other day it would win, because this wild man could never reach out and collect all the luck in the world but once. And, he told himself, he was keeping the score, and he would see to it this card never was turned in. Anyhow, the Caulkins system explicitly provided that an extraordinarily low score should be disregarded.

It was maddening golf. Hooper continued to have the most absurdly sliced and hooked balls end up exactly where they should. Topped approaches rolled to the pin. Impossible pitch shots dropped dead. Why, on the fourteenth Hooper swung at a sixty-yard approach as if he had been three times that distance from the green, and, instead of going seventy yards over, the ball arose almost perpendicularly and thudded on the green not two feet from the cup.

The general result was that Hooper came in with Goodhue well down to him, and the carried-over halved holes made the latter gentleman a loser by the neat sum of a hundred and twenty dollars, not counting side bets and syndicates. It was Mr. Goodhue's most disastrous day—not counting in the disquieting fact that his medal score was seventy-eight!

"Now," said Mr. Hooper, "that's what I call a nice game of golf. Little wild, I was, but the shots came off. What you've got to learn to do," he said confidentially to Goodhue, "is to learn to control your wild ones"

"Huh!" said Mr. Goodhue.

"After all's said and done," Hooper continued, "it doesn't matter how much you hook and slice—if they end up where they belong."

Mr. Goodhue paused in his stride and turned.

"They won't roll over and play dead for you like that every day," he said sourly.

"I've got money says they will this afternoon, anyhow," retorted Mr. Hooper. "I'm good for another eighteen holes."

"I guess we all are," observed Mr. Weevil.

Mr. McWhinney sympathetically took Goodhue aside.

"Rottenest golf I ever saw," he said. "Never saw such fish-head luck. Why, with any sort of break you'd have had him ten down!"

"I know it," Goodhue said. "Every hole it looked as if I had him. I couldn't let down a second."

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MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGORS

"I noticed it," Mr. McWhinney rejoined.

They lunched. In an hour they were at it again, and in the afternoon Hooper was wilder, with less form and more wholly void than in the morning. Such a performance had never been seen—but he was always there or thereabouts, forcing Goodhue to play all the golf he knew on every hole. If he had been calculating his play to force Goodhue to make a low medal score, it couldn't have been done more efficiently. Why, on the sixth his drive was over on the steep bank of the trap away from the hole. There he made a fluke which was enough to drive the mildest and most courteous of golfers into a fit of rabies. Mr. Goodhue came close to the point where one takes a favorite club and breaks it over his knee This was the shot: Mr. Hooper stood with his back to the hole. Obviously it was impossible to play off such a lie onto the green, and it was evident he was trying to get his ball out on the opposite side of the trap. But—well, here's what actually happened, and is subject to verification: He whaled at the ball with all his strength—and, mind, he was facing away from the hole. Up went the ball, but did it drop in the rough far beyond the trap? It did not! Most emphatically it did not! It went up in the air some hundred feet, curved back over Mr. Hooper's head, and plunked down on the green within easy putting distance of the hole. Mr. Goodhue was so nonplused at this occurrence that he took three putts. Mr. Hooper holed his three for thirty dollars' worth of holes.

This all concede to Goodhue's credit: He was a match player. His nerve held. He played as steadily and as doggedly after this as he had played before; but at the end of the eighteen he was out of pocket another hundred dollars, and had shot a medal score of seventy-seven. A seventy-eight and a seventy-seven in one day!

It hurt his feelings to part with the money, but to contemplate what would happen to his precious handicap was worse. One thing was certain—he would not turn in the cards. But that was a vain reliance. McWhinney had the scores. He saw McWhinney ask Weevil to attest them, and saw them drop in the box maintained by the handicap committee for that purpose. Then he calculated. His three low scores were what? A seventy-eight, a seventy-seven—and one other highly disagreeable eighty-five he had been forced to turn in at an earlier date. A cut in his handicap to somewhere around six or seven would be what would happen to him

Always he had insisted on playing his matches with rigid club handicaps. Now he would have to give anywhere from eight to ten strokes to gentlemen with whom he was accustomed to playing on even terms. And the Gilpin Cup! When he thought of that tournament and of the money he had bet on its result, he all but reached around to bite himself in the back.

He was a proud man, much involved, as has been said, in maintaining his self-respect. He issued from the showers, walked around to the lawn, and, observing a crowd gathered on the practice tee, walked over to see what was happening.

"What's up?" he asked Old Man Arkwright.

"Oh, that trick-shot professional—what's his name—from Cuba or Honolulu or some'eres is showin' off. I met him and before he gets away from here I'm goin' to tell him about my hole in one."

But Mr. Goodhue had left him suddenly—left with a sudden fear in his heart, a sudden apprehension as to the inviolability of his self-respect. He got up on a tee box to peer over the heads of the crowd, and there, in the center of a horseshoe of pop-eyed golfers, stood Mr. Hooper. At that instant he was driving a ball off the crystal of his watch!

Then someone spied Goodhue and there was cataclysmic hilarity. They surrounded him, led him forward.

"Oh, Goodhue, come here! Show Mr. Hooper how to stop a slice. How was it you told him? Left foot forward and right hand under. Say, old top, come on, give him another lesson!"

That was a small fraction of what he got, and there was no method in the world by which he could tear in and retrieve his own. A thing had happened to him which he could never live down. He had fallen heir to a lifetime of ridicule. Never would he be seen but that he would be pointed out as the man who had shown Hooper, the antipodal pro, how to stop a slice.

Mr. Goodhue withdrew to the club house sought a desk, paper and envelope, and resigned from that club. He could not face it. Anyhow, thought he, it would be better to seek fresh fields and a more workmanlike handicap.

It is related that he did not pay his bets on the Gilpin Cup tournament. It is also not of imperishable record, but well substantiated by rumor, that the membership of the club gave a dinner to and presented Messrs. Weevil, Wills and McWhinney with suitable trophies. These trophies took the form of small silver savings banks in which they might hoard the substantial sums of money they no longer lost to Mr Goodhue

Mr. Sickly's Constitutional

THE FIRST DAY

MR. SICKLY, *acting under his doctor's instructions, starts out to walk five miles every day. Upon emerging upon the street he is at once hailed by a friend in a car.*

FRIEND IN CAR: Hey, Sickly, I'm going your way.

SICKLY *(weakly):* Oh, thanks, no—I'm walking for my health

FRIEND *sadly:* Car isn't good enough for you hey? All right if that's the kind of a guy you are *(Angrily starts his car.)*

SICKLY *hastily:* Your car's fine I really am walking for my health but I'll be glad to go with you. SICKLY *rides all the way to his office.)*

THE SECOND DAY

[MR. SICKLY *arises two hours earlier than usual. The* NIGHT COPPER *is still on the beat, eying* MR. SICKLY *suspiciously.* COPPER *follows him.* MR. SICKLY *covers a block before a car draws up at the curbing beside him. In the car is* MR. EARLY. *There is a lot of fishing tackle in the car.*

MR. EARLY: Where's your car? Get in. I'll give you a lift.

MR. SICKLY *(firmly):* I'm walking for my health.

MR. EARLY: At this hour?

[MR. EARLY *drives slowly away.* MR. SICKLY *covers a half block briskly. He feels a tap on his shoulder.* COPPER *is behind him.*

COPPER: Why didn't you ride with that guy, huh?

MR. SICKLY: I'm walking for my health—doctor's orders.

COPPER: Oh, you are, huh? So early in the day, huh? Well, you hop on that street car or you'll get a ride for your health you won't like. See?

MR. SICKLY *hastens to do as suggested, all the way to his office.*

THE THIRD DAY

SICKLY *rides all the way to his office.*

THE FOURTH DAY

[SICKLY *rides all the way to his office.*

THE FIFTH DAY

[SICKLY *rides all the way to his office.*

THE SIXTH DAY

[SICKLY *starts walking to his office. Covers half a block before a car draws up at the curbing. In the car is* MR. NOSEY, *a neighbor*

NOSEY: Say, Sickly, what's all this stuff I've been hearing about you—starting out walking early in the morning and not wanting to ride with your friends? Business all right? No trouble at home?

SICKLY *(hastily):* Everything's all right. Everything's lovely. I'll get right in. You won't have to ask me twice.

[MR. SICKLY *climbs into the car at once.* NOSEY *looks at him less suspiciously.*

NOSEY: Well, you seem all right. Where'll I drop you?

SICKLY: At end of that second block.

NOSEY: Here?

SICKLY: Yes, thanks, this is the place. I have some business to attend to here—some arrangements to make. There seems to be no way out of it. Thanks for the ride and everything. *(He climbs out of the car.* NOSEY *drives off with suspicious backward glances.)* It's no use. It can't be done. I've tried my best, but Fate was against me. *(He shakes his head and feebly totters into an undertaker's office.)* —FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

Pie~ Son, don't

eat that pie so fast! Let the soft, sweet filling linger on your tongue until the rich pastry dissolves in the juice. Eat every last bite of it too, 'cause it's something you'll never forget—*that* piece of Mother's Pie.

As the years roll by, these memories of Her you'll cherish—the picture of her face, the sound of her voice, the feel of her goodnight kiss and—the lingering taste of her matchless pies—"The Pies that Mother used to Make."

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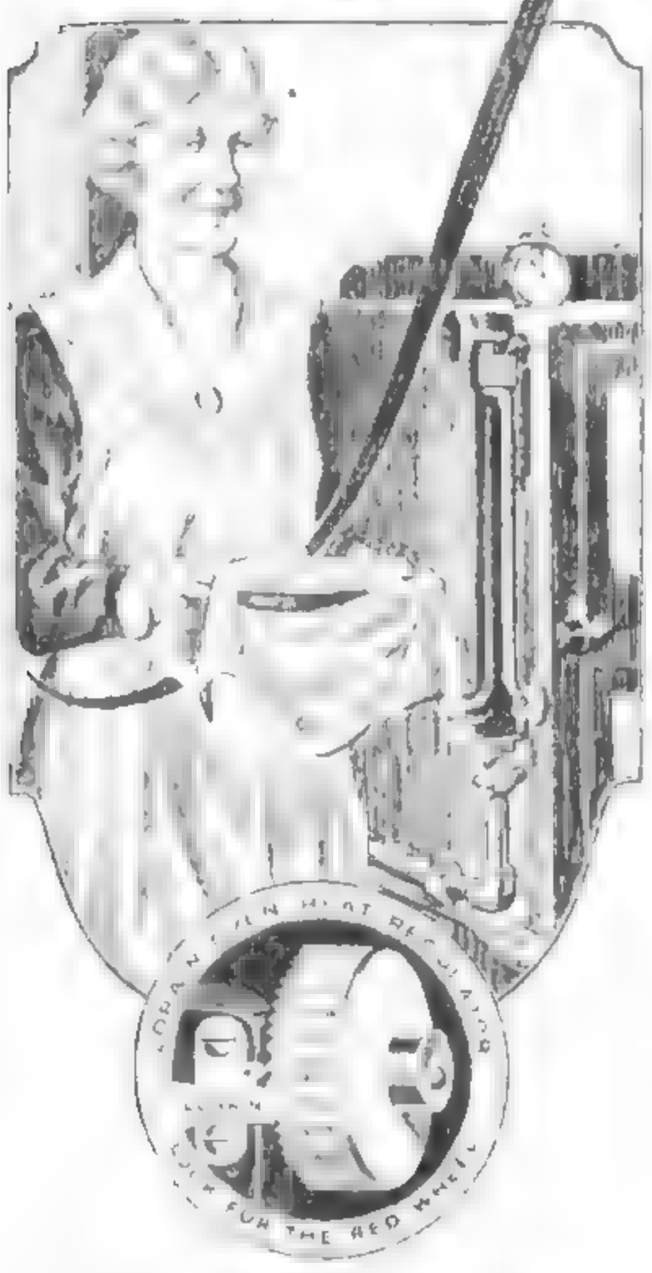

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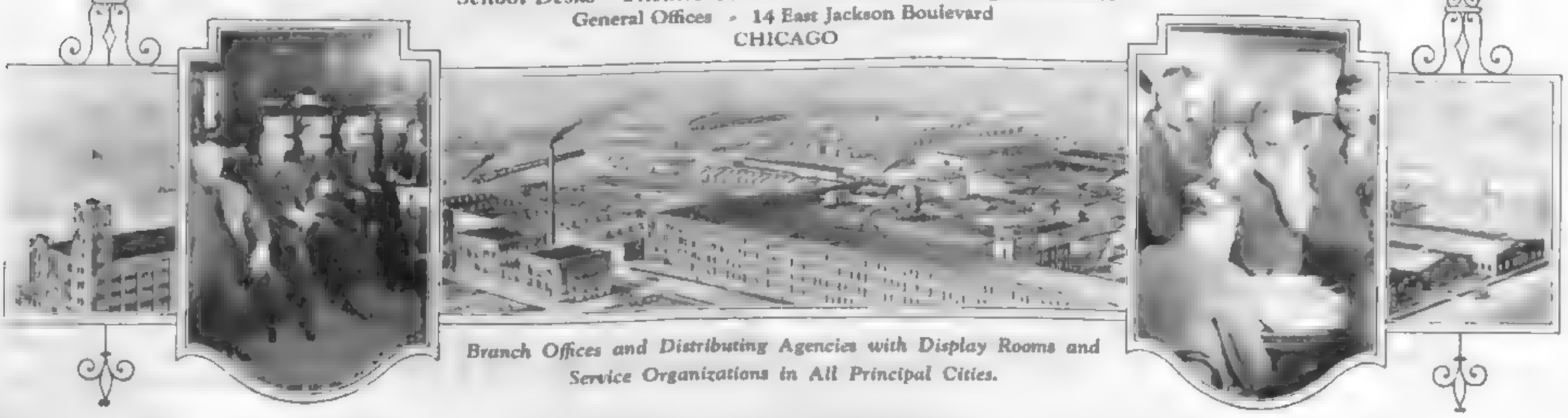

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THE FIGHT OF THE BLACK SHIRTS

Continued from Page 19

the government, contempt for patriotism, contempt for civic pride—contempt for nearly everything, in fact, that decent people regard as worthy of admiration. Wearied by years of war, the Italians were apathetic and unsettled, and presented a fertile field for the growth of the malignant communist doctrines.

Organized minorities of workmen in various cities and towns in the north, by the use of strong-arm methods and terrorization tactics, succeeded in controlling the local elections and electing communist mayors who condoned and encouraged any sort of violence in furthering socialist and communist doctrines. By 1920 the red flag was flying over nearly 2000 villages, towns and cities that had elected socialist mayors or councils

Milan, for example, elected a socialist city administration which promptly proceeded to wreck the city financially. It added hundreds of socialists to the ranks of city employes, until there was an employe for every ninety inhabitants. It made the fire department into a red guard, the members of which were each paid the very large sum of 25,000 lire a year in addition to receiving their lodging, food and clothes. It raised municipal pensions to two and three times the amount that they were in other cities, so that municipal employes strained themselves severely in the effort to retire and live on their pensions. They ran every public utility deep into debt, and in general jammed the city into such a financial hole that years must elapse before it can be free of the burden again.

Noise and Tumult

When public meetings were held in the north and the conservative element tried to make itself heard, the communists silenced them with noise, tumult and insults; and if these methods were not efficacious they used clubs, dirks, empty bottles, bombs, cobblestones and other lethal bric-a-brac.

The children were taught the elements of communism in the public schools, and the Italian flags and the crucifixes and the portraits of the king were removed from the walls.

The socialist deputies who were returned to parliament used regulation communist methods against the other members. Spending an afternoon in the Italian Chamber of Deputies in 1919, 1920 or 1921 was like spending an afternoon in the assembly hall of an insane asylum. The perpetual tumult and uproar kept up by the socialist members during all proceedings to which they were in any way opposed, or during any attempt to speak on the part of non-socialist members, was very like the roar that is set up by the cheering stand at a football game during exciting plays. The proceedings were further enlivened, as a rule, by several fist fights and by the use of every cuss word in the Italian language. It is interesting to note that the same tumultuous, intolerant tactics have been adopted by the socialist members recently returned in such large numbers to that hitherto ultra-parliamentary and tolerant home of calm thought and undammed speech, the British Parliament.

The entire north of Italy was controlled by red leagues and red unions, all of which felt so secure from interference on the part of the police and the government that they killed at will in order to retain, consolidate and enlarge their control. Any attempt on the part of persons in authority to stop the red leagues and red unions in their program of local and national destruction was met not only by violence but also by strikes that tied up communities, districts and even the entire nation for days and weeks at a time.

When, for example, in Naples, some hotel employes were arrested during a strike of the waiters' union, all the workers of Naples went on a sympathetic strike to show their sympathy for the arrested ones. When the sleeping-car employes struck for higher wages and all sleeping cars were removed from Italian expresses, the union of sleeping-car employes requested the railway unions to declare a general railway strike for one day for sympathy's sake. This was done and travelers were thrown off their trains late at night to find lodgings in cities already greatly overcrowded. General railway strikes to express disapprobation of the government's policy on the part of the red railway unions sometimes lasted for eight and ten days, during which time not a wheel turned on the railways and the entire business of Italy came to a standstill. Red unions of postal employes went on prolonged strikes and added to the gayety of the occasion by pouring sulphuric acid into the jammed letter boxes. Red unions of stevedores that controlled the loading of ships in Italian ports refused to remove cargoes or to load them, and further refused to allow anyone else to do it. Hotel employes in the largest Italian cities walked out on strikes with hardly an hour's warning, leaving the guests to run frantically up and down the halls in search of someone to help them move their trunks.

Italians who had emigrated to America years before, saved up a sizable bank roll and returned to Italy to spend their declining years in peace and prosperity spent most of their time warning Italians in America to stay where they were.

"No matter to what part of Italy we go," they complained, "we find nothing but strikes, strikes, strikes. It is impossible to work; it is impossible to be at peace; the country is impossible."

In various cities, notably in Turin and Milan, the workers took over various large manufacturing plants and attempted to run them. These attempts always ended in disaster for the workmen, however; for nobody would buy the products of the factories for fear of being unable to get a clear title to them; and since the workmen enjoyed no income, they were unable to buy new raw material and nobody would give them credit. Consequently they were able to run the factories only so long as the raw material lasted. When that was gone they gave up the plants and went back to the ordinary life of an ordinary Italian workman—a few days of work followed by a few weeks of strikes.

The red outbreaks and communist disorders were not limited to the cities and manufacturing centers. It is the dream of every Italian peasant to own his little piece of land instead of working the land for a landlord and taking 50 per cent of the crop. The communist agitators consequently found it easy to win them over to communism by promising them that when Italy went communist the land would be turned over to them. When, however, the peasants had become communists the agitators realized with some agitation that if they carried out their promises they would have great numbers of little landowners on their hands, that landowners refuse to be socialists and that they would then quit the communists and leave the agitators flat on their backs, so to speak. Consequently the agitators persuaded the red socialist leagues of peasants to take extreme measures against those who bought land.

The Boycott System

This became particularly virulent around Ferrara, where there are wide expanses of very fertile reclaimed marshland. The leagues declared boycotts against all persons who displeased them—against a son for taking the side of a boycotted father; against farmers who lifted their farm produce onto their own carts instead of calling members of the porters' coöperatives to do it. A person who was boycotted could buy nothing; he could get no medical attention; no medicines would be sold to him. If he tried to escape the boycott by moving to the next village, the boycott was passed along to the next socialist league.

The socialist provincial congress of Ferrara published a remarkable document which ingenuously exposed the soviet-inspired program that actuated the political activities of all the red leagues and unions.

"The socialist party," declared this document, "shall participate in the electoral contest for the purpose of securing all municipal and provincial offices, and in order to control and paralyze all bourgeoisie powers and state machinery, so that the advent of revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat may be hastened.

"In order that these ends shall be attained, those who are elected shall constantly carry on an antidemocratic action by infusing class warfare into the municipalities so that the socialist administration shall be the administration of the proletariat against the possessing class; by seizing for the municipality all the functions of public order; by creating municipal and regional proletarian militia; by developing and selecting the already existing proletarian militias and arming them; and finally by initiating a vast mass movement whose object shall be the replacing of the prefectures and parliament by central committees of independent socialist communes."

In the country districts the red peasant leagues—particularly around Bologna and Ferrara—practically ruined the land and wrecked the work of years. They started with the communist idea of ruining the capitalist, no matter how small, by destroying all private ownership. The Italian peasant works the land and raises cattle on a fifty-fifty basis. The landowner provides the land, the peasant's home, the tools and the seed; and the peasant gives his work. The profits are equally divided. Cattle are raised and marketed on the same basis.

When the peasants went communists, however, they insisted through their leaders that all cattle should belong to the landowners in entirety, and that the peasants should be paid cash for their share in them. The landowners, being trapped, agreed to this and paid over to the peasants one-half the value of the cattle. When the peasants had the money safely pouched, they refused to feed or water the cattle, and they also forcibly resisted the owners of the cattle when they attempted to feed them themselves, so that the cattle starved and died of thirst.

A Minority Movement

The red leagues and agricultural cooperatives furthermore controlled the harvesting machines. Having been told by communist agitators that the land which they worked should belong to them, they seized estates and worked them. The harvesting machines were not permitted to be used on privately owned estates, with the result that the crops shriveled and died in the fields.

Here then was a state of affairs under which no man had protection from the forces that stood for unemployment, waste and disorder; for license, class hatred and crime; for ignorance, brutality, corruption and antipatriotism. All that was evil in government was glorified; all that was good was flouted. Nitti, Prime Minister in 1919, believed in giving the socialists everything for which they asked, in order to coax them over to his side. One of the things that he did at the behest of the socialists less than a year after the end of the war was to grant amnesties to the men who had deserted from the army when the country was in danger, or who had fled to Switzerland to escape military service.

At the same time the socialists jeered the Italian flag when it appeared on the streets, and those who saluted it were occasionally beaten to death; while officers in uniform were so liable to insults, to stoning and to being spat upon in the industrial centers that they were first ordered to wear no side arms, for fear that they might shoot their insulters, and then ordered never to wear uniforms except when on active duty. The red unions of railway workers at times went so far as to refuse to run trains on which officers in uniform attempted to travel.

When the government undertook to celebrate the first anniversary of the Armistice with a victory parade and triumphal arches the socialists and communists raised an admonitory hand and let out a roar of protest. The government at once backed down apologetically, and there was no celebration of Armistice Day in Italy in 1919.

Less than a month after the first anniversary of the Armistice the socialist deputies in the Italian Chamber of Deputies indulged in a violent and hostile demonstration against the king.

All these things were highly complimentary, of course, to the millions of Italians who had fought through the bitter years of the war, as well as being a grateful memorial to the 500,000 Italians who had died in battle for their country.

Not all the Italians who were enrolled in the socialist ranks were communists and Bolsheviks. They went into the Socialist Party for various reasons. Since they could look for no help from the police, the army or the government, they turned to the socialists because it seemed to be the popular way to turn—always a good reason where Italians are concerned—because it seemed

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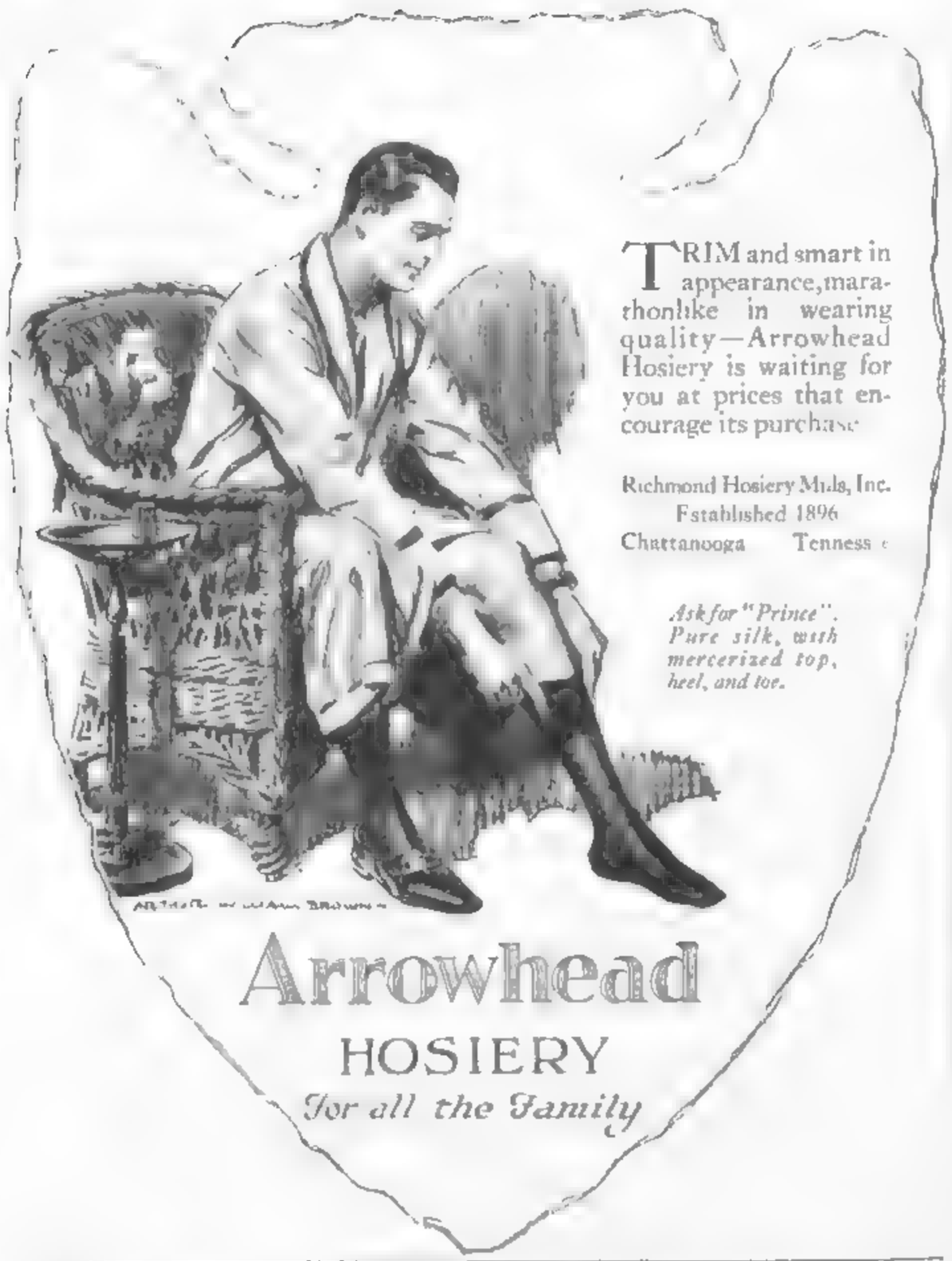

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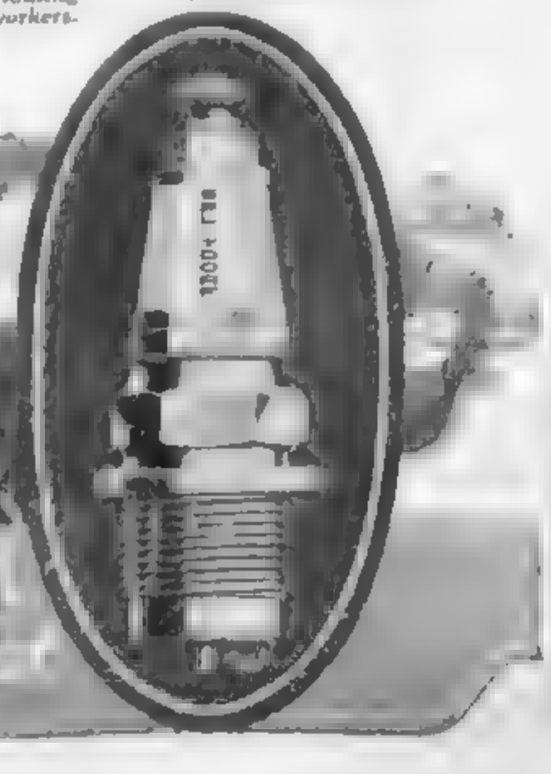

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Fire it any way with the Green Jacket

to them that a strong socialist government was better than no government at all, or because they couldn't eat or exist without joining red cooperatives and subscribing publicly to the communist ideals and program, or because they were bulldozed and driven into it by the communist agitators.

The communist movement in Italy was essentially a minority movement, as it was in Russia and as it must always be in every country; but since it was a strongly organized minority fighting for a genuine though a rotten—cause, it was able to overwhelm the apathetic and unorganized majority by its clamor and its strong-arm methods.

It is probably true, however, that if the socialists and communists had at any time in 1920 or 1921 possessed a strong leader, they would have been able to consolidate their widespread local triumphs and install a soviet government in Rome. Fortunately they had no such leader. Able brains are not frequently found in communist circles, for a mind must be warped in order to believe in communism. The fact that many of those who marched under the socialist banners were not socialists at all helps to explain some of the things that happened later.

From the very end of the war there were little stirrings of rage and indignation in various parts of Northern Italy at the chaos, crime and corruption that followed in the train of the red unions and red leagues and red coöperatives and communist agitators. Here and there a few decent youngsters gave up all idea of waiting for an impotent government to right their wrongs, and said to each other, "Here! We can't go on like this!" Thereupon they would get out their shotguns and their revolvers and meet strong-arm methods with strong-arm methods. Since they were invariably seething with fury at communist actions and fighting for what they knew to be right, they could usually dispose of a crowd of communists that outnumbered them five to one.

This was the origin of what came to be known as the Fascisti movement; and the earliest evidences of it were up around Bologna and Ferrara, where the communistic peasant organization refused to feed and water the landowners' cattle, and also used force to prevent the landowners from feeding them. When this happened, the landowners and their sons unlimbered their fowling pieces, went out in little bands of eight and ten and fifteen men, perforated the socialistic peasants with large quantities of Number Two shot, and then carried food and water to the cattle that the peasants wished to see die of starvation and thirst.

The person who dramatized the Fascisti movement for the Italian people, and organized it and sent it flaming through Italy from the Alps to Sicily and from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, and developed it to a point where it was able to make socialism and communism and demagogy and cowardly politics hunt cover in the nearest drain pipe, was Benito Mussolini, stonemason, day laborer, erstwhile socialist, soldier and editor.

The Son of a Blacksmith

Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith who was an ardent socialist, and was born July 29, 1883. At the age of nine he was sent to the college of the Salesian Fathers at Faenza, and at the age of fifteen he was guilty of writing a controversial article and several sonnets. At the Forli Normal School he obtained a diploma entitling him to teach school; and when he was twenty years old he ran for parliament in his home district on the socialist ticket. He was severely defeated by a wealthy opponent, and showed his passionate Italian displeasure by picking up a rock and bouncing it against a ballot box, completely wrecking it. For this act of lawlessness the police tried to lay hands on young Mussolini and cast him into the local bastile; but he frustrated them by taking a quick run up to Switzerland.

In 1906 he worked in Lugano as a carpenter; and later he went to Lausanne, where he assisted in ditch-digging operations during part of the day and attended classes at the university during the rest of the time. For his work he was given a degree as professor of French.

He then went back to Italy and wrote revolutionary articles for various newspapers, and generally behaved in a grouchy, antisocialistic manner. He organized socialist clubs and edited socialist newspapers and acted as the leader of violent socialists wherever he went. At the socialist congress in Modena, in 1912, he forced the party to throw out Messrs. Bissolati, Bonomi and Podrecca for not being sufficiently violent in their socialism. Bissolati and Bonomi later became Prime Ministers of Italy, while Podrecca has lectured recently in America, being now one of Mussolini's staunchest supporters. He then became the editor of Avanti, a rabidly socialistic paper, and was a very hard-boiled egg, going around collarless and in a fur cap to show that he was one of the masses.

When the war broke out, Mussolini refused to support the socialists in their pacifist resolutions and their demands for neutrality. The party, frantically angry, expelled him, whereupon he founded the paper Popolo d'Italia and began to scream for Italian intervention in the war. His paper gained a very large circulation, and is generally credited with having done a great deal toward bringing Italy in on the side of the Allies. In 1915 he went to the front as a private, and was later made a corporal. His commanding general has stated that there was some hesitation at the time over giving him a corporal's authority because of his record as a socialist. He was severely wounded by bursting shrapnel and invalided out of the army, whereupon he again took up his work on the Popolo d'Italia, steadily preaching antisocialism, until out of his preaching he evolved the Fascisti movement.

A Dramatic Cause

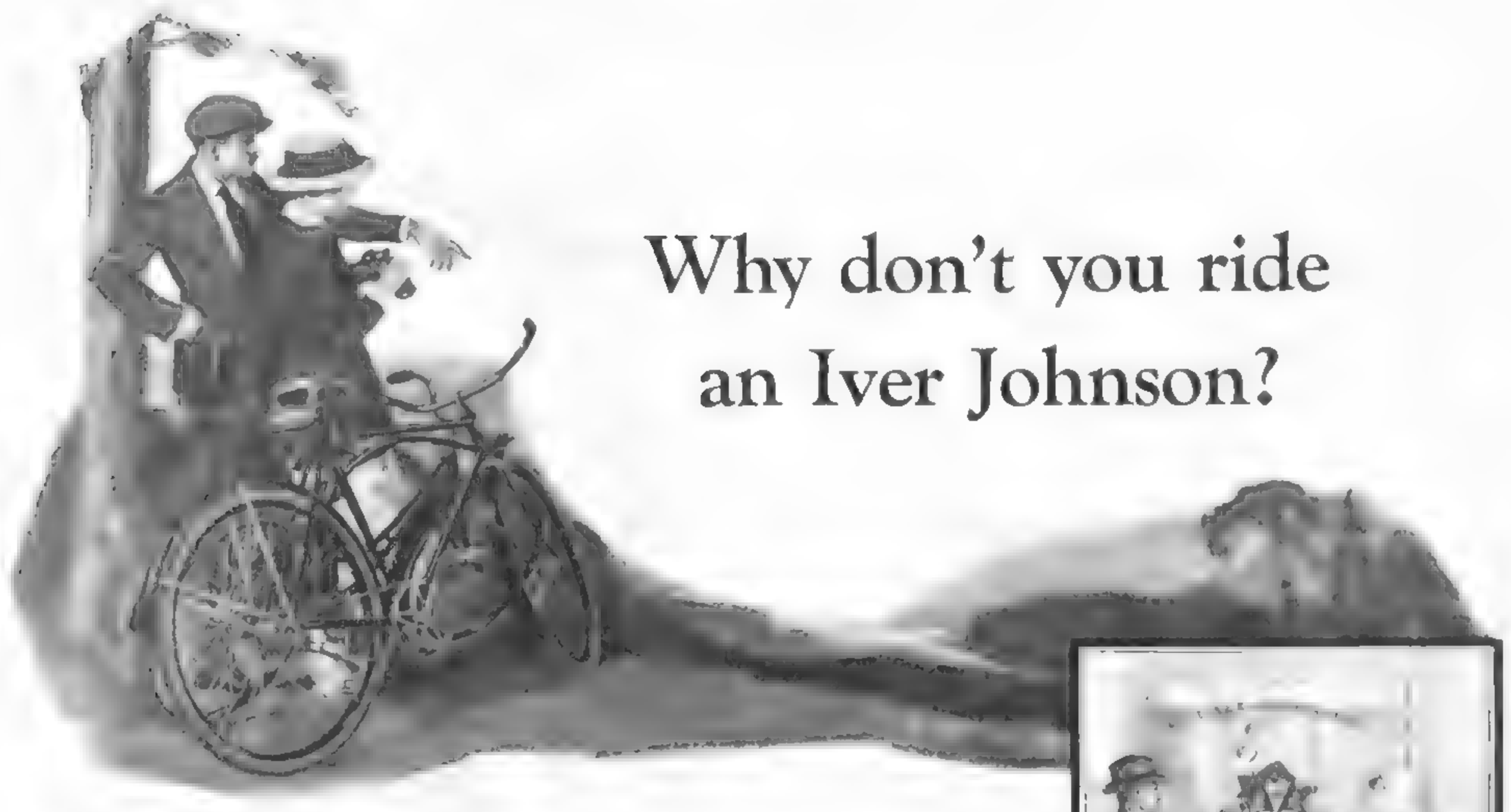
Fascism wasn't started by Mussolini, properly speaking. It was largely a state of mind, and it started by itself. It was the opposite of wild ideas, of lawlessness, of injustice, of cowardice, of treason, of crime, of class warfare, of special privilege; and it represented square dealing, patriotism and common sense—particularly the sort of common sense that saw what needed to be done and then went ahead and did it without hedging, dodging or delaying.

Italy, from ancient times down to the present day, has been a collection of pockets, each pocket filled with people who viewed the inhabitants of the other pockets with a certain amount of suspicion or fear or contempt. In the old days the coast cities were frequently independent republics which maintained navies and merchant fleets and fought bitterly against each other, while the inland cities supported armies which sallied forth from behind their crenelated walls at frequent intervals and fought violently against any other city that owned a cathedral worth looting or a nobleman worth robbing. A little of this old enmity and pride of locality still remains, even in towns whose argosies once sailed the seven seas, but whose modern glory is maintained by two or three thousand poverty-stricken little tradesmen and farmers in ancient and odorous buildings clinging precariously to sun-baked hills. A social theory isn't enough to unite these people. A cause must be dramatized for them in order to make them move together.

At the end of the war an attempt was made by what might have been called Italy's best citizens to create a strong national spirit. They recognized that Italy had been the great international hick at the conference table—that other nations had rudely taken away her candy without a word of apology—that German control of Italian banks had prevented a sufficient amount of ammunition from reaching the Italian armies—that soviet money was ripping the country to pieces; and so they started the Nazionalista Party, which was to unite all good citizens in a fight for Italian interests. Unfortunately these gentlemen were quite law-abiding, and they expected to overthrow Italy's internal enemies by talking about them frankly but politely, and telling the government what they wanted, and voting against the communists in a calm and orderly manner. Communists, however, are rough eggs, as the saying goes, and don't readily succumb to this sort of treatment. The Nazionalistas meant well, and they had a fine crowd with them; but they were a silk-stocking crowd and they lacked the vital force that has come to be known as the punch. They were very difficult to dramatize—about as difficult as a cold potato.

Early in 1919, however, Benito Mussolini saw the angry outbursts of property owners against the communists and the red

(Continued on Page 165)



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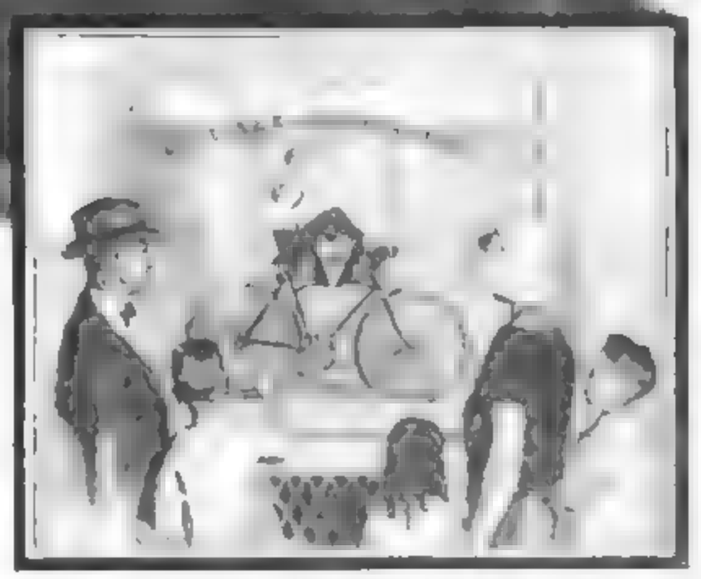

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The high carbon seamless steel tubing used in the frame and forks of this bicycle has a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch! Fork crowns, fork-ends, handle-bar stems, seat posts, cranks and other parts are made of drop-forgings. Drop-forging compresses the steel into compact form, eliminates flaws, and adds to the strength.

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Continued from Page 162

unions in Northern Italy, and he proceeded to attach a name and a character to that particular sort of direct, vivid, commonsense action. He took the name from one that had been coined by Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet-aviator who occupied Fiume Fascismo, derived from the Latin *fasces*, which was the ax surrounded by the bundle of sticks that was carried by the lictors of ancient Rome in token of the state's authority to execute criminals and to whip wrongdoers. Fasci, then, were the little bodies of young men who undertook to break the communist power that was breaking Italy, and the Fascisti were the individual members of those groups. He gave them a uniform and a salute and a military organization and an oath and a battle cry and a battle song—all of them unusual and dramatic and picturesque. These things, like the program of the Fascisti, didn't come all at once, but gradually, as the movement grew and gained strength.

The idea for the salute also came from Gabriele d Annunzio, who had taught his troops to use the ancient salute of the Roman legionaries when he occupied and held Fiume. This salute was given by extending the right arm straight ahead, slightly above the level of the eyes. The Fascisti battle cry, "Eja, Eja, Alala!" was an ancient Greek cry that had been used by the Italian Flying Corps during the war, also at D'Annunzio's suggestion. One of the sad features of the Fascisti movement, incidentally, is the picture of publicity-hungry D'Annunzio, sitting morose and forgotten in his home at Lake Garda, while Mussolini stalks grandly ahead in the glare of the limelight, utilizing D'Annunzio's ideas and getting the credit for them.

Curing Would-Be Martyrs

The military organization finally adopted by the Fascisti was the organization of the ancient Roman armies. There are two great classes—principal, or first-line combatants, who wear the black shirt; and triarii, or reserves. The smallest military unit of the Fascisti is the squadra of eight or ten or fifteen men—any small number. Three squadre make a manipolo, which is commanded by a decurion. Three manipoli make a centuria, which is commanded by a centurion. Three centurie make a cohort, at the head of which is a seniore, or cohort commander. From three to six cohorts make a legion, which is commanded by a consul; and the same number of legions make a group of legions, over which is a group commander. Italy is divided into twelve zones, and all the legions in each zone are under the command of an inspector general. At the head of the entire Fascisti military organization is the supreme military command, consisting of three chiefs and a military secretary. This organization, however, was not perfected for nearly two years after the movement had been officially started by Mussolini on March 25, 1919. In the beginning the movement consisted merely of a few determined handfuls of young men equipped with a name, an idea and a makeshift uniform.

The only program of Mussolini and the original Fascisti was to stop the ruinous folly of the communists by the quickest and most direct methods that could be found.

The original Fascisti uniform consisted of a black shirt, worn with any sort of clothes. When the early Fascisti took off their coats they were in uniform. When they put them on again they were dressed for any sort of informal function; for black shirts have been popular with Italians for years, because they are cheap and because they don't show dirt. Later, as Mussolini dramatized the movement, the uniform grew to include a black fez with a small gilt *fasces* on it, or a black trench helmet, and military breeches worn with black spiral putties.

The Fascisti oath is on record in the regulations of the Fascisti Party, these regulations having been approved by the party chiefs

"The Fascisti Militia," read the regulations, "is in the service of God and of Italy, and its members are bound by the following oath: 'In the name of God and of Italy, and in the name of all those who fell in behalf of the greatness of Italy, I swear to devote myself wholly and forever to Italy's welfare.'"

The regulations further add that "the Fascisti militiaman recognizes only his duty; it is his only right to perform and enjoy it," and that he "must not tolerate impure, unworthy and treacherous persons."

Some of the very earliest of the Fascisti squads were composed of ex-officers of the Arditi, as the Italian storm troops were called during the war. The Arditi were very tough propositions, indeed, and were used only to capture trenches -almost never to hold them after they were captured. They were among the fightingest, as one might say, persons that one could wish to see. Their only arms were hand grenades and knives long enough to reach all the way through the fattest enemy in the opposing armies; and when they weren't engaged in fighting, they were frequently found tossing hand grenades around among themselves in a spirit of light-hearted play. Arditi officers, therefore, having been obliged to control these young men, were a particularly two-fisted lot; and whenever they donned their black shirts and went out to make a business call on a crowd of communists the air was sure to be full of floating fur for days afterward. These ex-Arditi adopted for the official song of the Fascisti the song that the Arditi used to sing when they marched into battle -a lilting, rollicking, you-be-damned song called Giovinezza or Youth. The words were changed a trifle from those that were used during the war; and the chorus ran:

Giovinezza, giovinezza,
Primavera di bellezza
Vel Fascismo e la salvezza
Della nostra libertà.

Which may be literally translated:

Youth, youth,
Springtime of beauty;
Fascismo is the salvation
Of our liberty.

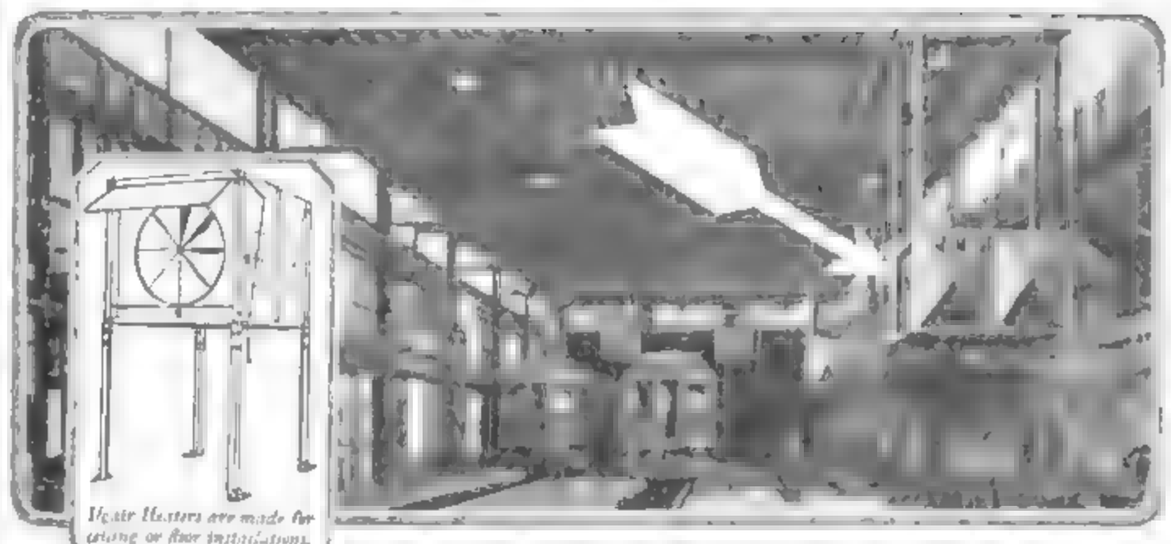
The communists, it might be remarked in passing, grew to dread this song as they grew to dread the laughter of the crowd or the castor-oil cure, which was the wickedest punishment ever devised for the total confounding of would-be martyrs.

And so on March 25, 1919, when Mussolini started the Fascisti movement in Milan with fifty-three of his friends and coworkers, it was pitifully small; and the communist movement against which it was directed was terribly strong. The communists and the socialists practically controlled Italy. The government was afraid of them. The people were in despair at their arrogance, at the wildness of their demands, and at the wreck they were making of the country. Italy's money was growing more worthless month by month. Property values were declining. Patriotism seemed to have vanished. Idleness, graft, corruption and destruction were supreme. The entire atmosphere of Italy was one of depression, gloom and hopelessness. Everyone's nerves were on edge. Panics started in theaters and in crowds for no reason at all. The people had confidence in nobody and faith in nothing.

A Natural-Born Leader

Here and there in the sea of communism, during the spring of 1919, the Black Shirts started little whirlpools of revolt. The nerve of the early Fascisti was as cold and as hard as nerve ever comes. They made no effort whatever to conceal their identity; and when not wearing their black shirts in active engagements with the communists, they wore in their coat lapels the Fascisti button—a red, white and green oval with a tiny gold *fasces* raised in the center.

Most of the Fascisti fighting in 1919 and 1920 was done against the red peasant cooperatives and their efforts to ruin landowners' crops and livestock. Nobody took them seriously. The communists were contemptuous of them, telling everyone that the movement was a czarist conspiracy to bring Italy more firmly under the yoke of capitalism. The Italians who were strongly in favor of a monarchical form of government were bitter against them because Mussolini's early hazy program talked loosely of making Italy into a republic. The liberal Italians thought of them as being extreme reactionaries. Even the Fascisti fight against communism, in the first two years of the movement, was diluted by its devotion to D'Annunzio's occupation of Fiume and his defiance of the Italian Government. Half of Mussolini's activity was concentrated on shouting for D'Annunzio during those two years, and that issue was not sufficiently important or dramatic to arouse Italy's imagination.



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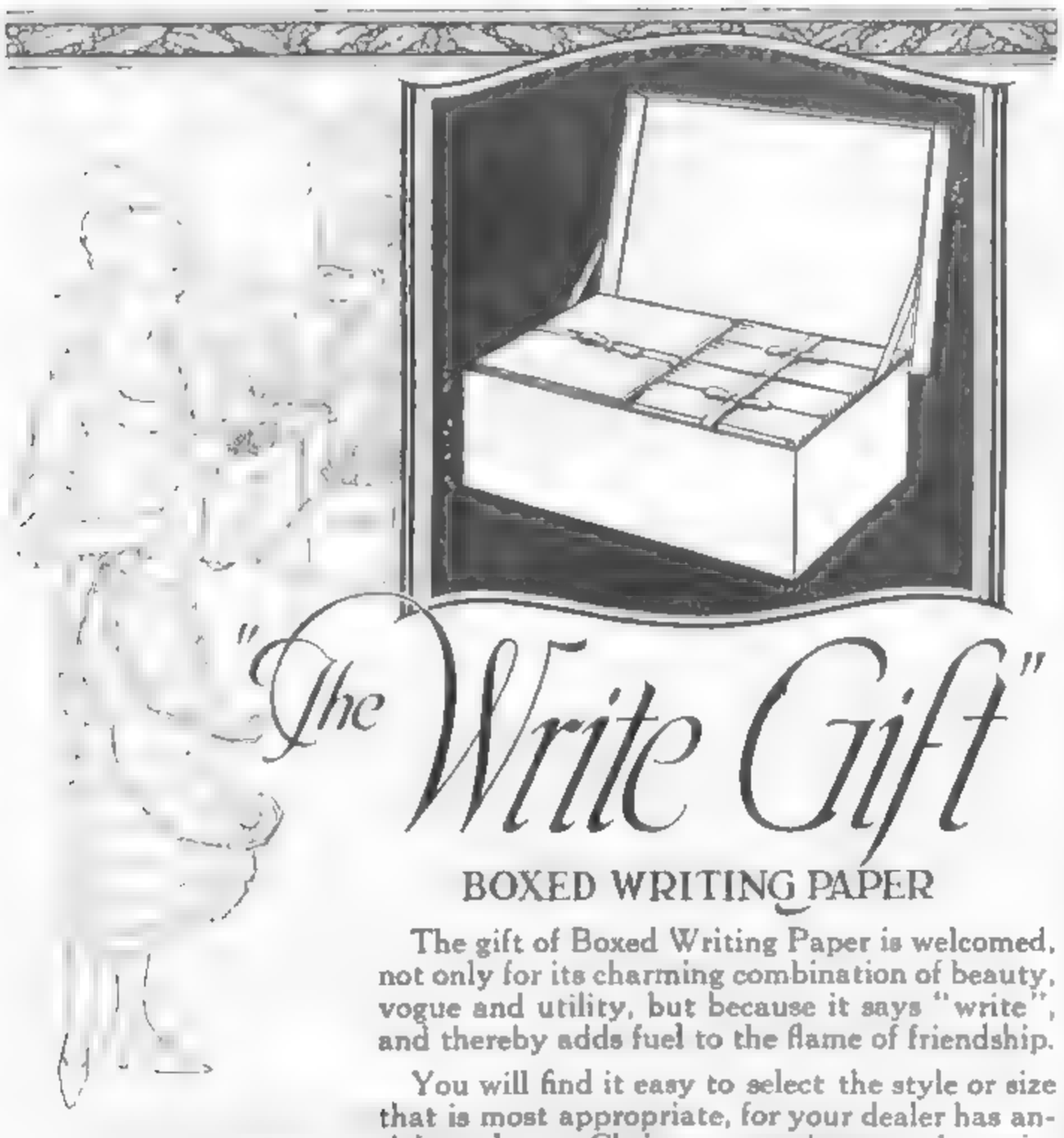

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That is the reason why the Fascisti movement was practically unknown during its first two years of life. In Rome, and through the entire southern half of the Italian peninsula, prior to April or May, 1921, Mussolini and the Fascisti had scarcely been heard of.

This fact, incidentally, brings out an interesting point in Mussolini's career which seems to have been entirely overlooked by his enthusiastic followers and his many biographers. He is a picturesque figure and a strong man; but his first impulses have frequently been worthless, and have had to be discarded after the proper advisers have had access to him. He was the most rabid of socialists, but finally became an antisocialist; he passionately advocated a republican form of government, and then turned around and became a strong royalist; he roared for D'Annunzio and an Italian Fiume for months, and then developed a clamlike silence on those subjects and dropped them as he would have dropped a red-hot baseball.

In spite of his many changes, there has never been a word uttered against his absolute sincerity and honesty. Whatever the cause on which he is embarked, he is a natural-born leader and a gluttonous worker. He has a natural leaning toward good advisers; and as he has gone higher and higher in his career from stonemason to Prime Minister, he has had access to better and better advisers. Hence the improvement in his views.

The Faith of a People

Investigators for other governments, taking note of the strength of the Fascisti from time to time, reported that soon after the foundation of the movement in 1919 there were twenty-two groups, or camps. A little over a year later there were 800 groups. Mussolini's strength may be gauged from the fact that when he ran for the Chamber of Deputies in his home district of Milan against the celebrated Turati in the spring of 1919, he polled only about 5000 votes against Turati's 100,000.

Early in 1921, however, with the communists growing daily stronger and stronger, the great stroke in the dramatization of the Fascisti movement took place. General Gandolfo, the Marchese Perrone and a twenty-seven-year-old military genius named Italo Balbo, who had never risen above the rank of lieutenant during the war, perfected the plans for welding the Fascisti into a strongly centralized military organization on the basis already outlined. For nearly two years they had been scattered units, working as individuals in the dark. Now they became parts of a big machine, subject to the strictest of military discipline, and working with the knowledge that if the odds were too great for them, the rest of the organization would come to their assistance. Such side shows as D'Annunzio and Fiume were cast aside and every effort was concentrated on the communists. Money was raised from landowners, manufacturers and business men, arms and motor trucks were purchased, and with the added strength that went with excellent military organization, the Fascisti turned from the raising of little whirlwinds to the raising of a cyclone. They began to send out punitive expeditions to clean up and capture red towns and cities; and the romantic spectacle that was presented by these reckless and picturesque fighters captured the Italian imagination, while their successes brought crowds of followers behind Mussolini's standard, so that the movement grew by leaps and bounds.

Workmen and peasants who had been lukewarm and forced marchers in the ranks of communism deserted the red leagues and red unions, first in scattered handfuls and then in great blocks. Late 1921, according to reliable documents, saw 2200 Fascisti groups, or camps, in Northern Italy, with 320,000 Fascisti enrolled as members and about 1,000,000 sympathizers. In the spring elections of 1921, Mussolini, running again for the Chamber of Deputies in the same district where he had been defeated 100,000 to 5000 two years before, was handily elected, and went to parliament in Rome at the head of a delegation of thirty-two Fascisti deputies.

The objects and the methods of the Fascisti were giving back to the Italian people their faith that a force for decent government actually existed. Carlyle, in his French Revolution, commented adequately on the influence of faith on a people.

"Seldom," said he, "do we find that a whole people can be said to have any faith at all, except in things that it can eat and handle. Whensoever it gets any faith, its history becomes spirit-stirring, noteworthy."

What the Fascisti did to the communists and to those who took such keen delight in tying up the nation with strikes every few minutes might in some quarters have been called a shame; and it helps to explain the recent organization in America of the Anti-Fascisti Alliance of North America "to protect American labor and the Unions of Italian Workmen in particular, against the spread of Fascism in America." The chairman of this organization, which claimed to represent 150,000 unionists of Eastern cities, was Arturo Giovanitti, general organizer of the International Garment Workers of America, as well as prominent I. W. W. and organizer of the great Lawrence strike some years ago.

Whenever a strike broke out in a Northern Italian town, and the inhabitants of the town were deprived of transportation, light and food, as they so often were, the Fascisti would assemble at their meeting places, march to the town, operate whatever public services had been affected by the strike, beat up or shoot any communists that opposed them with active resistance, and send Fascisti squads into the country in motor lorries to round up peasants with supplies, haul them into town and force them to sell the supplies to the hungry townsmen at fair prices.

The red tram unions had a pernicious habit of encouraging their members to refuse to stop trams for all would-be passengers whose clothes showed that they didn't belong to the laboring class. The Fascisti broke this up by putting Fascisti on the front platforms of the cars. When a conductor refused to stop for a white-collar passenger, the silent observer on the front platform clouted him briskly over the head with a large, heavy stick. After a little of this, the conductors stopped their trams at the signal of white-collar passengers with such energy that they almost tore the wheels off the cars.

Fascisti Methods

The Fascisti, of course, were marked men. They were frequently shot at or shot down in the streets, or beaten up and left dead or nearly dead. Whenever this happened, the Fascisti took into their own hands the law that the government could not or dared not enforce, and killed or manhandled a corresponding—and occasionally greater—number of communist leaders.

A typical case of this sort may be found in an exploit of Cesare Rossi, a muscular, broad-shouldered, red-bearded civil engineer from Fano, a little town on the Adriatic. Rossi is the man who subsequently captured the city of Ancona from the communists with thirty-two Fascisti. Ordinarily Rossi is a quiet, amiable, friendly gentleman of very peaceful tendencies; but when his angry passions rise, he is what is popularly known as a heilion.

One evening Rossi of Fano set out with five other Fascisti in an automobile to inaugurate a new Fascisti section in a little hill town in the Apennines. As they passed through a town called Gubbio on the way to their destination, a crowd of communists saw their black shirts and resolved to get them as they came back. So they built a barricade just beyond a hairpin bend on the outskirts of Gubbio, and waited behind it with their shotguns for Rossi's return. Fortunately, when Rossi and his companions reached Gubbio on their way home, they felt the need of cigarettes; so they stopped the machine at a tobacco shop and got out to stock up. The communists, fearing that the machine might not proceed, sent a part of their force out from behind the barricade to attack the Fascisti. Two of the Fascisti were knifed before they knew what had happened. When Rossi came out of the tobacco shop and saw two of his comrades on the ground, he swung so hard on the nearest communist that he fractured his skull. Then he worried a pair of revolvers out of his trousers pockets and ventilated six of them, while his companions were accounting for four others. As he was packing the two wounded Fascisti into the machine, a boy warned him that other communists were waiting behind the barricade at the bend in the road. Rossi drove the machine down a long flight of stone steps leading out of

(Continued on Page 169)

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

"Your Future"

by
J. G. CHAPLINE
President
LaSalle Extension University

What does the future hold for you?

What do you *want* it to hold? And—what are you doing Today to put into your Tomorrows the things you want to find there?

That is the question—and it's self-answering.

Mankind thinks of *money* as the wealth-maker—that's the wrong point of view.

Money is only the symbol—*Time* is the universal medium of value.

Gamble with your Time—drift—wait—wish—watch—hope—and your future is beset with chance and question.

Invest your Time—work—prepare—constantly increase your ability to render Intelligent Service—and your Future becomes as certain as human destiny can be.

Hesitation—procrastination—inaction—the thought without the deed—are the universal enemies of mankind.

But they have yet to conquer any man who *really* fights.

J. G. Chapline

Interesting Facts About LaSalle

LaSalle Extension University was founded in 1908. Its first course was in Law, and the method it employed was so different from the old-time correspondence methods that it immediately won the endorsement of many of the leading jurists and legislators in America. "I had served three terms in Congress and had gray hair before I took up the fascinating study of the LaSalle Law Course. I speak from personal experience when I say that LaSalle has reduced the correspondence system of education to a science"—this the testimony of J. Adam Bede, distinguished lecturer, and for many years Congressman from Minnesota.

Today, LaSalle Extension University thru its seventeen courses, offers training for every important business need.

With financial resources of $7,500,000, with educational and administrative staffs numbering 1600 people, with a total enrollment of over 400,000 and an annual enrollment of 60,000, LaSalle—thru its distinctive Problem Method—has added more than $250,000,000 to the annual earning power of the men it has trained

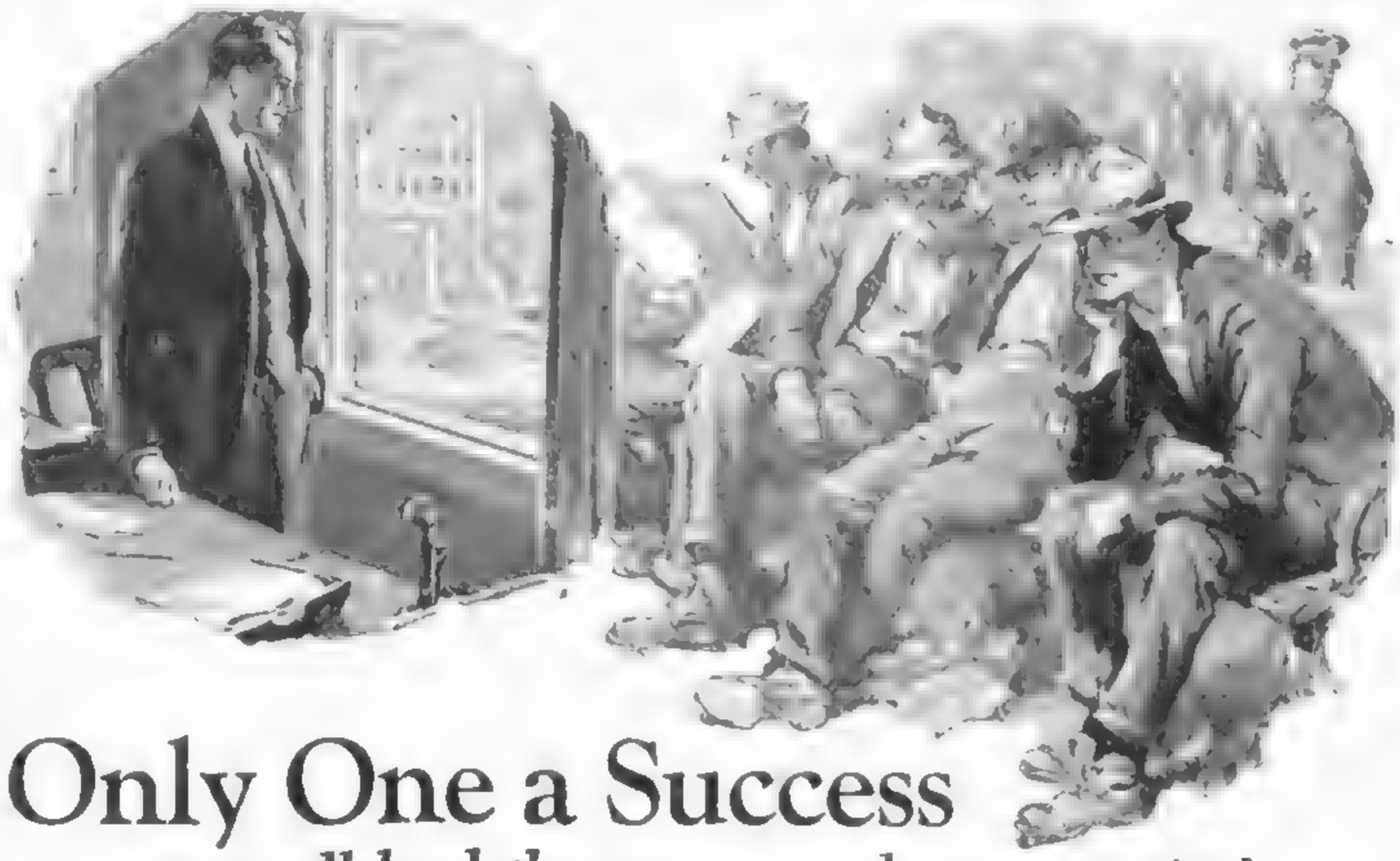
LaSalle-trained men are occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.

I feel that your Higher Accountancy training was the great factor in enabling me to get the position (that of Office Manager of a large Canadian firm) in competition with more than fifty other applicants. This company already had a number of LaSalle men, and the fact that I was taking your course was quite a recommendation. The salary I am now receiving represents an increase of considerably over 100 per cent."
C. K. SCHEUE, Canada

"My salary has been more than doubled and I see greater things ahead. I owe all my success to LaSalle and its Placement Bureau."
R. B. COOK, Chicago

"When I enrolled I was a clerk in the cost department of a large foundry. Today, I am office manager with an increase of about 300 per cent in salary. The course certainly was the starting point; for [illegible] the confidence in his ability that your training gives him, he can take a real job and handle it. Salary increases follow naturally."
W. F. STRUMKE, Wisconsin

"Since taking up your training in Law, my salary has increased 123 per cent. The gain came, but it hasn't ended, for where I previously had to side-step to let a man step ahead of me into a better position, I am now stepping ahead of the other man."
GERBARD A. SCHLEETER, Illinois



Only One a Success

—yet all had the same good opportunity!

If someone should tell you that five years from now you would be sunning yourself on a park bench—out of work, out of luck, and convinced that you were a failure—you would probably tell him in no uncertain terms that he was a liar.

And quite probably you would be right.

Every few years, however, the benches are peopled with hundreds and thousands of men in exactly that predicament—and the thing that confounds one is the fact that hardly a man of the lot, five years before, would have believed it possible.

While Others Were Being Displaced This Man Won Promotion

People judge harshly when they say that the men who thus find themselves out of work are not deserving of employment.

There are no finer fellows living than the thousands of men who returned from France to find that there were not places enough to go round. Fortunately, most of these men are now at work. But there was a time—and not so long ago—when they were forced almost to beg for a place.

These men deserved employment, if ever men deserved it—but—business at that time was in such condition that only men who had PROTECTED their jobs by TRAINING—by the development of some special ability to do some special thing—were able to hold their own against depression.

During this period, when men were struggling to get on their feet once more, even LaSalle-trained men did not always have it easy. Demand even for men who have EQUIPPED themselves to perform some special work does not always equal supply.

But—make no mistake—their lot was easier BY FAR than that of the men who could offer merely WILLINGNESS TO WORK.

And in countless instances it was the LASALLE-TRAINED MAN who was retained when others were let go—and in countless instances he won promotion.

There comes to mind, for example, the experience of Sidney Litchtenstein, of Philadelphia, who in August, 1920—just as the business depression was causing many a concern to shut up shop—enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Practice, and who, in January, 1921, after completing only eight assignments, reported a 40 per cent increase in salary—"when all other employes of the company were being discharged or receiving salary cuts."

"LaSalle," wrote Litchtenstein, "is not only a means for increased efficiency, it is insurance against hard times. As soon as I have completed my present course, you'll find me enrolled for another."

—Not particularly dramatic—Litchtenstein's experience—but it was not selected for dramatic purposes. It is merely TYPICAL.

Secure In Their Jobs and Rapidly Advancing

Times are booming now—there is plenty of work for the routine office man—and if he is content with a handful of change each week, his employer will likely enough be disposed to keep him. "All's well," says the man who has no ambition. "Perhaps a year from now, three years from now I'll be sunning myself on a bench and twirling my thumbs—but for today and perhaps tomorrow—All's well."

If you belong to the great army of the easy-going—and are content to STAY in those ranks—LaSalle can do very little for you.

If, on the other hand, you are in earnest to GET AHEAD—you will find encouragement in such statements as the following—from LaSalle-trained men who are using their evening hours for advancement:

"The knowledge I secured from your Higher Accountancy course and the progressive spirit of your instructors gave me the courage to make a start, and I have since held many responsible positions, conducted investigations, and opened up many sets of books with ease. My present earning power is at least 300 per cent greater than the salary I drew at the time of my enrollment."
L. R. ELSESSER, Montana

"Your training in Traffic Management, which I took last fall, started me up the ladder of success and enabled me to increase my earnings $60 a month—directly as a result of taking your course.

"Words cannot express how much I appreciate your advising me of the position, which I later secured, as rate clerk for the [illegible] Railroad. I like my work and have decided to become an expert in it, with your help; and am expecting to go on up into the bigger and more responsible positions with the railroads."
A. H. WALTON, Georgia

"Passed the Arizona bar examination last week at the head of a class of seventeen, including graduates from some of the best-known resident law schools in the country. I certainly do appreciate what you have done for me, and realize better than ever the excellence of the LaSalle course and the methods of teaching you employ."
C. A. CARSON, JR., Arizona

"Your course in Modern Salesmanship has given me many ideas and plans of action, methods of finding the market for merchandise, making the most of an article's selling points, and approaching the prospective buyer, and has helped me wonderfully in that hardest part of a salesman's job, namely, closing the deal. With my course less than half completed I can emphatically say that the knowledge derived therefrom, if measured in dollars and cents, would exceed $1,000."
CLARENCE A. EVANS, Ohio.

"When I enrolled for your Business Management course I was just plugging along with an ordinary bookkeeper's job, but today I am proud to say that I am out of that rut and have full charge of all the [illegible]. Very often I am left to manage [illegible], and I have also been awarded an increase in salary which up to this time is over 400 per cent."
J. GLENN HOBBS, Georgia

What Will YOU Write Home to the Folks?

What does the future hold for YOU?

Will you write back home, "I've just had a 'raise'—I'm head of my department now"—or—"I had hard luck last week; I've got to look for another job"

There's a little coupon just below this text which has guided many a man into secure and profitable positions.

The man who is sincere in his desire to increase [illegible] will do well to mark and sign and [illegible] NOW

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
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- ☐ Traffic Management
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- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management [illegible]
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name_____

Present Position_____

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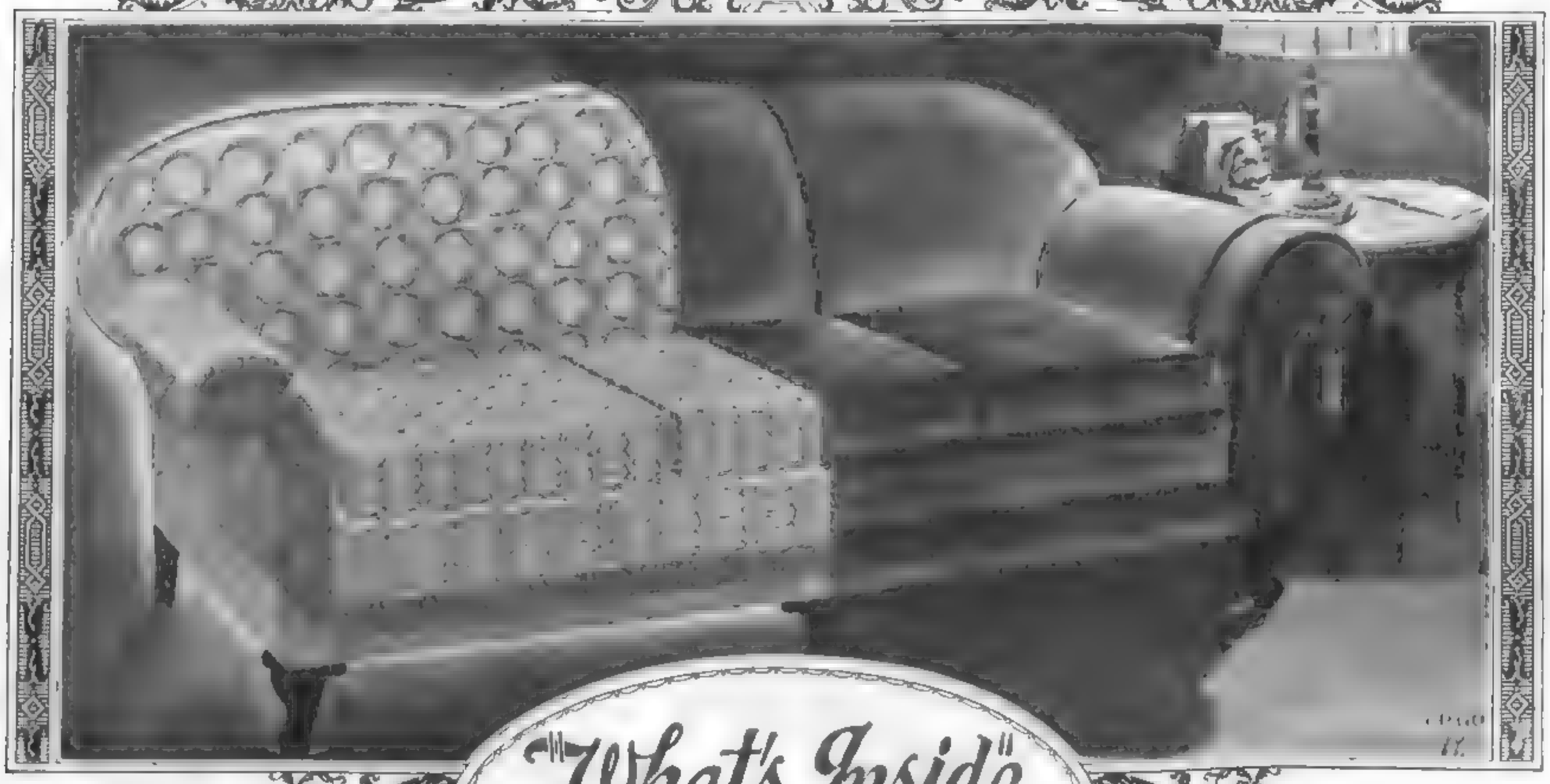
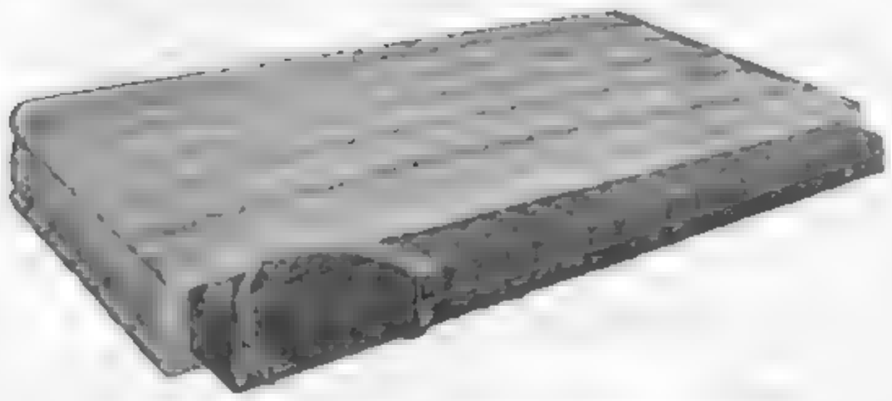


"What's Inside" Your Upholstered Furniture?



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WORDS cannot describe the comfort of Mattresses built with NACHMAN SPRING UNITS. They assure you of the complete rest that is necessary to good health. Their Healthfulness and Durability alone would justify you in replacing old mattresses with any one of the reliable brands built with NACHMAN SPRING UNITS. It is the new and modern way to build mattresses. Ask your dealer.

NO LONGER does outward appearance alone determine the selection of upholstered furniture. Lasting, luxurious comfort is equally as important as fine design and beautiful coverings. Modern upholstered furniture is built with NACHMAN SPRING UNITS to meet a new demand. Its supreme comfort is a revelation, even to those accustomed to the most luxurious upholstered furniture. ¶ NACHMAN SPRING UNITS are built to yield to pressure—not to resist it. Whether you sit alone, sit with others, or stretch out for a quiet half hour, each unit of springs instantly adjusts itself to your weight and you repose undisturbed by the pressure exerted at any other point. ¶ Furniture built with NACHMAN SPRING UNITS is as durable as it is comfortable. It retains its shape and never requires costly renovating. ¶ Make sure NACHMAN SPRING UNITS are inside the Upholstered or Woven Furniture you buy. Nothing else can insure quite the same satisfaction. Look for the NACHMAN SPRING UNIT label.

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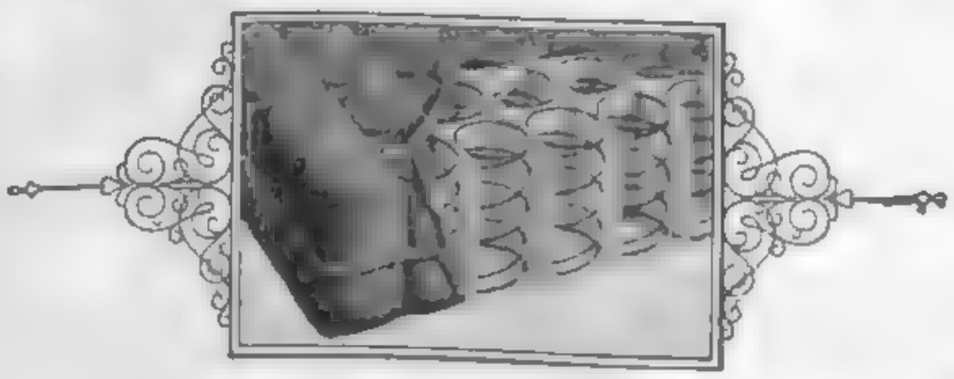
Small, light springs placed in individual burlap cells covered and held in place by an outer burlap covering and stitched across the top. Each spring has full freedom of action. This new principle of comfort is distinctive in NACHMAN SPRING UNITS.



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(Continued from Page 166)

the market place, and so entirely escaped the bend in the road where the barricade had been built. After this exploit Rossi gave himself up to the police and was lodged in jail for five months, waiting trial. Very few of the Fascisti, however, took the trouble to give themselves up when they had disposed of a few communists.

The chances that the early Fascisti took were enormous. In Perugia, for example, there were two celebrated Fascisti squadre, the Disperatissima, or Most Desperate, and the Satana, which name speaks for itself. Perugia was full of red-hot communists, and both the Disperatissima and the Satana were constantly engaged in guerilla warfare with them. There were only about thirteen men in each squadra, all ex-officers of the Arditi and all wholly reckless; and naturally every communist in Perugia thirsted constantly for their blood. They literally walked with death.

The head of the Disperatissima was a hearty fighter named Augustini, who is now high in Mussolini's government. One evening, when returning to his home alone, Augustini was waylaid by communists and shot in the back with a shotgun charge.

"But I could not fall," says Augustini telling about it afterward, "for if I had fallen I would have been done for. They would have beaten me and I would have been finished."

"And so what did you do?" ask Augustini's hearers, gaping at him goggle-eyed.

"What could I do," asks Augustini, with a slight Latin shrug, "except walk straight on?"

So he walked straight on. Two-fisted guys, those early Fascisti.

Another popular diversion with the Fascisti was to burn the Camera del Lavoro, or Chamber of Work, in localities where the communists and socialists had been guilty of setting their own fool laws and regulations above the laws and regulations of the government.

All over Italy these wrong-headed and irresponsible minorities had disregarded the nation's laws for years, had burned and killed and torn down, had stuffed the ballot box and stifled the attempts of the conservative element to be heard, had discredited the army and the police, and ridiculed the king and the Italian flag and religion, all in defiance of a timid government.

When, then, the Fascisti turned upon them, gave them a little of their own medicine and forced law and order upon them once more, their shrieks of outraged anguish rose to high heaven and made the stars in their courses quiver like aspen leaves.

The same spirit is visible in America when Mussolini is raucously charged with murder and arson, and also in a manifesto recently issued by the Central Executive Committee of the Workers' Party of America entitled, Down With Imperialism and Fascism. It calls on the workingmen of the United States "to assemble everywhere in tremendous protest meetings against international reaction and Fascism as the most dangerous enemy of the revolutionary working class. . . . There is in the world only one potent force against this powerful array of international imperialism: the international communist movement—the Third Internationale."

A Lesson From Italy

"The revolutionary working class" means class warfare. That is what the Fascisti were willing to risk their lives to stop; and it is what the decent citizens of every nation will have to risk their lives to stop, once it reaches a certain point, or have no nation left. The Fascisti weren't the enemies of workmen, but the friends of the workmen; for by reëstablishing order they saved them from the idleness, chaos and misery that were being brought on them by the unbelievable stupidity of their perverted leaders.

The Fascisti used violence where violence was greatly needed; but some of their most effective weapons were essentially harmless. Instead of behaving in a coarse and hard-boiled manner to the communists, they very frequently had recourse to a satanic politeness and a sardonic humor that would have done credit to the Borgia family or Old Man Machiavelli.

One of their best instruments was, like most great inventions, discovered by accident. The brilliant and youthful Fascisti leader, Italo Balbo, was going about his business one evening when he encountered a squad of Fascisti swinging down the street. Out of curiosity he asked who they were after, and they named a communist agitator who had been doing altogether too much bellowing and ranting for the general good.

"What are you going to do to him?" asked Balbo. "Oh," said the leader, "we shall not kill him. We shall only beat him a little."

"But," objected Balbo, "he is too old to beat."

"Then what can we do?" asked the squad leader. Balbo shrugged his shoulders.

"I think," said he, "that your man is a little sick. What he needs is a dose of castor oil."

And then, laughing in his careless manner, Balbo went on about his business.

The squad leader solemnly turned this over in his mind, and then led his squad to an apothecary's and invested in a quart of castor oil. Half an hour later the communist bellower was called on by a squad of Black Shirts.

"Will you kindly drink this for your sins?" asked the leader politely, as he proffered the gentleman the full quart.

The gentleman promptly emitted a torrent of Italian, signifying that he would not. The leader sighed deeply, drew a revolver from his belt and cocked it noisily. The communist then accepted the castor oil and drank it with many a heartfelt groan. When he again emerged from his home after a lapse of three days, buckling slightly at the knees, not even his nearest and dearest friends were able to keep the pleasure from their voices as they inquired concerning the state of his health; and the politely expressed hope on the part of the Fascisti that he would not be afflicted with a recurrence of the malady had a pregnant effect on him.

The Four Great Red Centers

The castor-oil cure was administered for distributing communist propaganda, openly insulting the king, treating soldiers offensively, refusing to salute the national colors, displaying the red flag or singing the communist song. At times it was used as a cure for drunkenness and immorality. Prominent communists who received the treatment were frequently ridden up and down the main streets of their native cities in motor lorries with signs calling the attention of the populace to the fact that they had just taken the oil cure. No man can be a martyr because he has had a quart of castor oil forced down his throat. The very thought of such a thing brings a sort of delight, rather than pity, to those who hear of it. The communists wilted perceptibly under the oil treatment.

Other flagrant and noisy communists were captured, their heads were shaved, and the Italian flag was painted on the glistening tops. This treatment, too, was excessively annoying to the communist brotherhood; for a man whose head has been shaved and who bears the remnants of an Italian flag on the apex of his cranial dome cannot enlist the wholly serious and sympathetic attention of his hearers, no matter how much their views may coincide with his. Even such a dignified person as a United States senator, if deprived of his luxuriant senatorial thatch and decorated, in its place, with a painted American flag, would probably be unable to rise on the floor of the Senate and demand asinine legislation without causing the galleries and even many of his most courteous colleagues to burst into screams of merry laughter. An Italian communist who had damned the army and screamed for internationalism was shaved and painted and led through the streets of Rome by three Fascisti, one of whom held over the offender's head a placard reading, "Day by day in every way I grow more and more patriotic!" The mere words "day by day" shouted at him now cause him to grow speechless and froth at the mouth.

By means of the oil treatment, the shave cure, or threats of administering one or both, the Fascisti forced the resignation of more than 500 communist mayors in one year's time.

Fights and punitive expeditions were taking place daily throughout 1921. There were big fights and frequent fights between the Fascisti and the communists in Florence, Parma, Rimini, Ferrara, Bologna and many other cities. Ten cohorts, for example, marched 100 miles in great heat to attend the Dante festival in Ravenna in September, 1921. The communists ambushed them, killing many; and in retaliation the Fascisti bumped off a few communists and destroyed all the communist clubs in town. At a town called Prato, near Florence, a Fascisti leader was seriously wounded by the communists; and by way of reprisal the Fascisti clubbed scores of communists half to death and burned two buildings occupied as communist headquarters. They further swore that if their leader died they would raze the town to the ground. One of the peculiar and unusual features of Mussolini and his followers is that they always do what they promise to do; so the communists screamed for protection by the army and the police, toward whom they were ordinarily most contemptuous. Fortunately the leader didn't die.

Early in 1922 the Fascisti started their military operations against the four great red centers of Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna and Genoa. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the perfect discipline that obtained throughout the Fascisti army, the speed with which it mobilized and moved and its uncompromising stand on the side of law and order—law and order being the two things that didn't exist under the socialist-communist régime in Italy.

The Ravenna coöperatives were very red and very strong, and had kept the countryside terrorized for years. The workmen began to grow restless under this terrorization, and to complain that there were too many strikes with insufficient results. The reds, sensing the restlessness, showed their strength by forcing the government to cancel an appropriation for municipal improvements, thus causing great unemployment among the restive workmen. The Fascisti of Ravenna, realizing that it was an auspicious moment to start something, sent out a call for help. The surrounding Fascisti legions were mobilized, and during the night 5000 of them converged on Ferrara from every side. Ferrara awoke to find the city occupied and the streets patrolled by the Black Shirts in command of young Italo Balbo. Balbo went to see the prefect of the city, but the prefect was busy and couldn't see him. This is the usual state of affairs in Italy, where anyone ought to take along a few hand grenades and a machine-gun squad if he wants to get in to see any important Italian on a business matter. At any rate, Balbo brought a squad of men into the prefecture, ordered them to start shooting everybody in sight if he didn't come out in ten minutes, and then kicked open the door of the prefect's office.

Anaemic Communism

"Gas, light and water will be cut off from this town today," said Balbo. "They will not be restored until you have advised the government to give back the appropriation for municipal improvements."

The prefect waited a few hours to find out whether or not Balbo was lying. He found that he wasn't, so he burned up the wires with some feverish messages to the government. The appropriations were restored; the Fascisti camped in the city for three days to see that order was maintained; the workmen of Ferrara joined the Fascisti movement in a body and communism in Ferrara became deader than a smoked herring.

The Fascisti undertake to provide work for their followers; and when the Ferrara workmen joined up, there wasn't enough work for all of them in Ferrara. In Bologna, however, there was lots of work; for it was a communist city, and under communism a good part of the people are idle most of the time.

Consequently the Fascisti told the Ferrara workmen to go to work in Bologna. The prefect of Bologna couldn't see it that way, and jammed through an ordinance forbidding the importation of labor from other provinces.

"So!" said Balbo. "Very well, we will lead them in."

So the Fascisti, augmented by new legions, moved over to Bologna with a force of 50,000 and occupied the city. The communist unions struck to tie up the town, and the Fascisti promptly stepped into their places. Some of the strikers were forced to work under guard. Detachments of Fascisti were brought many miles to relieve those who had first taken the city,

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A sweater like Grandma used to knit—real protection outdoors.

"Klingmade" SWEATERS

Durable As Grandma's Knitting

Reinforced where strain of wear is most severe. Downy wool of warmth and luster—that *wears*. Styled to delight young America at popular prices you will approve. It pays to insist on "Klingmade." Write us for folder and name of "Klingmade" dealer in your town.

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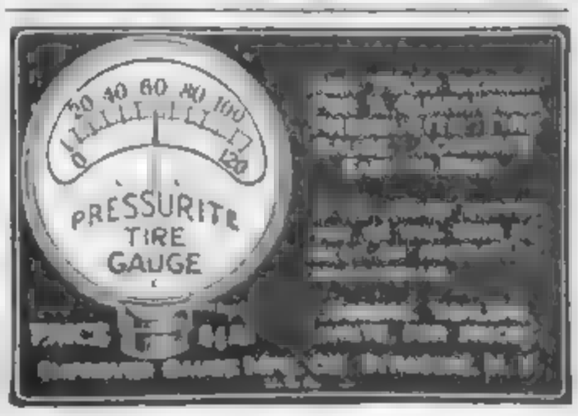

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Gentlemen:
The equipment which we installed in our store in 1920 has added greatly to our sales and increased our turnover to a remarkable degree.
With the improved methods, we are able to do a greater amount of business on a smaller investment than we have at any time in the history of our company.
We consider them the most important factor in our success.
Yours very truly,
E. H. Poulnot, Jr.,
Secretary

A SURVEY by our Research and Educational departments shows an annual production of $300 per square foot in many New Way hosiery departments. The survey also shows other stores of equal size and similarly located using the old time shelving method with a production as low as $25 with a slow turnover and a consequently high sales expense. The New Way system, therefore, quickly returns the investment as a result of a high sales volume at a low sales cost. Booklet and chart on request.

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World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment
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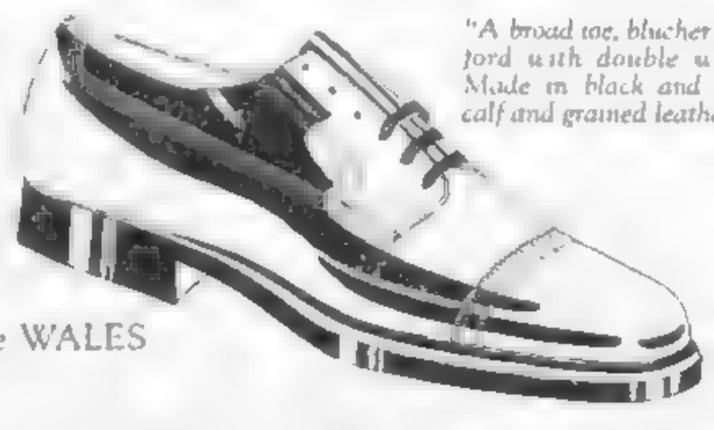

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IT isn't enough for your shoe to be shapely. It must be the shape of YOUR foot.

And your foot is never the same as the other fellow's. Bostonian shoes recognize this. Each Bostonian style is built for a special type of foot.

Remember your foot has to mould the shoe; the shoe can't mould your foot. Unless your own individual foot shape is built into a shoe, it never can really satisfy.

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FRIENDS FOR YOUR FEET

Seven to Twelve Dollars

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and Bologna operated for weeks in perfect peace, security and regularity under Fascisti martial law. Communism in Bologna thereupon became stale and repugnant in the eyes of the general public.

Around this time a truce had been effected between the Fascisti and the communists through the kind offices of the president of the Chamber of Deputies; but in Ravenna, among other places, the communists carelessly overlooked the truce and clubbed several Fascisti -one to death. The Fascisti thereupon concentrated 7000 of their Black Shirts on Ravenna, burned over forty homes of the worst communists and held the city for three days. This gave communism in Ravenna a severe attack of anæmia.

Genoa had been tied up for months by red coöperatives, which had such a grip on loading and unloading ships that they demanded—let us say—forty lire a day for their members. The members, however, wouldn't work, even for forty lire a day. They took the forty lire, kept twenty of it, and with the other twenty hired nonunion laborers to do the actual work. When the shipowners objected, the dock workers struck and drew everybody else out on a sympathy strike. Sick of such nonsense, the Fascisti marched on the city, entered it, occupied the municipal offices and broke the power of the red cooperatives. In Genoa they organized the first Fascisti cooperatives as an offset to the red coöperatives.

Furious with rage at this series of reversals, the communists ordered a general strike which should take place at midnight on the last day of July, 1922, and wholly paralyze the activity of all Italy. Every citizen was to be deprived of food, heat, light, transportation and service of every sort; and by the strike the Fascisti were to be shown up as being too weak to have any real effect on the nation.

"Fine!" said Mussolini and his followers. "This will bring all of them out in the open, and we'll beat them to a pulp!"

So Mussolini announced to the government that he would give it forty-eight hours to suppress the strike, and that if it had not been suppressed by that time, the Fascisti would suppress it with considerable vigor.

A Strike That Didn't Work

So the strike started, and it didn't work. The fights of the Black Shirts had aroused the faith of the Italian people. There were Black Shirts patrolling the streets, so that shopkeepers didn't bother to close their shops. The people didn't worry about their food, for Fascisti in motor trucks were rushing food from the country to the cities. The tramways weren't entirely idle, for Black Shirts with their belts stuffed with cutlery and firearms were running them briskly hither and yon. Aldo Finzi, who is Undersecretary of State for Internal Affairs in the Mussolini cabinet, for example, ran a tram in Milan during the strike. Finzi incidentally piloted one of the planes that accompanied D'Annunzio on his celebrated air raid on Vienna during the war.

Little clusters of Fascisti hauled red workmen from their holes and put them to work on the electric-light plants and waterworks and telephones, and then hung around ostentatiously where the red workmen could see their nice blue automatic pistols.

In some all-red centers the strike was a great success. It was a wonderful success in Ancona, for example, for the town was solidly red. So some neighboring Fascisti decided to have a hand in Ancona, so to speak. The town of Fano is near Ancona, and Cesare Rossi, the hero of the beforementioned Gubbio exploit, and newly released from prison, was basking in the sunshine in the front yard of his Fano home when this little band of Fascisti marched past, bound for Ancona. So Rossi, needing exercise and excitement, stuck a few revolvers in his belt and stepped out at the head of them. There were thirty-two of them when they marched into the square at Ancona and found 200 reds guarding the town. They opened fire without delay, however, and the reds broke and ran.

The Taking of Ancona

Rossi's men sacked the communist clubs of Ancona in a hurry, and gathered a store of hand grenades, of which the reds always kept a plentiful supply. They then stormed the main street of Ancona—a long, empty, silent thoroughfare, walled on each side by tiers of houses rising up the hill slopes and ending in a communist barricade. Ancona is a sizable city, with a population of some 60,000, and the ruminations of the thirty-two Black Shirts as they strolled up Ancona's main street surrounded by 60,000 enemies must have had a tinge of melancholy.

The communists sniped at them from both sides of the street, and the dust rose in little spurts around their feet as they advanced on the barricade in little squads at fifty-yard intervals. Rossi and his men had no business to come out alive. They ought to be dead today; but they reached the barricade, and they bombed out the communists, and the communists broke for the country. Then the thirty-two Black Shirts took possession of a few automobiles, commandeered gasoline, declared martial law, chased and fired on every man who dared to appear on the street without a black shirt on, sent out a call for reënforcements, and held Ancona for three days.

At the end of three days 10,000 Fascisti from Bologna and Perugia came swinging into the city. They routed the communists out of the hills and sent them to jail; they ran the trams and the electric-light plant and the telephones; they brought in meat and vegetables and supplies for the citizens from the country; and they kept the city in a condition of normal and peaceful activity for an entire month. At the end of that time the Ancona workmen came back to work, and communism in Ancona thenceforth had less life than a china poodle dog.

As for the strike, it died. The communists couldn't get away with it.

One of the dramatic customs of the Fascisti, after a raid, was to form in hollow square for the calling of the roll. Whenever the name of a Fascisti who had died in action was called, the entire detachment would answer "Here!" When the calling of the roll was finished, the caller of the roll turned to the commanding officer, snapped to a salute and announced "All present and accounted for!"

It takes more than communists to beat that sort of spirit.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Roberts on the Fascisti movement. The third will appear in an early number.

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RÔLES

Continued from Page 5

"Oh, yes, Bing's father," murmured Gwynne, determined not to give up her rôle of Miss Grahame.

"Well, as I was saying, then I have brunch at twelve or one—a combination of breakfast and lunch."

"How perfectly thrilling! What is your favorite cereal?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I thought one always asked that."

"Are you by any chance trying to kid me, Miss Grahame?"

"How can you think so?"

"It didn't seem at all like you. You were never fresh."

"I think the young lady at the desk is coughing at us," said Gwynne. "At first I thought it was a cold, but now I'm rather sure it's a hint."

We might as well run along," he said, taking her arm and tucking it cozily within his own.

"But I'm going to wait and see Mr. Burrage."

He stared at her for a second, then laughed.

"Why, you have come out!" he said. "Developing quite a sense of humor. Not that I like too much humor in a woman. But what a shy little thing you used to be! However, do come along now. You can go on telling me about yourself while I am eating."

"I really ought to find out who I am," Gwynne reflected. "Burrage will have to wait."

So she yielded to the pressure on her arm and went down the stairs with her unknown friend.

"It's awfully sweet of you to let bygones be bygones," he remarked as they came out of the dark theater into the sunlight of the street. He stared at her suddenly, as if amazed. "I say!" he exclaimed. "I hope you don't mind my telling you how awfully jolly you look."

"No, I don't mind at all," replied Gwynne truthfully.

"By Jove, that's a simply stunning fur coat! Is it real?"

"Real?"

"Because it's so incredibly expensive-looking, you know. Of course they do make wonderful imitations; but upon my word, anyone would think that that coat cost at least twenty thousand dollars."

"If you are really interested in the price of my clothes ——" Gwynne began acerbically.

But he patted her arm, gave her an admiring glance and said:

"All right, old girl. I know. Though you're perfectly right, of course. It takes swank in this town."

He leaned closer.

"Prettier too," he said; "much prettier. What have you done to yourself, old thing? Is it the hair?"

"What?"

"Why, you've had it touched up a bit, haven't you?"

"Certainly not!"

"Queer. It looks more golden. All blondes do that sort of thing. I didn't think you'd mind."

"Oh, not at all. I love this thorough discussion of me. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; your personality's changed too."

"Ready?"

"I like you better this way," he hastened to assure her. "You were too much the shrinking violet before."

"Before?"

"When I knew you before."

"Oh, of course. That was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Four—no, five years. Yes, it was five, because Bing's father was alive then. Well ——" He laughed. "Old Paler's stock company. And look at us now!"

"An actress! I'm supposed to be an actress!" thought Gwynne, her heart thumping with pride. But aloud she said calmly, "Are we so much better off now, do you think?"

"My dear child!" he expostulated, pained. "Don't be a philosopher or anything of that sort. What kind of a coat had you in those days?"

"I've forgotten," she replied. "What was it?"

"A shabby old blue thing you'd worn three winters, all shiny at the seams and not half warm enough—and a squashed hat."

"Oh, no, not squashed."

"Battered," he insisted. "When it got rained or snowed on you steamed it yourself over the teakettle."

"How very clever of me!" cried Gwynne admiringly.

At this moment the shabby girl whom they had seen in the office passed them, going down Broadway, the look of desperate determination still on her thin young face.

"There's that girl!" Gwynne exclaimed. "Was my hat as bad as hers?"

"Quite."

"Poor thing; where's she going now, do you suppose?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The usual round, probably," he said indifferently. "All the agencies; looking for a job."

"But you said she hadn't had any breakfast. Stop her. Call to her. Let's ask her to lunch with us."

"My dear child, are you crazy?"

"What's crazy about that? I'm going to run after her."

"Why, old thing, you can't do that, you know!"

"I can do anything I like," Gwynne called back to him as she hurried after the thin girl. "I suppose I've missed the chance ever to find out who I am," she reflected as she saw her friend shrug his shoulders and disappear into the Claridge. "But it must be simply ghastly asking for jobs on an empty tummy."

Gwynne caught up with the girl at the next block, and somewhat breathlessly said, "I beg your pardon. Please stop walking so fast, won't you? I want to talk to you."

The girl turned an amazed and hostile face toward Gwynne and, without slackening her pace, replied, "Well?"

Up to this moment in her life it had seemed an easy and natural thing to Gwynne to offer charity. Now she realized that even very hungry, shabby people may be disconcertingly proud. And for the first time in her life Gwynne felt embarrassed.

"I—well, you see, I'm a stranger here," she began, improvising excuses. "And I wondered if you would be good enough to tell me how one goes about interviewing the managers, the theatrical producers, you know."

The girl stopped, looked at Gwynne suspiciously for a moment, then broke into a short dry laugh like a cough.

"I wish you'd be good enough to tell me the same thing," she said bitterly. "I've been tramping up and down Broadway for the last ten months trying to find out."

"Where are you going now?" Gwynne asked.

A dark cloud of suspicion settled over the girl's face.

"Nowhere," she said shortly.

"May I go too?"

The girl gazed hostilely at Gwynne's fur coat.

"I said nowhere. No use looking any more today. Nobody's casting. Anyhow, that's what they say."

"If you haven't had luncheon ——" Gwynne began eagerly.

A light shot up in the girl's eyes, died down again. She grew very pale.

"Why do you think I haven't had my lunch?" she demanded angrily.

"But I didn't. I mean, I hoped you hadn't. I hoped that you would have luncheon with me."

The girl had drawn herself up and her lips were set and pale.

"Thank you," she said formally, "I'm not hungry."

Her voice quivered a little on the last word; she walked rapidly away. Gwynne hesitated a moment, then followed.

"I don't care how mad she gets," she told herself as she saw the girl enter a dingy old office building. "I'm going in there too."

III

BUT when Gwynne entered the dingy hall, which smelled of stale food, the thin girl was nowhere in sight. An elevator was just coming to a slow creaking stop, disgorging a crowd of tired-looking men and women dressed in shabby finery. There was a *mélange* of pearl beads, badly worn furs, limp feathers, soiled white gloves, crumpled velvet dresses, silver-plated bags, gold-banded canes, frayed spats, bravely bright neckties, incredibly blond curls, heavily blackened eyelashes around weary eyes, vivid spots of rouge on pale cheeks, the odors of gasoline and theatrical powder,

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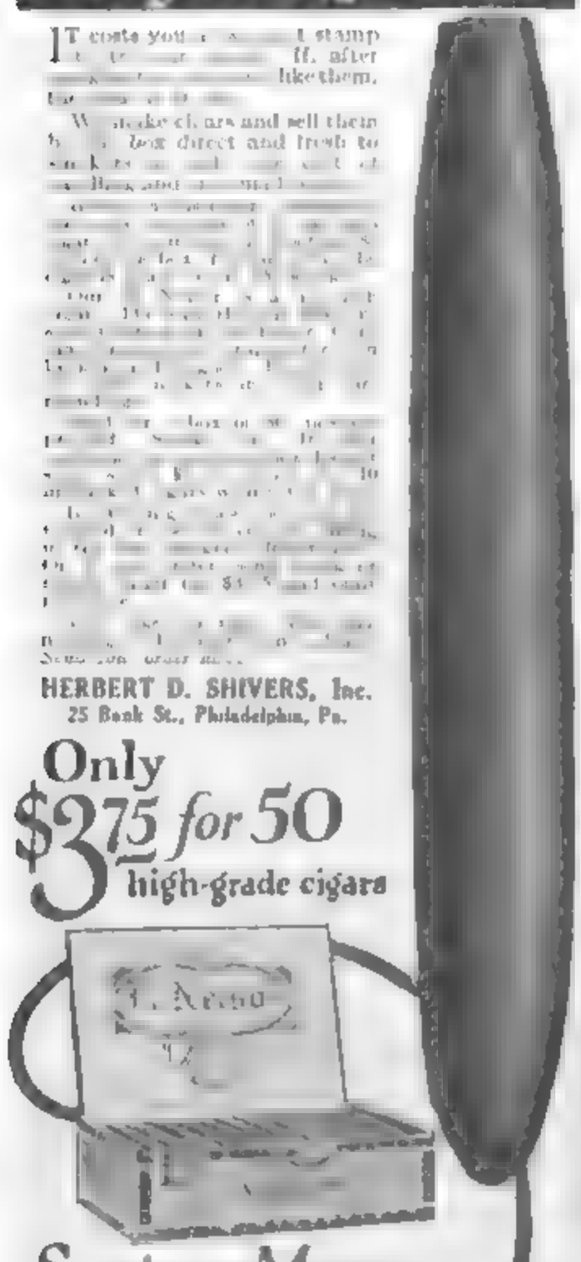

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piercingly sweet perfumes and tired old clothes. And as soon as the elevator was emptied of this burden, another as large, and exactly similar, poured in, while the bored black attendant lounged against the grating, whistling and disdainfully rolling his yellowish eyes.

Gwynne joined the crowd, and the elevator began its slow, jerking ascent. No floors were called, nor did the elevator man need to ask his passengers' destination. He silently stopped the car at the fifth floor, scornfully flung open the door, and the entire crowd rushed out and down the hall.

Gwynne, following them, found herself in an office with a railing and glass doors, so packed with people that no one could move about. But there was a great pushing and squeezing, turning of heads and waving of hands, and everyone seemed to be telling everyone else a most important secret.

Gwynne leaned against the door into the hall, enjoying the air of excitement. She was a striking and unusual figure in that office, not only for her superior clothes and beauty but with her air of cool, amused detachment. The other faces were pinched with hope or elaborately careless. The men posed, leaning on their canes, with determined jauntiness.

At intervals a sandy-haired woman came out from the inner office, beckoned sharply to someone among the expectant crowd and retreated hastily, followed by the lucky one. Gwynne saw the thin girl pressed right up against the wall, her hat at a ridiculous angle, and on her face the look of prayer.

Across the room a saucy-faced girl with bobbed black hair was laughing nervously, tossing her head. Then her glance met Gwynne's and she waved her hand.

"Hello, Eva," she called.

Heads were turned to stare at Gwynne. It would be too absurd to shout across a whole room that one was not Eva, so she only smiled. Besides, it delighted Gwynne to be thought an actress.

But how very odd that she had been greeted twice today as someone else! Could it be possible that she looked enough like two strangers to be mistaken for either of them? Of course actors, in their roving lives, meeting such a number of people so casually, might easily be deceived by a slight resemblance. But then the brown-eyed actor had apparently known Miss Grahame well; and—for the first time the strangeness of this struck Gwynne—he must have known Miss Grahame's voice. How was it that he didn't find out his mistake as soon as he heard Gwynne speak? Two people might look ever so much alike and yet have totally different voices. Could he have forgotten, after having played in the same company? Well, at any rate, she would test her newest friend's memory of Eva. So she managed to catch the bobbed-haired girl's glance again, and called, "Oh, hello! What are you doing here?"

The girl looked surprised, but retorted instantly, "What you doing here yourself? I heard you were rehearsing, Eva."

Gwynne couldn't reply. She could only stare and gasp. It might be possible for her to resemble two other people, but it was fantastically impossible that she could speak so nearly like two other people that their own friends would be deceived. So Eva and Miss Grahame were manifestly one and the same—Eva Grahame. There was somewhere someone called Eva Grahame who looked so much like and spoke so much like Gwynne Sheldon that they might be mistaken one for the other. Disagreeable thought; horrid thought. Gwynne had always believed herself to be absolutely unique. Of course she had heard the well-known theory that everyone in the world has a double. That was all right. A very amusing idea in fact—for other people. But her ego rose in furious revolt against the possibility of duplicating anything so rare and exquisite as Gwynne Sheldon.

She hated this Eva Grahame. She hated the bobbed-haired girl and the brown-eyed actor, and anyone, everyone, who dared confuse Gwynne Sheldon with someone who could not possibly be anything but an inferior imitation.

"Here! You!" a voice called sharply. Someone nudged Gwynne.

"You! You blond girl over there by the door!" the voice called still more peremptorily.

Gwynne saw with astonishment that the sandy-haired woman was beckoning and calling to her; hands were pushing her forward and a way was opening through the crowd. She was conscious of the thin girl's burning, envious eyes as she advanced toward the sandy-haired woman, asking, "Well, what is it?"

The woman silently pushed her through the door and it closed after them. They were in another office, where a stout dark man sat behind a desk. He stared at Gwynne with his heavily lidded, somewhat Oriental eyes, while the woman waited respectfully.

"Afraid she's too tall," he grunted, looking at Gwynne as impersonally as if she were an animal.

"Just how high are you, dearie?"

She eyed him with distaste.

"Really, I haven't the least idea."

"Really, you haven't the least idea?" he mimicked her cool, clipped tones. "Say dearie, how can I pick girls if I don't know their measurements?"

"I didn't know you got them by the yard."

His face turned slowly purple.

"Well, this is a new kind of a nut," he cried. "I thought I'd met all the varieties. I suppose you don't know your own weight, either."

"Why should I? I'm not too fat."

"Just about perfect, aren't you?" he sneered.

"Yes," replied Gwynne confidently.

"That your own opinion, or other people's, dearie?"

"Both. And don't call me dearie."

"Well, what is your name?"

"I haven't decided. Of course I shan't use my own."

"Say, are you an amateur?" he cried suspiciously.

"Certainly not. And may I ask who you are?"

He lay back in his chair and puffed and gasped. Then, regaining his composure, "Well, you got stage presence all right," he admitted. "I got to hand you that. What can you do?"

"Ride, swim, golf, play tennis, skate, ski [illegible]"

"Sa-ay, I ain't engagin' you for the movies."

"I wasn't aware that you were engaging me for anything," said Gwynne. "Just what do you want?"

"Young woman, are you askin' for a job, or am I?"

"I'm not."

"I never have seen such a peach of a nerve. At that, it might make a hit. Show us your legs."

"What?"

"Legs—limbs. What's wrong with 'em?"

"Nothing!" cried Gwynne. "I have beautiful legs. But is that any of your business?"

"About nine-tenths of it."

"Oh!" said Gwynne, comprehending. "But I don't want to be a chorus girl, you know."

"Then why did you come in here?"

"I didn't; you sent for me."

"Wasting my time—"

"You have wasted just as much of mine," replied Gwynne reasonably, walking out of the room before the stout man found breath to reply.

In the outer office Gwynne pushed her way over to the thin girl, who was still glaring resentfully.

"It's no use waiting," she told her. "It's nothing but a revue, or something of that sort."

"He didn't engage you?" the girl asked eagerly.

"No."

The girl became more friendly.

"You are too tall," she said with satisfaction.

"Oh, but I wouldn't take that sort of thing."

"You mean to say you turned it down?"

"Of course."

"Well!" The thin girl burst into a short, bitter laugh. "Just imagine! Refusing a job!"

"But you wouldn't want that?"

"I wouldn't? I'd grab it—grab it!" Her voice shook.

"But I thought you were ambitious."

"You did? You thought so? Huh!"

"I saw you in Burrage's office this morning, so I imagined you wanted something worth while."

"Oh, you did? And you imagined I could pick and choose?"

"I certainly should not play in anything I didn't like."

"Oh, you wouldn't? No? Well, a girl who wears a coat like that can do as she pleases, I suppose."

(Continued on Page 176)

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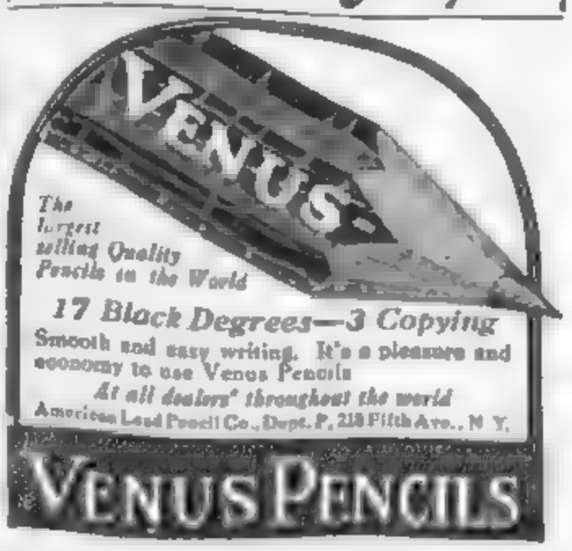

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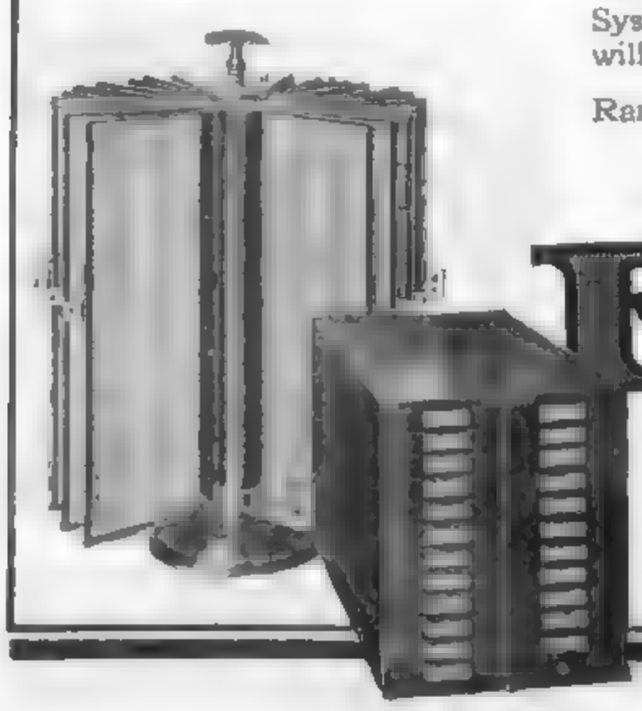

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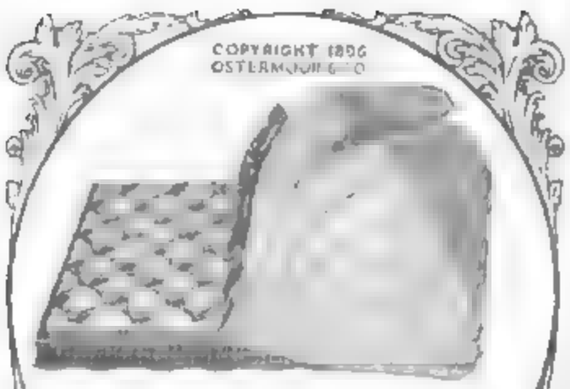

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Why does everybody talk about my coat?"

"It isn't fair!" the girl burst out. "It simply isn't fair! For you—with your good clothes—of course you'd be singled out from the crowd and given first chance. What chance have I got?" Her voice broke in a sob. She passionately struggled toward the door. "No use my waiting," she muttered. "She promised yesterday she'd let me see him, but today she won't even look ——"

Her voice trailed off into a whisper and died out. All at once her lips went blue, she wavered and fell, crumpled up like tissue paper. Gwynne reached her first, and it was Gwynne's strong arms that lifted her.

"Help me get her into the hall," she directed those who were nearest. "Keep the crowd back."

They dragged the girl into the hall, and someone brought water and threw it over her hat, completing its wreckage. Her lavender-tinted eyelids flickered.

"Call a taxi," Gwynne ordered from where she knelt on the floor, chafing the girl's wrists. "I'll look out for her."

IV

EVA GRAHAME sat in her dressing room, after the midweek matinee, mending her one pair of gold chiffon hose—$5.95, reduced from $7.35—which she washed every night and hung on the towel bar to dry. Her gold slippers—$18.75—carefully wrapped in black tissue paper to prevent their tarnishing, were placed on a chair. These items were her personal property, bought out of her own slim purse. The five-hundred-dollar cloth-of-gold evening gown, paid for by the management, hung on the wall behind a cloth. The cornflower-blue crêpe was being pressed by the wardrobe mistress. Eva had no maid.

The dressing room, which smelled of gas, although it was lighted by electricity—a phenomenon peculiar to dressing rooms—was high up in the theater—only the ushers' room above it. From the iron-railed landing outside her door, Eva could look down on the space backstage where the properties were assembled, on the wrong side of the canvas scenery and the top of the curtain-raiser's head as he sat on his elevated platform in the wings. And when the play was on she could hear the actors' voices rising from the invisible stage unnaturally loud, echoing in the high, empty spaces with a false, hollow ring; and now and again, a dull roar from that invisible, voracious beast—the audience.

There was something terrifying, eerie, in listening to the play wrong side out which not even repetition could dull. Though the show had run a week, something of the sick terror of the first night still lingered with Eva, as the strangely inhuman voices beat on relentlessly toward her cue—the time when she, too, must go out and make the beast roar. Laughter at set periods—one must get laughs where the playwright thought his lines were humorous or one was a failure.

"Why didn't you get your laugh tonight on your little-sister speech, Miss Grahame?"

"I don't know. I tried. But—well, it doesn't seem very funny to me."

"Whether it's funny or not doesn't make any difference. You ought to know that. Get your laugh!"

Worse than to try to make the beast roar was to attempt to silence it utterly. In her one big scene—a very little scene, really, but big for Eva; her first real chance, her only chance on Broadway—the beast coughed and wiggled when it should have sat tensely, holding its breath.

She was still nervous, too, about the quick change in the second act—really, playwrights were most inconsiderate. She had to go down four flights of slippery iron stairs from her dressing room to the stage; then, in the middle of the act, dash back up those four flights to change into the golden gown, so that she might plunge down the four flights again, with the golden train tangling perilously about her ankles and her heart pumping in time to the voices which swept on too rapidly toward her cue. Her perpetual nightmare was of stumbling and tearing that gold dress—and having to pay for it!

Of course she should have been given a better dressing room. Though her part was small, it really was of more importance than the Desmond girl's, or even old Mrs. Attleby's; and the mere fact alone of the hurried change should have entitled her to a room nearer the stage. But Eva was no fighter. She meekly took what the stage manager assigned, while the other members of the cast besieged him with complaints, threats, cajolery, excuses, even tears. The Desmond girl said she had heart trouble and twinkled her mischievous black eyes at him, and Mrs. Attleby—who was as strong as an old hickory stick, really, and as thoroughly seasoned—took advantage of her age and experience to get the best of everything, always. Of course the two stars had the dressing rooms which opened on the stage, and the men in the cast had the third tier. Wouldn't anyone think that one of those men would offer to exchange with Eva when they saw her dashing up and plunging down those stairs like a golden comet every night and twice on matinée days? But Eva had never experienced chivalry—except in the realistic novels from the circulating library—so she did not expect it.

Besides, there were compensations even on the fourth floor. It was delightful to have a dressing room alone. Eva had always shared one before this, and no one who has not experienced it can know the thousand petty annoyances of making up and dressing, every night and twice on matinée days, with another person. The repetition of trivial personal habits is like the slow dripping of water on a tortured head. To hear every night and twice on matinée days; and worse than that, to know that one is going to hear at a certain moment: "Say, darling, lend me some rouge, will you? I'm all out. Have you got any hairpins?" To hook up another woman into the same dress every night and twice on matinée days, and to do it very carefully, and then to have her hook you up all wrong. To find the tap never turned off in the washstand, and powder and confusion over one-half the make-up shelf, while your half is immaculately neat. To listen to laughter and chatter when you are very sad. To be worried about your part, desperately anxious not to lose it, and then to have your dressing-room partner carelessly say: "Why do you stick around in this third-rate production, dearie? I'm giving my two weeks' notice Saturday. Got an offer to go to London with The Bird in the Hand."

All of these vexations Eva Grahame had known for eight years, and she was almost pathetically grateful for a little privacy now. She had never liked actors or actresses. She had never made a real friend among them. There was something in her that drew back from the casual contacts, the free-and-easy camaraderie, the easy intimacies of stage folk. Eva was sweet, gentle and obliging, readily imposed on, too generous; but there was something shy and formal in her nature too. She hated familiarity, shrank from adventure. Her acquaintances said of her that she was "not stuck-up exactly, but stand-offish." And in spite of her beauty, men did not fall in love with her—at least, not actors. They said she had no pep.

The Desmond girl and her kind could laugh and sparkle, flash big eyes at anyone, indulge in easy repartee, frantically make and break violent friendships—pour out their souls like water from a bottle. Eva, at rehearsals, stood shy and silent until someone else spoke first, hurried to luncheon alone, came back on time—to find the theater empty, of course—sat in a corner with a book until she was called. On the road she took a room alone, and ate at Y. W. C. A. cafeterias. In New York, she went home to bed after the performance, while the others planned parties.

Sometimes Eva felt very lonely, and responded to overtures, and tried desperately hard to get chummy. But it was not in her nature to chum, especially with the girls she knew. She wanted to like them. She tried to be one of them. But always she was a stranger in a strange land, and that was all the more curious because she had been brought up—almost born—in the theater.

Her mother loved stage life—loved it! She was like an old circus horse that must caracole when the band plays. After twenty years or more she was still as enthusiastic as an amateur. But she had never been so pretty as Eva, and now it was increasingly difficult for her to find engagements, since she wouldn't give up and play mothers. Eva was sending her twenty-five dollars a week out of her seventy-five. For mamma was in Canada, where her last show had closed abruptly, when the manager skipped off without paying salaries or bothering about railroad fares for anyone but himself.

As Eva mended the long run which had appeared all too soon in her fragile gold

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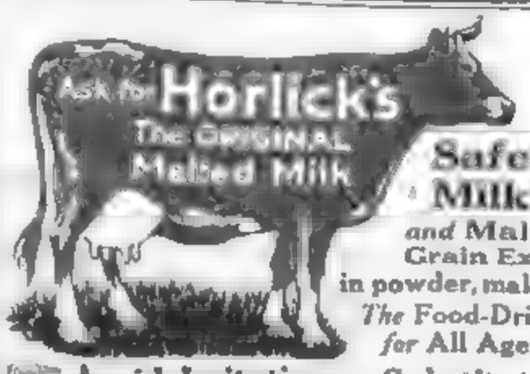

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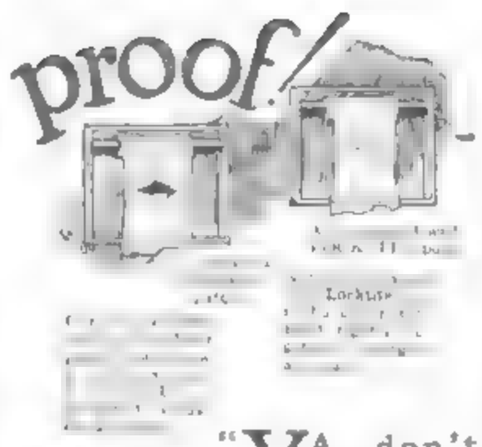

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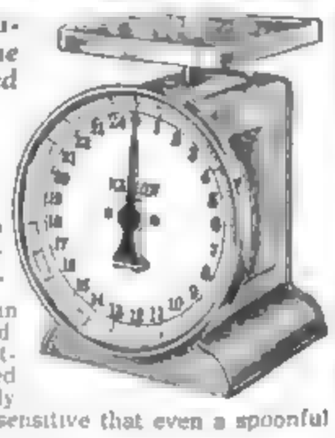

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stockings, she thought with distaste of her whole life. She was already tired of everything, and she was only twenty-three, so tired of asking for jobs, and of getting them because she was pretty, and then having the director find out that she had no talent. She would never get ahead, never be a star, or anything but just what she was now—a second-rate actor of third-rate parts. But the worst of it was that she didn't care; she hadn't a bit of ambition.

How anyone could think an actress' life was thrilling! Eva bit off a thread viciously and stuck the needle back into the golden spool. The girls at boarding school had thought it would be thrilling to be an actress! Eva leaned her elbows on the make-up shelf and her chin in her cupped hands and stared dreamily at her charming reflection in the mirror, and the one happy memory of her life—yes, positively the only one—came back to her.

She had gone to visit one of the girls at Christmastime, the year before mamma had taken her out of school, at sixteen. Just a small house in a little town—the sort of house and town the modern novelists were ridiculing. Eva had loved it—all the homely and homy details; the Christmas wreaths—of course they had them in hotels, too, but they didn't look the same; the smell of roasting turkey; her friend's mother, plump and rosy and gray-haired, in a starched blue gingham apron, beating something in a yellow bowl; the father, who twinkled at you over his spectacles, and faintly but rather nicely resembled the indulgent fathers in comic papers.

She liked the routine of the house—meals at a certain time, and you must get up for breakfast. You had to go to church on Sunday morning. Masculine callers must leave at ten. It gave one a settled, orderly feeling. Nothing gypsy fashion.

Eva remembered her mother as getting up at noon, eating on a tray, wearing a chin strap at night, illicitly pressing her frivolous dresses on an overturned bureau drawer covered with the hotel blanket. Always gay and happy and lots of fun, it is true; but so improvident, and so desperately determined not to get old. Wild times when the train was missed or the laundry didn't come in. Always on the go. Jumping, hustling, upsetting, nervous life; borrowing money; fearing someone wanted to borrow from you; pawning mamma's ring. Eva was ashamed of this bohemian life in her friend's quiet, comfortable, well-ordered house.

She loved the front porch and the yard with a picket fence, neighbors dropping in, the talk of recipes and babies, the way everyone knew everyone else and all about them and who their grandfathers were. To be like that—well, it gave one a place, a definite, fixed place in the scheme of things. Eva felt that she was swinging wildly about in space like a shooting star. It was disgracefully middle-aged, no doubt, to want to settle. But then Eva must have been born middle-aged, for she had always wanted just that.

Marriage? Well—Eva sighed and turned away from the mirror. That wouldn't solve her problem, either. Poor papa! Poor mamma! She knew what actors' marriages were like.

At first they would struggle desperately to get parts in the same play; then home life in hotels, on trains! Later, they would either have to separate, or one would travel with the other who was playing; and the one who hadn't a part would become fretful, bitter, envious. Or the wife would stay at what was ironically called home, while the husband went away on tour for months and months. No, thank you! That sort of marriage only made one's life doubly unsettled, hurried and harassed.

Of course, thought Eva, if Hal would only—but then did he really want to? Oh, what was the use of dreaming?

"There's no future for me anyhow nor anywhere," Eva decided with the extreme pessimism of youth, and rose to put on her street things.

But just as she was slipping her arms into the sleeves of last winter's blue coat there was a knock at the door. Eva opened it, expecting to see the familiar figure of the wardrobe woman, and saw instead a stranger—a very thin girl who carried a very large package.

She glared at Eva resentfully, this thin girl, and in a tone of sharp annoyance exclaimed, "Well, Miss Grahame! So I've found you—at last!"

V

"IT'S been a great deal of trouble, I must say," the thin girl went on fretfully, while Eva stared. "I've wasted a lot of my valuable time. Of course it isn't valuable to anyone else; I realize that. But just the same, it's valuable to me."

She stopped and stared at Eva accusingly, as if she demanded an answer.

"I—I'm sure it is," Eva stammered politely.

"I ran around to all the agencies," the thin girl continued, "asking about you. I must say you don't seem to be very well known."

"Oh, no; no, I'm not," Eva hastily agreed, backing away a step. The thin girl advanced, holding out the package, her eyes still fastened on Eva's.

"Here it is," she said sternly.

"What?"

The girl thrust the package toward Eva.

"Take it!" she commanded.

Wild surmise shot through Eva's brain. A bomb? But were bombs ever so big? This was in a dress box. Besides, who could want to bomb her? A practical joke? Snakes? Should she scream for help? But they were practically alone in the theater. If the wardrobe mistress would only come! But what good would old Mudge be against such a determined young lunatic?

"Take it!" the girl repeated. "I'm tired of holding it. It's awfully heavy; and I had to walk too. I don't go around in taxis, you know, like you do, Miss Grahame."

"Oh, but I rarely take taxis," Eva pleaded, anxious not to give further offense.

The girl laughed—a short dry sound like a cough.

"You have quite a sense of humor," she said. "I suppose you thought it would be a good joke to leave it with me. And then for me to have to hunt you all over town like a needle in a haystack; for I can assure you that's all you are in New York, Miss Grahame, in spite of your Broadway engagement—nothing but a needle in a haystack! Of course you must have known that I overheard your name in both offices. But I shall have to tell you that very few people seem to know anything at all about you, in spite of that."

She paused and gasped for breath.

"Those stairs of yours are the limit!" she cried wrathfully.

"Do sit down," Eva begged, taking her gold slippers off the chair.

"I won't stay," the girl retorted, collapsing on the hard kitchen chair, clasping the box in her arms and still looking at Eva with dislike. "Just see that it's all right and I'll go."

"But—what is all right?"

"Open the box while I'm here, to be sure it's the same."

"Yes, but ——"

"Open the box!"

"I—I don't think I want to," Eva said, retreating, "if you don't mind. Besides, you've made a mistake."

"A mistake?" the girl asked coldly.

"Yes. You see, I'm evidently not who you think I am."

"Aren't you Eva Grahame?"

"Yes, I'm Eva Grahame, of course. But ——"

"I don't know what your game is, Miss Grahame ——"

"Oh, I haven't any game, really."

"I thought it might be some new kind of publicity stunt. But I shan't be the goat."

"Oh, I don't want you to be one."

"I've heard of actresses losing their jewels on purpose ——"

"Yes, yes; so have I. But I wouldn't. Besides, I haven't any."

"So you thought you'd lose your property in a perfectly safe way. Because, of course, you must have known I was honest."

"Oh, of course I knew that."

"Then take it!"

She rose and pushed the box against Eva.

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"No!" cried Eva in a panic. "Please, you keep it!"

The girl fell back a step—turned quite pale.

"You meant for me to—keep it?" she asked, very low.

"Of course I want you to!" Eva exclaimed cordially.

A dark crimson flush swept up from the girl's neck to the brim of her shabby hat.

"You dared to think I'd accept it!" she cried in a shaking voice. "What right had you—what right, Miss Grahame, to think I'd accept a gift like that? What right have you got to treat me like a beggar?"

"I don't. I didn't. Oh, I don't mean to, really!"

"It's all right about the—the food and the taxi and the doctor. I'll pay you back some time. I thought you were very kind. And I'll pay you back ——" Her voice choked on a sob.

"Oh, there's been some terrible mistake," Eva said in consternation. "Won't you believe me when I say you've made a mistake? That we are utter strangers?"

"Of course we are utter strangers! That's what makes it so insulting. If you'd known me—if we'd ever been friends—but even then—why, it's worth a fortune!"

"What is?"

"Your coat."

"My coat—worth a fortune!"

Eva glanced wildly down at the shiny surface of her last winter's wrap.

The girl, with a sudden impatient movement, burst the string of the package, snatched the lid from the box, and down to the floor tumbled a perfect cascade of beautiful gleaming fur.

Eva went down on her knees with a gasp of awed surprise, picked up the lovely thing, held it at arm's length.

"But this is not my coat!"

"Oh, how can you?" the girl cried fiercely. "It is the same. You can't deny it!"

"I never had anything so lovely in all my life."

"But it is yours! It's the one you left with me!"

"How could I, when I've never seen you before?"

The girl fell into the chair again and burst into tears.

"Oh, Miss Grahame, please don't! I can't stand it," she sobbed. "I suppose you've just been kidding me all along. But I'm so tired —"

There was a knock on the door, which had been left half open. Old Mudge, the wardrobe mistress, came in, her eyes bursting with curiosity.

"Here's your dress, Miss Grahame," she said, passing by the stranger to hang the cornflower-blue crêpe on the wall. "Oh, them stairs!"

"All right, Mrs. Mudge, thank you," Eva replied.

"H'm," Mrs. Mudge cleared her throat significantly and fidgeted, shifting her weight from one flat foot to the other.

Eva took the cue and turned around to look for her purse. When she turned back again, to deposit a quarter in Mrs. Mudge's mottled palm, she saw that the thin girl had gone. And the fur cloak lay, an incredible mound of luxury, on Eva's dressing-room floor.

"Stop!" Eva called, rushing to the door and out on the landing. "You've left Wait!"

She could see the thin girl plunging frantically down the second flight of stairs.

"Stop her, Mrs. Mudge!" Eva cried to the interested old woman, who had followed her out.

"Who? Me?" replied that matron indignantly. "Them stairs? And her runnin' like a turkey? What's she took, Miss Grahame? Better call the po-lice."

Eva leaned over the railing.

"You've forgotten your coat," she called to the rapidly disappearing figure. A patter of footsteps on the iron stairs was her only answer, and a white lifted face, turned just for a moment upward, full of hate.

Then they heard the stage door bang solemnly, echoing in the empty theater.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
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will be easier to drive, more comfortable and you always free from the danger of your feet ... off the pedals if equipped with
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GRANT AUTO APPLIANCE COMPANY, 222-26 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

What becomes of the fifth grade boy?

The accompanying figures on school and college attendance are based on statistics given in Bulletin No. 34 (1920), issued by the Bureau of Education, United States Department of the Interior.

STAND at the gate of any public school in any city in America any September morning and count 100 fifth grade pupils as they answer the call of the bell. On the average they are 11 years of age. Seven more years of grade and high school training lie ahead, and a thousand colleges and universities wait beyond with special training for useful, fruitful lives. They are boys and girls of fortunate futures in a land of boundless advantage and opportunity.

But come back a year later and stand at the sixth grade door and, search the ranks as you will, you will find but 83 of the 100 who answered the bell the year before. Already 17 have dropped out along the way. They have had to put their hands to work to help out the family income or have grown indifferent to the value of an education.

The seventh grade will see but 71 of them, the eighth grade but 63, and after that the line thins even faster.

Stand at the high school doorway four years from that first morning and you will count but 34 familiar faces, and four years later 14 diplomas will be enough for all that still remain.

Now, this little group will divide evenly. Seven will go to college. And if you follow the fortunes of this dwindling company for four years more you may see 2 of them—yes, just 2—step out on a Commencement Day in June trained for satisfying careers in business or professional life.

Where are the other 98 of the noble little company of fifth graders? You will find them in the shops and stores and mills and mines, on railroads, in offices, on the farms and on the sea—two-thirds of them laboring under the handicap of an eighth grade schooling or less—27 more with the somewhat better thinking and earning power that the years at high school gave them, and only 5 with the advantage in position and income yielded by some college training.

But here is a compensating and gratifying fact! Among these 98 you will find a surprising number who stand out from the others—men with trained minds, men with distinctive skill, men in highly responsible positions, men in successful businesses of their own.

They are the men who knew that waiting at the door, ready to help every man whom necessity takes prematurely from the classroom, is an established medium of training especially designed to meet his circumstances and his needs—the International Correspondence Schools.

For 31 years these schools have served faithfully the man who must spend his day in business or in industry, yet in whose breast burns an ambition to know more about the work of his choice and to attain the advancement that knowing more is bound to bring.

The International Correspondence Schools recognize fully the unique and distinctive character of the field they serve and the magnitude of their opportunity for service. And to meet both adequately they maintain an educational service without precedent or equal in scope or practical usefulness.

They recognize that they must be prepared to help the individual to achieve a practical accomplishment, whatever his individual circumstances may be. And so they come to him. They make his home the schoolroom. They make the time for study any spare moment he may have at any hour of the day or night.

They provide textbooks especially prepared for individual study in the home—textbooks so clearly and simply written and fully illustrated that only the ability to read English is required to learn from them successfully. And they supplement these printed texts with personal instruction by correspondence, so intimate and helpful that it conveys the impression of the constant inspiring presence of the instructor.

This service is available in 304 courses, including every branch of engineering and practically all departments of business. It is designed to train men for their work at their work, wherever they may be.

The International Correspondence Schools aim never to dissuade the individual from the advantages of resident school or college training if circumstances will permit such attendance. They encourage every young man and woman to remain in the classroom until absolute necessity forces them into wage earning.

The schools and colleges of America are splendidly preparing those in their care for useful lives. And the International Correspondence Schools, in their distinctive and infinitely larger field, constantly seek to improve and extend the distinctive, practical service which has made them by far the largest educational institution in the world.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

Thoughtlessly we Accept Their Service

How many important little tasks are performed for you every day by tiny electric motors, faithful, soft-spoken little servants that do their work swiftly and so well!

A motor-driven ***coffee grinder*** pulverized the fragrant coffee beans for your steaming breakfast cup.

Perhaps your melon was motor-cooled by ***electric refrigeration.***

A ***bread cutter,*** motor-driven, may have sliced the loaf for your toast.

At the office, a ***dictation recorder,*** an ***automatic typewriter,*** an ***adding machine,*** an ***addresser*** are all motor-powered to speed the routine of business.

Your luncheon malted milk was stirred by a ***mixer,*** motor-equipped.

In the meantime, at home, a ***vacuum cleaner,*** a ***washing machine*** and an ***ironer*** have swept your house and freshened your linens with the help of small electric motors.

A busy little ***meat chopper*** will grind the meat loaf and other ingenious electrical devices will help prepare other good things for the evening meal.

And a ***piano*** and a ***talking machine*** will entertain you after dinner, both motor-powered that your ease may be complete.

We accept the services of these small motors thoughtlessly though every sense perceives the usefulness of these tireless genii.

But when buying new electric-powered appliances remember the motor is the heart of the machine you buy.

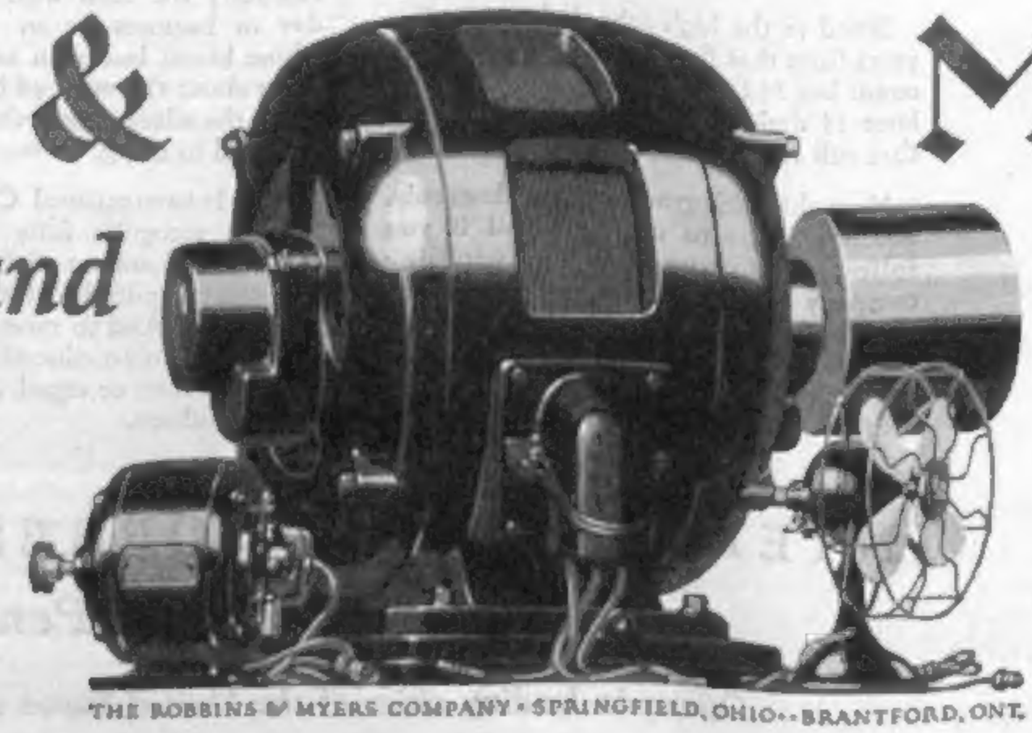
Remember that for twenty-four years many of the foremost manufacturers of electrically driven appliances have equipped their products with R&M Motors.

Look for the R&M name plate on the motor of any appliance you buy for home, office, factory, farm or store. The R&M mark is proof that the manufacturer wants you to enjoy long, trouble-free service. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

There are R&M Fans, too, and large R&M Motors up to 150 horsepower for all power needs

Robbins & Myers

Motors *and* *Fans*



THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · BRANTFORD, ONT.

Bon Ami *for Electric Utensils*

NICKELED surfaces are delicate as polished silver. A gentle cleanser like Bon Ami absorbs all dust and tarnish, polishes to a radiant lustre—*but never scratches*.

Just sprinkle a damp cloth with Bon Ami powder; or rub it on the cake. (Never use the cake direct.) Then apply the magical Bon Ami lather. And when the lather has dried, a few rubs with a soft, dry cloth will bring back the mirror-like lustre. Be sure the cloths you use are clean and free from foreign matter.

You'll find Bon Ami unequalled for cleaning aluminum ware, brasses, tiles, bathtubs, mirrors, windows, etc. See the list above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware	Windows
Bathtubs	Mirrors
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the New Electrical Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

Food Authorities Agree

on orange juice for children.

WE are ever seeking truth about this product that we advertise. So we ask physicians and food experts, who have made exhaustive tests, to tell us facts that we may tell to you.

An authority of note gives three reasons why orange juice is good for children:

1. **Orange Juice supplies—"C" Vitamine**
   Orange juice is rich in Vitamine C. Therefore orange juice with milk, which has the growth-promoting vitamines in abundance, makes a complete and perfect food for the baby or young child;
2. **Organic Salts and Acids**
   —elements that every baby needs;
3. **Fruit Sugar**
   —practically prediges'ed nutriment, promoting healthful muscular activity in children.

"C" Vitamine prevents scurvy.

The salts and acids act as appetizers and digestants.

The fruit sugar is a healthful form of sweets that most children require.

And not the least of all advantages that orange juice affords is its natural, mild laxative effect.

Orange juice for these reasons is almost universal *baby* food today, and is just as good likewise for older children.

All food authorities agree on this.

Remember these facts also when you choose the entire family's daily food, for fresh fruit is equally important to grown-ups.

"More RAW foods with the meals," is the modern expert's warning which is being sounded everywhere today.

Oranges may be had fresh the year 'round. And they're probably the most delicious and attractive "raw food" that you know.

* * * * * *

However, in every question of the diet your own physician should finally advise.

We wish to make no statement that is not well within the facts. Show him this page and ask his opinion.

Send for free booklet, "Feeding the Child for Health," a booklet which contains complete feeding schedules for babies and children, height and weight tables, simple recipes, and much valuable advice regarding infant and child care as recommended by leading specialists.

California **Sunkist** *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange, *A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers* Dept. 109, Los Angeles, California